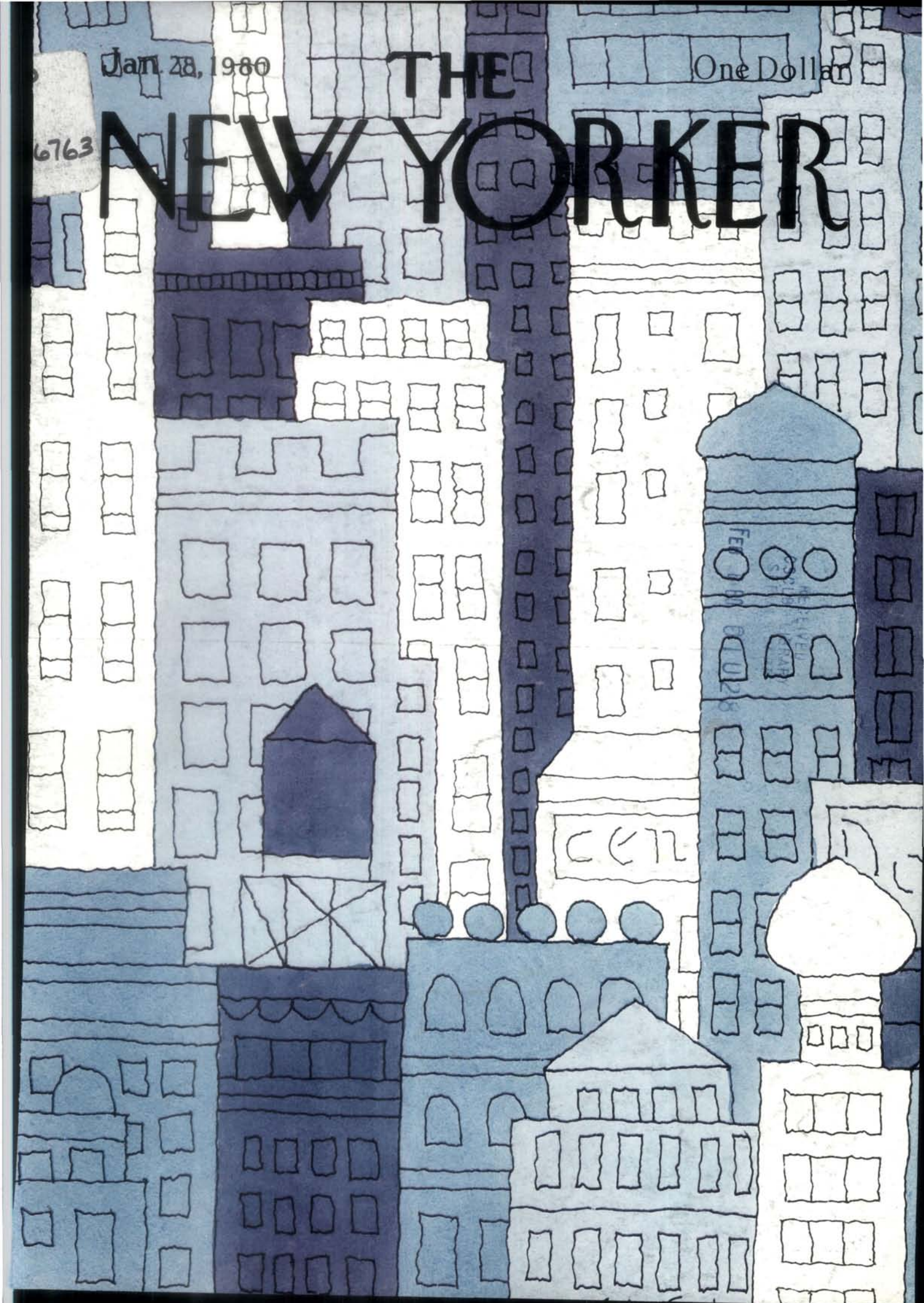


Jan. 28, 1980

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THE NEW YORKER



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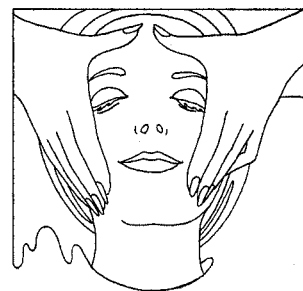
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BENT—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 17. Shakespeare's **HAMLET**, with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 29, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2. Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Friday, Jan. 25, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2; and Sunday, Jan. 27; Wednesday, Jan. 30; and Saturday, Feb. 2, all at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

CLASS ENEMY—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

COMIN' UPTOWN—A thoroughly misguided notion—a black musical based on "A Christmas Carol"—brought to gratuitously complex completion. The star is the gifted Gregory Hines. (1/7/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ENDGAME—Nobody finds more humor in the miseries of daily life than Samuel Beckett does, but "Endgame" is mostly tragic. Daniel Seltzer plays the lead, and Joseph Chaikin directed. (1/21/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Shakespeare's **ROMEO AND JULIET** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FRIENDS—A play by Crispin Larangeira. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

FUGUE IN A NURSERY—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

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HARD SELL—An improvisational revue conceived by Murray Horwitz and written by him and seven colleagues. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Friday through Monday, Jan. 25-28, at 9. Free.)

HUGHIE—J. R. Horne in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8.)

KURT WEILL CABARET—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

THE LADY FROM DUBUQUE—Irene Worth has the title role in a play by Edward Albee. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews Friday through Wednesday, Jan. 25-30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 31. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 27: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 30-Feb. 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO**. (East-side, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LOOSE ENDS—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. With Christine Lahti and Kevin Kline. Directed by Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

DAS LUSITANIA SONGSPIEL—A musical cabaret that parodies the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, written and performed by Christopher Durang and Sigourney Weaver. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11.)

MARIE AND BRUCE—Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban in a play by Wallace Shawn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE—A Yiddish musical, with Yakov Bodo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd

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DRAWINGS: Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, Robert Mankoff, J. B. Handelsman, Mick Stevens, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Jack Ziegler, Bill Woodman, Charles Addams, Joseph Farris, Burt Silverman, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, Michael Maslin, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Chon Day, Stan Hunt, Frank Modell

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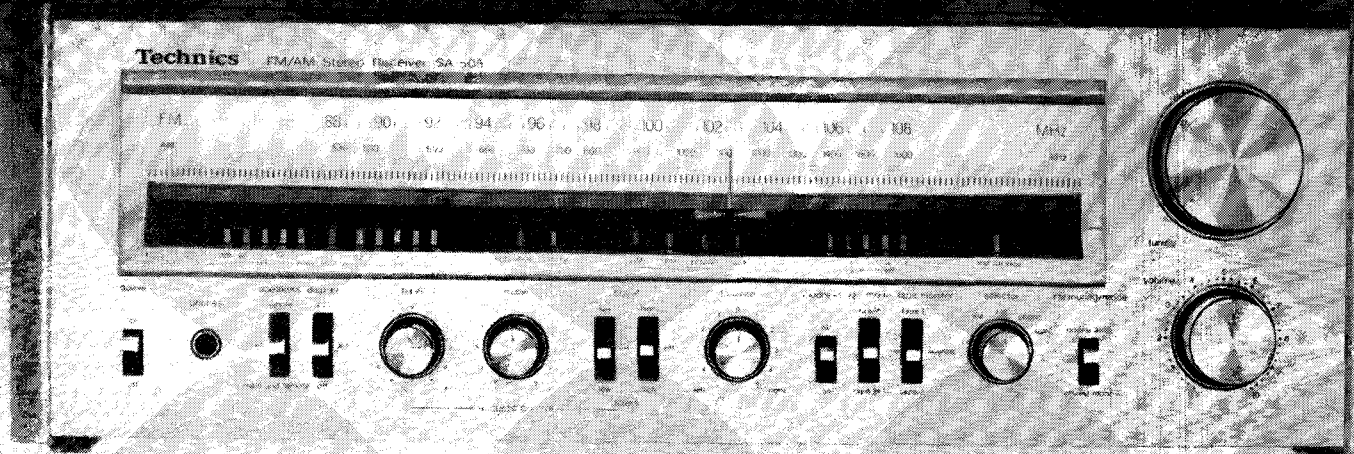
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MODIGLIANI—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MONSIEUR AMILCAR—A play by French playwright Yves Jamiaque, translated by George Gonneau and Norman Rose. Directed by Robert Kalin. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Dan Owens' *LAGRIMA DEL DIABLO (THE DEVIL'S TEAR)* is the third in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Tom Stoppard conducts a seminar on the nature of journalism as all hell breaks loose in a mythical African state. Maggie Smith heads an excellent cast. (12/10/79) Directed by Peter Wood. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OKLAHOMA!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/10/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PARIS LIGHTS: THE ALL-STAR LITERARY GENIUS EXPATRIATE REVUE—A musical entertainment by William Russo (music) and Michael Zettler (book and lyrics), adapted from the works of Hemingway, Stein, Joyce, Kiki, and others. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SALT LAKE CITY SKYLINE—A play by Thomas Babe, with John Lithgow and Fred Gwynne. Robert



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Allan Ackerman directed. Opens on Wednesday, Jan. 23. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3 and 6.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SNAPSHOT—A musical by Herbert Kaplan (music) and Mitchell Bernard (lyrics). (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

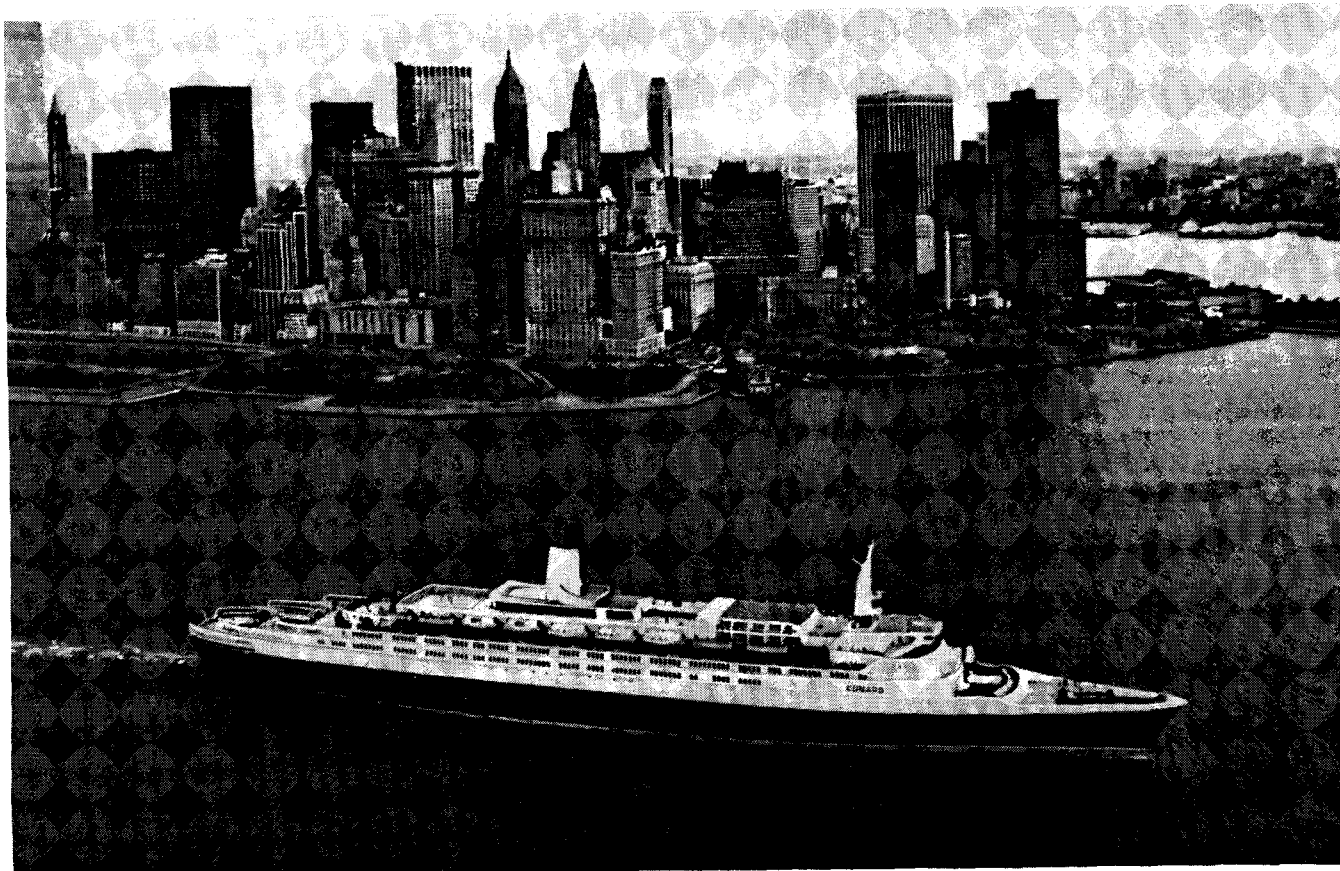
STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Veklin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR BABIES—Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TABLE SETTINGS—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—A thoughtful production of Lillian Hellman's play about the perennial conflicts between political good and evil, between the Old World and the New, and between generations of a family. With an admirable cast, directed by Arvin Brown. (1/14/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.) ... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATH-TRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in White-chapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,208 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 29, to the Majestic, 245 W. 44th St., 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirtieth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHNITZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **SWEENEY TODD**: A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Oleg and Ludmila Protopopov. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 23, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Friday, Feb. 1, at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Swan Lake," "Suite of Dances," and "Cortège Hongrois."... **Thursday evening, Jan. 24:** "Walpurgisnacht" (company premiere), "Eight Easy Pieces" (with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano), "Fancy Free" (preview), and "Circus Polka." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.)... **Friday evening, Jan. 25:** "Coppélia."... **Saturday matinee, Jan. 26:** "Divertimento No. 15," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Cortège Hongrois."... **Saturday evening, Jan. 26:** "Suite of Dances," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... **Sunday matinee, Jan. 27:** "Bournonville Divertissements," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois."... **Sunday evening, Jan. 27:** "Coppélia."... **Tuesday evening, Jan. 29:** "The Four Temperaments," "Suite of Dances," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... **Wednesday evening, Jan. 30:** "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "In G Major."... **Thursday evening, Jan. 31:** "Chaconne," "Fancy Free" (premiere), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... **Friday evening, Feb. 1:** "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," and "Cortège Hongrois."... **Saturday matinee, Feb. 2:** "Chaconne," "Fancy Free," and "Dances at a Gathering."... **Saturday evening, Feb. 2:** "Ballo della Regina," "The Four Temperaments," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," "Paquita," and "Four Temperaments."... **Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:** "Holberg Suite," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Mirage," and "Four Temperaments."... **Friday, Jan. 25, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:** Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," "Le Corsaire," and "Dougla."... **Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:** "Serenade," "Manifestations," "Paquita," and "Troy Game." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—An eight-performance engagement—Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Choreographic Offering," "Flickers" (company premiere), and "The Moor's Pavane."... **Wednesday, Jan. 30, and Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:** "Psalm," "Dancing Woman" (New York premiere), "Strange Hero" (company premiere), "Figura," and "Missa Brevis."... **Thursday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:** "Air for the G

String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Choreographic Offering," "Indeterminate Figure" (company premiere), "Flickers," and "The Moor's Pavane."... **Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7:30:** "Psalm," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PAULINE KÖNER DANCE CONSORT—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

DANCEMOBILE WINTER FESTIVAL—The first three in a series of nine performances of a jazz-modern and African repertoire by nine companies, which will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. Thursday, Jan. 31: International Afrikan American Ballet... **Friday, Feb. 1:** Dinizulu and his African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers... **Saturday, Feb. 2:** Art of Black Dance and Music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)... **Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)**

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that right now has a jazz-heavy lineup: **SUN RA** and **HIS SOLAR JET SET ARKESTRA** will be on-stage on Thursday, Jan. 24; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, will belong to tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON's** quartet and to the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**, which comprises **TED CURSON**, **JOE FARRELL**, **JOHN HANDY**, **JIMMY KNEPPER**, **HUGH LAWSON**, **DANNIE RICHMOND**, and **MIKE RICHMOND**; on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, the New Riders of the Purple Sage will perform country rock; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON's** quartet will share the facilities with drummer **ROY HAYNES' quartet**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Jan. 26; and then, beginning Monday, Jan. 28, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will spend a week here with bassist **HARVE SWARTZ**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee,

cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is supported by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining... **In the Bemelmans Bar**, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neighborhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. The bands: **Tinapeel** and **Slickey Boys** Wednesday, Jan. 23; **Dots and Bullets** Thursday, Jan. 24; **Decks**, **Fast Food**, **Thin Ice**, and **Sonny Skies & the Guys** Friday, Jan. 25; **Method**, **Lords**, **Go**, and **Foreskins** Saturday, Jan. 26. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist **Gerald Cook** and bassist **Aaron Bell** Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to **Anne Marie Moss**, who sings at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ**, a youthful curator of swing music, works with a trio during dinner (from six to eleven) through Friday, Jan. 25. On Monday, Jan. 28, bassist and hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** will arrive with saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and pianist **JOHN BUNCH**. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 27, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will be in charge of a quintet that features tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** from eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Baritone and soprano saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN's** quintet performs here through Saturday, Jan. 26; on Tuesday, Jan. 29, drummer and composer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** will work with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **Bob Bodley**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman**. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On



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Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist **Loumell Morgan** and bassist **Morris Edwards** team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several months old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers live piano music provided by **Don Coates** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvre, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to both. The bands: Lounge Lizards and Test Pattern Wednesday, Jan. 23; Specials and Polyrock Friday, Jan. 25; and Revelons and Proof Saturday, Jan. 26. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, pianist **MIKE ABENE** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will co-pilot a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, French-horn soloist **JOHN CLARK'S** quintet will perform. Sundays belong to altoist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is performing with bassist **SAM JONES** through Saturday, Jan. 26. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RED MITCHELL**, another wonderful piano-bass duo, will move in. On Monday, Jan. 28, jazz harpist **CORKY HALE** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will be present. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The current schedule includes Johnny Paycheck and his country band on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24; first-generation rockabilly singer **CARL PERKINS**, who wrote "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Honey Don't," Sunday and Monday, Jan. 27-28; and Texas songwriter and singer **BILLY JOE SHAYER** on Wednesday, Jan. 30. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **MAXINE BROWN**, a soul singer in the sixties and a soul and pop singer lately, is here through Saturday, Jan. 26; on Monday, Jan. 28, singer **HELEN HUMES** will take over with her backing musicians. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Big Spenders and the Gist Wednesday, Jan. 23; Cathy & the Escorts and the Pinups Thursday, Jan. 24; new-wave R. & B. saxophonist and singer **JAMES CHANCE** (a.k.a. James White) & the **CONTORTIONS** (a.k.a. the Blacks) and Flaming Demons Friday, Jan. 25; and the **CONTORTIONS** and **DEFUNKT** (a.k.a. Defunked), a first-class R. & B. sextet, Saturday, Jan. 26. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The latest tribute here is to composer Harry

Warren, who wrote "There Will Never Be Another You," "The More I See You," "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," and "Jeepers Creepers." **DAVID ALLYN** sings the honors with help from a backup trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinetist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Electric violinist **Noel Pointer** will lead his rhapsodic R. & B. quintet Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**MONGO SANTAMARIA**, the percussion wizard, leads his ensemble Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** will lead his African-funk band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—**SY OLIVER'S** bouncy septet, which is here through Sunday, Jan. 27, and **PANAMA FRANCIS'S** nine-piece **SAVOY SULTANS**, which will move in on Tuesday, Jan. 29—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**Robby Benson**, a twenty-four-year-old actor, screenwriter, producer, and composer, is singing here Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Singer **Linda Langford** opens the shows. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a revue, "Make Someone Happy," is under way. **Orson Bean**, **Phyllis Newman**, and **Charles Repole** are the participants. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls

are refreshingly uncluttered. The Fabulous Floyd Boys, a sextet led by singers **Frank** and **Bobby Floyd**, performs through Sunday, Jan. 27. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find trumpeter **BILLY BUTTERFIELD'S** quintet. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quartet plays here through Saturday, Jan. 26; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 27-28, saxophonist **Charles Davis** will head up a quintet; and on Tuesday, Jan. 29, super bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with his super quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Trumpeter **OLU DARA** and his **Okra Orchestra**, which is usually a ten-piece group, will occupy the stand on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24; and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, another trumpeter, **AHMED ABDULLAH**, will be here with his combo. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues players and a whole bunch of new rock-and-roll bands. Right now the lineup comprises mostly rock: **Marbles** Wednesday, Jan. 23; **U.S. Ape** and **Student Teachers** Thursday, Jan. 24; **80's and Neighbors & Allies** Friday, Jan. 25; **Odds and Buddy Love** Saturday, Jan. 26; and the **Chelsea Funk Orchestra** Sunday, Jan. 27. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—The rock-and-roll roster: **Neon** on Wednesday, Jan. 23; **Troggs** on Thursday, Jan. 24; **Reptiles** on Saturday, Jan. 26; and **XTC** and **Fingerprutz** on Monday, Jan. 28. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Drummer **BUDDY RICH** leads his current big band downstairs on Friday, Jan. 25, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. At the Top of the Gate, on Sunday, Jan. 27, at ten, upstairs, pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** and singer **JOAN MORRIS** will perform, in straightforward and unadorned fashion, theatrical numbers from eighty years ago and more, piano rags, torch songs, and Berlin and Gershwin compositions. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet perform in these prestigious, spare quarters through Sunday, Jan. 27; on Tuesday, Jan. 29, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in his nonet. Mondays are devoted to the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist **John Weiss**; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist **Harris Simon**. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Pianist **Joe Albany's** quartet winds up a stint on Saturday, Jan. 26; on Sunday, Jan. 27, Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz quintet, will move in; Monday, Jan. 28, will belong to guitarists **CHRIS FLORY** and **Emily Remler**; Tuesday, Jan. 29, will be claimed by guitarist **Snags Allen's** combo; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, pianist **SAMMY PRICE'S** quintet, known as **Two Tenor Boogie**, will be present. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

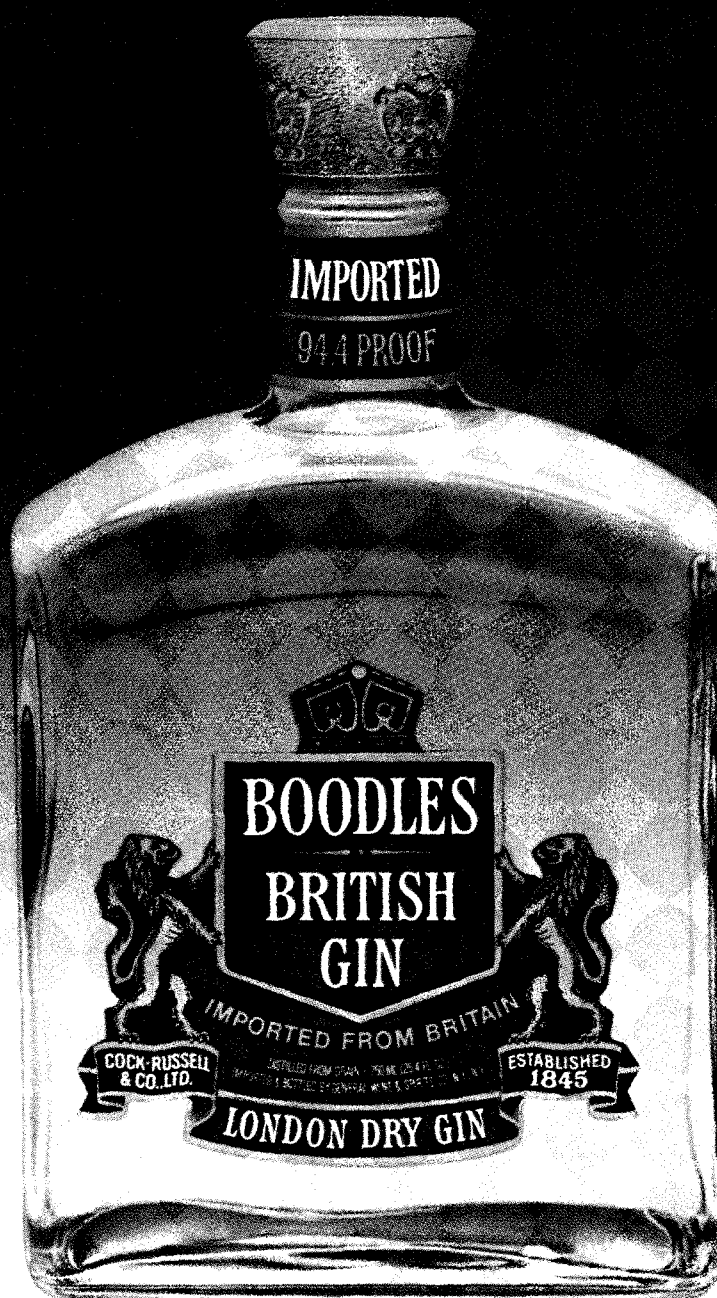
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LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case **E. Y. Harburg**) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 27-28, at 8.)

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four concerts, this one by Lionel Hampton and his band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

SARAH VAUGHAN—With Waymon Reed & Brazilian Fusion. (Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

ROBERT HUNTER—With Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

JOHN HARTFORD, HAZEL DICKENS, and NORMAN AND NANCY BLAKE—A benefit concert. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 594-8105.)

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 10:30.)

RICK DANKO and PAUL BUTTERFIELD & FRIENDS—With the McGarrigle Sisters. (Carnegie Hall, 247-7450. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

JAMES JABBO WARE'S ORCHESTRA—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at ten and midnight: Luther Thompson & Dazz and August Darnel's King Creole & the Coconut. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RUDOLF BARANIK—Black-painted canvases on which the artist's musings about poetry have been written in crowded rows of white print and then smudged beyond recognition. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 73th St.)

CHRISTIN COUTURE—Tiny oil paintings (six by eight inches) that tell little stories, some reflecting the artist's reading of Proust and some with a quirky eroticism all her own. . . .

¶ A group show of gallery artists is dominated by a heroic, early-American-looking quilt entitled "Dan'l Boone Kills a Bar," designed by Ed Larsen and pieced together by seamstresses in rural Missouri. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JOHN EVANS—Collages made of antique fabrics (taken from what must have been a lovely quilt) and mounted on paper edged at the bottom with an incongruous row of half-hidden, painted-on duck heads. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Cordier & Eckstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Landscapes done in oil, some of them gently pastoral and others rather harsh in execution, plus one allegorical work with Expressionist figures that has an Old Testament bluntness about it. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

HARRIET KORMAN—Recent paintings in which this artist has shifted from acrylics to oils and has ventured away from her usually pure abstractions into something approaching figurative work. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JOANNA KRASNER—Abstract oils based on a grid. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Small bronze and terra-cotta sculptures of everyday life (except for Jacob dozing on the bottom rung of a tall ladder full of angels) by a master of the genre—girls sprawled on easy chairs, yawning, hanging out clothes, and so on. Through Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Recent still-lives and landscapes. Through Feb. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

HORACIO BLAS MAZZA—Rich-looking oil paintings by an Argentine artist of female heads and still-life arrangements, all of them lit by a curious kind of effulgence. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ALICE NEEL—An eightieth-birthday show of

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paintings, including her most recent portrait (of Jack Beeson). Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (The Sarah Institute, 42 E. 65th St. Opens at 1.)

LILIANA PORTER/JUAN CAMILO URIBE—Mixed mediums (paint, silk screen, collage, photographs) applied directly to the gallery wall. / A room of slide viewers suspended from the ceiling; the views are mostly photographs of the artist's own works with superimposed religious and political references. Through Feb. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM RIDENHOUR—Recent large oils, most of them crowded with quick, skillful depictions of peppers, stylized airplanes, trucks, birds, shoes, bananas, hunters on horseback chasing antelopes and rabbits (these reminiscent of cave drawings), and flowers. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WILLIAM ROBERTS—Hard-edge realist watercolors and a few oils by a Canadian artist who specializes in coastal scenes (lighthouses, foghorn installations, lonely clapboard houses). In addition, and improbably, a series on New York's Chinatown. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN (1840-1917)—Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through March 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BENNO SCHMIDBAUR—Thorny-looking sculptures in which skinlike sheets of hand-forged iron are pierced (and held together) by elongated iron spikes. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, Jan. 26.

TOTI SCIALOJA—Abstract oils. Through Feb. 8. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings of Chinese women, usually in the midst of flowers or parrots. Through Feb. 23. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

SANDY WALKER—New paintings in which this artist uses his slashing brushstrokes to portray the New Hampshire woods in autumn; there is also one Manhattan cityscape. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

NAT WERNER—Sculptures assembled from typewriter and cash-register parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

WOMEN ARTISTS AT THE GRAHAM GALLERY—Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists, a number of whom were given their first solo shows by the gallery's retiring director, Robert C. Graham. The artists include Elaine de Kooning, Anne Poor, Jane Wilson, and Becky Young. Through Feb. 20. (1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ERICSON, 23 E. 74th St.: Works on vertical sheets of paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A large new Lichtenstein, in which he pays his special kind of homage to German Expressionism, and disturbing comic works by H. C. Westermann,

a newcomer to the gallery, are included in this show of small-scale works by gallery members, including Willem de Kooning, Louise Bourgeois, and Joan Mitchell. Through Feb. 23. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Standouts in this new show of topflight artists are a life-size portrait done in 1919 by van Dongen of the Marquise de Baudry-d'Asson, a prototype "flapper," with her boyish figure, above-knee skirt, and laid-back sophistication; and a Pascin harem scene that takes on some of the qualities of Tiepolo. Through Feb. 16. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Painted-wood reliefs, and marble and bronze sculptures—forty-nine pieces in all. Through Feb. 16. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Two large oils (eight feet square) done in his customary frozen-realist style and depicting life on his upstate farm, plus studies for the paintings. Through Feb. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JIM DINE—Another series of paintings of outsize unoccupied bathrobes, mostly identical except for subtle variations in the coloring and brushwork. Through Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—One still-life, done in 1908 and showing a marked Fauvist influence, and thirty-odd subsequent paintings, most of them unfamiliar, in his own brand of abstraction. Through Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract Expressionist paintings with flat, calm areas of scrubbed-in roseate coloration. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAAS—Large, precise watercolor views of Manhattan (and San Francisco, Boston, and Albany) seen from a distance on a clear day. Through Tuesday, Jan. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARYANN HARMAN—Large, impressionist paintings of the Blue Ridge Mountains, done in thin, low-key acrylic washes, plus a couple of semi-abstract interiors—a new undertaking for this artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

DON HAZLITT—Small, decorative, boxlike wall pieces made of a commercial papier-mâché painted in circus colors. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

SUSAN HOFFMAN/GARY KULAK—Semi-abstract landscapes and cityscapes worked out in king-size cotton quilts. / Small chairs made of welded steel in a variety of shapes and considered by the artist to be abstract art forms rather than simple representations. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kornblie, 20 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—A selection of small-scale, standard Hofmann oils done between 1958 and 1964. Through Feb. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

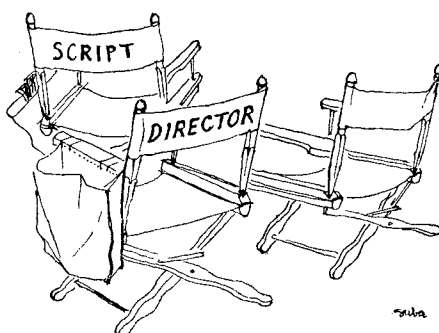
YASUO KUNIYOSHI (1889-1953)/KONRAD CRAMER (1888-1963)—Pencil drawings of mining villages and ghost towns and Western mountain landscapes done with a quick, half-humorous touch that is in sharp contrast to his savage sketches, also on view, for Second World War posters. / Remote upstate single-pump gas stations are reduced to their basic elements in these paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STEPHANIE BRODY LEDERMAN—Autobiographical reminiscences translated into works on paper using acrylics, pastels, pencil, and rubber stamps. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

LES LEVINE—Projected billboards in a blown-up photographic series in which the artist demonstrates that advertising techniques can be converted to purely artistic purposes. Through Feb. 9. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD—Recent paintings of nocturnal scenes in which the heart of the composition is framed in trompe-l'oeil masking tape. Through Feb. 9. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964)—Oils, watercol-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ors, pencil drawings, and etchings of bottles, bowls, and pitchers by this Italian still-life artist. Through Feb. 23. (Odyssey, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

VITA PETERSEN/RIDUAN TOMKINS—Collages./Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JIM REED—Collages using sheet film and mixed mediums on paper. Through Feb. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

AD REINHARDT (1913-67)—Fifty works, paintings mostly, dated from 1935 to the early sixties. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. A complementary exhibition is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

GEORGE SPAVENTA (1918-78)—Expressionist bronze figures (almost his entire oeuvre) by a sculptor whose reputation was far greater among his fellow-artists than with the public. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Layered collages made of free-form pieces of cutout fibreboard painted in bright colors and mounted together on a foam-core backing. There are also models for huge outdoor sculptures and some cutout metal pieces. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT JAY WOLFF (1905-77)—Abstract paintings from the early seventies made up of severely formalistic arrangements of rectangles in carefully worked-out color combinations. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ABBY ZITO—Monotypes in which an outline of the human heart serves as the background for a series of visual puns. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: David Sharpe introduces figures into his landscape made up of architectural and topographical survey symbols, and Cynthia Carlson contributes a whole wall densely decorated with geometrical and abstract figures in this show by five gallery artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. ... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Glass, metal, and wood wall reliefs (and drawings) by Ferber, Judd, LeWitt, Nevelson, Rickey, and Wilmarth. Through Feb. 9. ... **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.) ... **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show of eight relatively unfamiliar British artists includes a large canvas filled almost to the edges with an egg-tempera painting of a battered-looking suitcase by Michael Heindorff; a wall piece, made of foam rubber and raffia, resembling a broken cricket bat by Margaret Walker; and a painted wall sculpture made of wood, cardboard, and a heavy wire grid by William Tillyer. Through March 1. ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes by Coier, Magafan, Mayhew, Moller, Palmer, and Thon. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. ... **OOSTEROM**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Randal Rupert, Donald Sultan, Ralph Humphrey, Robert Moskowitz, and Angelo Savelli. Through Feb. 16. ... **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Forty works on paper, all of which have some kind of handwritten notation, by ten artists, among them Colette, Joe Brainard, and Christopher Knowles. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

PETER BERG—A stark white labyrinthine walk-through environment. Through Feb. 5. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

BETTE BERGER/JEFF PULLEN—Semi-abstract pastels in which pale, very subdued pyrotechnical activity is seen in the air above a remote island shoreline./Abstract canvases in which broad, rhythmic swipes of acrylic are scraped onto a canvas, along with crushed colored chalk and glitter and bits of burlap collage. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

MEL BOCHNER—Five great big abstract designs that look like flattened out origami, painted directly on the otherwise bare white walls in arresting casein colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ERICA BOGIN—Small collages made up of dried leaves, cut-up exotic stamps, old letters, and the like, some of them mounted on old postcards. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JANET BRAUN-REINITZ—Postcard-size collages. Through Feb. 3. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

SANDRO CHIA/HORST SCHULER—A series of humorous paintings of frogs, wine-guzzling peasants, and so on./Large silk panels designed for the gallery's windows and colored with oil washes (two blue, one yellow, and one green) so that a beautiful haze is cast when sunlight streams through them. Through Feb. 29. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—Two hundred and sixty-five sheets of paper (mounted in groups on the gallery wall) on which this German conceptual artist has written out a numerical system based on the year 1980. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—A superior job of joinery is represented in a cherry-wood wall sculpture consisting of thirteen pieces that are separately hung but could be nested together, like a Chinese puzzle, into a pentadecagon ten feet in diameter. Through Feb. 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

SOL LEWITT—A drawing on the gallery wall; plans for three books (seen here as photographs mounted on the wall); a scale model of a small park; fifty prints. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

DON NICE/PETER PLAGENS—Large, expertly rendered watercolors in which quixotically juxtaposed items (a stretch of Hudson River scenery, a hawk, and a candy wrapper, for example) have a logical association in the artist's mind: the hawk lives there, the candy wrapper pollutes the place./A not quite complete circle painted on a white canvas or paper background characterizes these works, some of which have unobtrusive collage touches. Through Feb. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ROBERT ROHM/RICHARD LUTZKE—Rudimentary boat-shape forms made of raw wood bolted and lashed together by an artist whose work has an open, innocent quality./Large canvases slashed and folded within their frames, plus paper collages in which everyday print (phone listings, market quotations, a dollar bill) is cut into slivers and put back together not quite precisely the way it was. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

SEAN SCULLY/MARTHA ALF—Large new canvases made up of narrow horizontal strips of a color in its deepest register, done in his characteristic tape technique./Unusually adept pencil drawings of pears, apples, a banana, and a rhododendron bud, by a West Coast artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

NED SMYTH/THOMAS LANIGAN-SCHMIDT—A pagan environment of ornate cast-cement columns and niches with fauns and piles of grapes./An adjacent room is occupied by an utterly different—i.e., reverent—environment, in which a central altarpiece is surrounded by religious icons made of tinfoil and Saran Wrap and acrylics. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

JOYCE STILLMAN-MYERS—Oversize surrealist still-lives of Christmas ornaments in their honeycomb boxes, and of glittery egg-shaped panty-

hose packaging. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings: romantic landscapes and a seascape (with two waterspouts) by April Gornik; wraithlike portraits (with cut-out eyes) by Michael Tetherow; fish by David True, and wooded landscapes by Alan Turner. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

COMPOSERS' ART—A collection of musical scores. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 8. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

PIERRE JACQUEMON—Byzantine-looking patterns made up of the artist's own calligraphy, done in metallic-looking pigments and varnished over and over again. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Abreu, a recently opened gallery at 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

DAVID KNOEBEL/BILL BECKLEY—Installations in which discrete areas of space are clearly defined by a few twinkling bulbs arranged in rows, plus Minimalist drawings./Drawings in which posterlike printed text plays a large part. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

ELEN PHELAN/DIMITRY MERINOFF (1896-1971)—Abstract oils on aluminum panels./Abstract relief and collage paintings, dated from 1950 to 1970, using pigment, branches, twigs, and burlap. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUDY BURCKHARDT—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

MARIO GIACOMELLI—Abstract landscape photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LOUISE KRUGER—Sculptures of figures in carved wood, and photographs of people walking. Through Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HIROJI KUBOTA—Photographs of North Korea by an artist who says he has tried to show "as many non-political aspects as possible." Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (New School-Parsons, fifth floor, 66 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

INGE MORATH AND ANN SAGER—Photographs of China. Through Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DOUG PRINCE/ABRAHAM MENASHE—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works./Photographs of the handicapped. Through March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowerly bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JAPAN 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HASTINGS**, 121 E. 24th St.: Sports photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive, and portraits by Philippe Halsman of star athletes. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.) ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Architectural details and American landscapes dominate a show of a hundred and sixty prints by twenty contemporary photographers (Callahan, Erwit, Groover, and Shore among them). Through Feb. 10. (Open Sundays.) ... **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . .

¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Monday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Monday, Jan. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. Through March 9. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. Through March 9. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ First Intermedia Art Festival Performance Series: Eight programs of performances involving film, videotapes, dance, and music. Friday, Jan. 25: Ken Dewey. . . . Saturday, Jan. 26: Elaine Summers. . . . Sunday, Jan. 27: Carman Moore. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 30: Ping Chong. . . . Thursday, Jan. 31: Ed Emshwiller. . . . Friday, Feb. 1: Nam June Paik. . . . Saturday, Feb. 2: Joan Jonas. . . . Sunday, Feb. 3: Stan VanDerBeek. (Evenings at 8:30; for information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Sunday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by the early American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz, dated from 1964 to 1979. Through March 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. For additional hours, see below. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fri-

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days, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, photographs, and other works by several artists, including Patricia

Caire, who paints life-size silhouettes of figures on panels of translucent acetate. Through Feb. 9.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Douglas Davis (performance), Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 9:30; Beth Anderson (performance), Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; nearly fifty books designed by black and Hispanic artists, through Wednesday, Jan. 30; handmade books by Lois Polansky and Saribenne Stone, through Feb. 9.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ad Hoc Rock, with Nigel Rollings & Bob Ostertag (music), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30; "Sheer Heaven," a play in Spanish and English by Eric Bogosian, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29-30, at 8:30 and 10; Judy Nylon & Kevin Fullen (performance with music), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30; twenty videotapes from the Ithaca Video Festival, through Thursday, Jan. 31.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Sunday, Jan. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; conducted by David Stivender. . . . Thursday, Jan. 24, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Vern Shinnall, Bonaldo Giattiotti, and Arthur Thompson; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patané. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; David Stivender. . . . Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Vern Shinnall, Bonaldo Giattiotti, and Arthur Thompson; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, James Atherton, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, James Atherton, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Benjamin Luxon, and Wieslaw Ochman; Emil Tchakarof.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8 (all with Silvia Marcovici, violin, and Philip Myers, horn). . . . ¶ After a brief hiatus, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Feb. 6.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting—Dvořák's "Stabat Mater," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday,

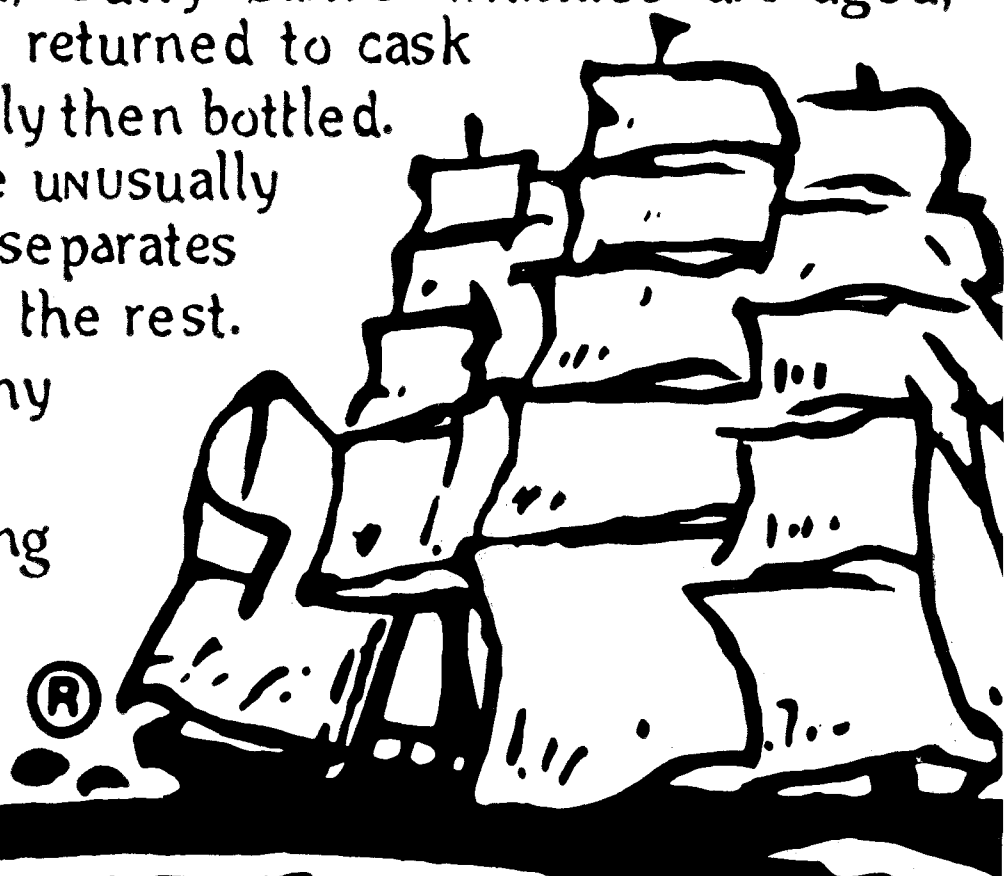


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 23-24, at 8.)...A varied program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

FRANKFURT RADIO ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Eliahu Inbal conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here—Monday, Jan. 28, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. ... Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: A varied program, with Ruth Laredo, piano.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Richard Woodhams, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—James Conlon conducting, with Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: Paul Dunkel conducting a program of works by Mozart, Britten, Schubert, and others, written by the composers while in their teens. With Maurice Edwards, baritone. ... Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3: Lukas Foss conducting a Chopin-Schumann program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ORPHEUS—A chamber orchestra of twenty-five instrumentalists who perform without a conductor, with Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5:30. All seats have been sold for the Sunday concert, and only standing room is left.)

BLOOMINGDALE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—David Aks conducting an all-Ravel program, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, and John Van Buskirk, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—The second in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music, this one conducted by Ainslee Cox, with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Stuart Dempster, trombone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Leona Mitchell, soprano, and Samuel Ramey, baritone. The performance will be preceded by four short choral works by Heinrich Schütz and Johann Hermann Schein. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Robert Shaw directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

RECITALS

JERRY GROSSMAN—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

SERGIO AND ODIAR ASSAD—Classical guitar duo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

VERMEER QUARTET—With Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)... With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

SEA CLIFF CHAMBER PLAYERS—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

VALTER DESPALJ—Cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY, ITZHAK PERLMAN, AND LYNN HARRELL—Piano, violin, and cello, in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—James Buswell, Ida Kavafian, Daniel Phillips, and Dmitri Sitkovetsky, all violin; Walter Trampler and Toby Appel, viola; Leslie Parnas and Stephen Kates, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and

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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Lee Luvisi, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Presenting a program called "The Gothic Era." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

SALVATORE ACCARDO—In a program of Bach and Paganini works for unaccompanied violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—Theodore Antoniou conducting twelve principals from the Boston Symphony, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The second in a series of four programs of chamber music, this one a Leclair-Boccherini-Schumann program, performed by Jonathan Abramowitz and Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Linda Moss, viola; Richard Sortomme and Carol Webb, violin; and Mary Louise Vetrano, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music by Guillaume de Machaut performed by Guido's Other Hand, a Renaissance ensemble. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, with Julius Baker and Marya Martin, also flute; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; and a forty-piece flute choir from the Juilliard School and the New England Conservatory of Music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

JOSEPH SMITH—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

KENNETH COOPER—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola and viola d'amore; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

MARTHA HARTMAN WHITMORE—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS—The first in a series of three concerts of Romantic music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

RYTA BOUBOULIDI—The second of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

EUGENE FODOR—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' GUILD FOR PERFORMANCE—A program of twentieth-century music performed by Robert Pollock, piano, and the String Quartet of the Composers' Guild. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

KYUNG-WHA CHUNG—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

ANN ZALKIND—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER—Violin, with Jaime Laredo, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

BOEHM QUINTETTE—A program of chamber music for winds. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.

Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

PAULA ROBISON—Flute, in the second in a series of three joint recitals, this one with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

ANTHONY NEWMAN—Piano, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

RUSSELL SHERMAN—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "England's Grand Masque Tradition," with the Court Dance Company of New York and the Madrigal Singers. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

SHOSTAKOVICH—THE FINAL YEARS—A program of his works (including the American première of "Suite on Poems of Michelangelo"), performed by Continuum, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Golden State, Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:35. ... **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**: Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:05. ... Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:05. ... Nets vs. Chicago, Sunday, Jan. 27, at 1. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

HOCKEY—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Jan. 26: Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers. ... Tuesday, Jan. 29: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars. ... Saturday, Feb. 2: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games begin at 8:05.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 26. ... **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

TROTTLING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. ... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

PROSE READINGS—Marc Connelly, Prudence Crowther, Ruth Goetz, Philip Hamburger, Al Hirschfeld, Neva Patterson, Morley Safer, and William Zinsser reading from the works of S. J. Perelman. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—English, French, and American furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than seventy dealers. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, through Sunday, Feb. 3. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Jan. 25, at 10:15 and 2:30: Nineteenth-century European paintings. ... Friday, Jan. 25, at 2: Twenty-six paintings of Paris by Jean Béraud, from the collection of Jacques Kugel. ... Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: Oriental rugs. ... Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, prints, silver, pewter, porcelain, glass, furniture, and folk art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26. ... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 24, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. ... Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 10: Americana, including paintings and Chinese Export porcelain. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 24.



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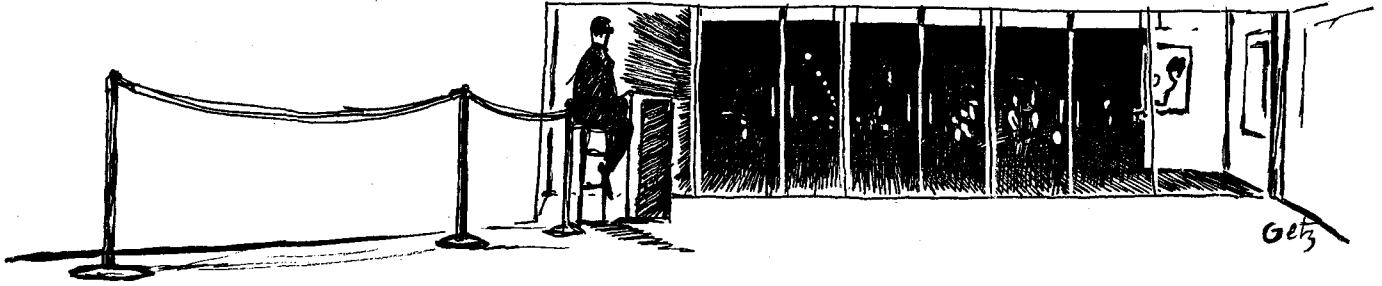
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 27: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle."

Jan. 28: Theatre closed.

Jan. 29: "In Harm's Way."

Jan. 30: "Advise and Consent."

Jan. 31: "Such Good Friends."

Feb. 1: "Hurry Sundown."

Feb. 2: "Bonjour Tristesse."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Jan. 31: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

From Feb. 1: "Don Giovanni."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Jan. 24: "French Postcards" and "Days of Heaven."

Jan. 25-26: "Girl Friends" and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Jan. 27-29: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Performance."

Jan. 30-31: "The Battle of Chile."

From Feb. 1: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Jan. 31: "Breaking Away."

From Feb. 1: "Fatso."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Hair."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Going in Style."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Jan. 31: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture."

From Feb. 1: "American Gigolo."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Jan. 31: "Going in Style."

From Feb. 1: "Fatso."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Starting Over."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Breaking Away."

MANHATTAN I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"Gizmo I."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"10."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Windows."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Being There."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Norma Rae."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Through Jan. 31: "All That Jazz."

From Feb. 1: "My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

"The Silent Partner."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Jerk."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"1941."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Jan. 31: "Stay As You Are."

From Feb. 1: "All That Jazz."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"The Electric Horseman."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"Chapter Two."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Jan. 31: "Starting Over."

From Feb. 1: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"In Search of Historic Jesus."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S

			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

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U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"... And Justice for All."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"Star Trek—The Motion Picture."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"The Black Hole."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "1941." From

Jan. 25: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"Starting Over."

GREENWICH 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Jerk."

GREENWICH 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Black Hole."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "10." From

Feb. 1: "Stay As You Are."

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "The Seduction

of Joe Tynan." From Feb. 1: "The Euro-

peans."

Theatre 3: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 24: "Yanks." From

Jan. 25: "The Apple Game."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; the-

atre open evenings only Mondays through

Thursdays, after 4 on Fridays, and after 2 on

Saturdays and Sundays.)

Through Jan. 24: "The Apple Game."

Jan. 25-29: "The Wrong Move."

From Jan. 30: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Rose."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Apocalypse Now."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Robert et Robert."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through Jan. 27: "Manhattan."

From Jan. 28: "To Forget Venice."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Coup de Tête."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"All That Jazz."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Star Trek—The Motion Picture."

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

"Breaking Away."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "... And Jus-

tice for All." From Jan. 25 (tentative):

"Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cou-

sine."

Theatre 2: "10."

Theatre 3: "Going in Style."

Theatre 4: "Starting Over."

NEW YORKER I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"Take the Money and Run," "Everything

You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,"

"Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front,"

"Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and

"Play It Again, Sam."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"Apocalypse Now."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Jan. 31: "In Search of Historic

Jesus."

From Feb. 1: "Silent Screams."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

"In Search of Historic Jesus."

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Going in Style." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "Apocalypse

Now." (†) From Feb. 1: "Fatso." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Jan. 31: "Roller Boogie."

From Feb. 1: "Chapter Two." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Electric Horseman." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

"Star Trek—The Motion Picture." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"The Black Hole." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through Jan. 24: "1941." (†)

From Jan. 25: "Guyana, Cult of the

Damned."

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

"Windows." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

"The Jerk." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

"Starting Over." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Jan. 23: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier"

(1959), in French, directed by Jean Renoir,

with Jean-Louis Barrault; and "The Nutty

Professor" (1963), directed by Jerry Lew-

is, with Lewis, Stella Stevens, Kathleen

Freeman, and Howard Morris.

Jan. 24: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by

Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David

Henning; and "Death Race 2000"

(1975), directed by Paul Bartel, with Da-

vid Carradine, Sylvester Stallone, and Lou-

isa Moritz.

Jan. 25: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French,

directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-

Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude

Jade; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in

French, directed by François Truffaut,

with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

Jan. 26: "Performance" (†); and "Trash"

(1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with

Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Jan. 27: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974),

in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman,

with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

Jan. 28: "Don Quixote" (1957), in Russian,

directed by Grigori Kozintsev, with Niko-

lai Cherkassov; and "Lazarillo." (†)

Jan. 29: "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, di-

rected by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki

Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse, with Hideko Takamine.

Jan. 30: "The Tomb of Ligeia" (1965), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price; and "Eyes Without a Face." (†)

Jan. 31: "Kanchenjunga" (†) and "The Adversary." (†)

Feb. 1: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.

Feb. 2: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 23: "Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.

Jan. 24: "The Sounds of the Mountains" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.

Jan. 25: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

Jan. 26: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

Jan. 27: "Bonaparte" (1927, 1971), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Antonin Artaud and Gance.

Jan. 28: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Uzuna's Raid" (1972), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison.

Jan. 29: "Dirty Hands" (1976), directed by Claude Chabrol, with Rod Steiger and Romy Schneider; and "Just Before Nightfall." (†)

Jan. 30: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "To Paris with Love" (1955), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness and Odile Versois.

Jan. 31: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Feb. 1: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefania Sandrelli; and "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.

Feb. 2: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Foul Play" (1978), directed by Colin Higgins, with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 24: "Orchestra Rehearsal" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Baldwin Baas; and "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, a six episode animated and live-action film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto.

Jan. 25-26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

Jan. 27-28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wild Bunch" (1960), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

Jan. 29: "Edvard Munch." (†)

Jan. 30-31: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Night Porter." (†)

Feb. 1-2: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio

Fargas; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 26: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier; and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester.

Jan. 27-29: "Anna Karenina" (1974), a dance film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Aleksandr Godunov, and the Bolshoi Ballet; and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)

Jan. 30-Feb. 2: "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller; and "Sweet Charity." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 23: "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939; "Daybreak"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.

Jan. 24: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Angel" (1937), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas.

Jan. 25-26: "Lenny" (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), a documentary, compiled by Fred Baker.

Jan. 27: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier.

Jan. 28: "Papillon." (†)

Jan. 29: "The Jazz Singer." (†)

Jan. 30: "Gun Crazy" (†) and "You Only Live Once." (†)

Jan. 31: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Desire." (†)

Feb. 1-2: "Watermelon Man" (†); and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 23: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Gervaise" (1957), in French, directed by René Clément, with Maria Schell, François Périer, and Suzy Delair.

Jan. 24: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "The Great Gabbo" (1929), directed by James Cruze, with Erich von Stroheim and Betty Compson.

Jan. 25-26: "The Apartment" (1960), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

Jan. 27-28: "Murder Over New York" (1940), one of the Charlie Chan series, with Sidney Toler as the detective; and "Charlie Chan in Paris" (1935), with Warner Oland as the detective.

Jan. 29: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Jan. 30: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†); and "Ready, Willing, and Able" (1937), directed by Ray Enright, with Ruby Keeler, Wini Shaw, Jane Wyman, and Louise Fazenda.

Jan. 31: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre L  aud.

Feb. 1-2: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Palm Beach Story"

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California Seattle Portland Phoenix
White Flint Chicago Northbrook

(1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 24 at 2:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Marie Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; English inter-titles. . . . Jan. 24 at 6: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; Russian inter-titles. . . . Jan. 24 at 8:30: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov; Russian inter-titles. . . . Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Storm Over Asia." . . . Jan. 25 at 6: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . Jan. 26 at noon: "Casey's Shadow" (1978), directed by Martin Ritt, with Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith. . . . Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Such Is Life" (1929), a Czech/German film, directed by Carl Junghans; no dialogue. . . . Jan. 26 at 5: "Man with a Movie Camera." . . . Jan. 27 at noon: "Casey's Shadow." . . . Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Such Is Life." . . . Jan. 27 at 5: "Skidoo" (1968), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, Frankie Avalon, and Groucho Marx. . . . Jan. 28 at noon: "The Movies March On" (1939); "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), a silent film, directed by Edwin S. Porter; "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" (1907), a silent film, directed by J. Searle Dawley and Edwin S. Porter, with D. W. Griffith; and "The New York Hat" (1912), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore. . . . Jan. 28 at 2:30: "Catch of the Season" (1937), directed by Mary Field; "Barboni" (1946), in Italian, directed by Dino Risi, no subtitles; "Land Without Bread" (1932), a Spanish film, directed by Luis Buñuel, English narration; and "Trade

Tattoo" (1937), an animated short. . . . Jan. 28 at 6: "Les Charmes de l'Existence" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Gremillon and Pierre Kast, no subtitles; "Bluebottles" (1928), an English silent film, directed by Ivor Montagu, with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton; and "A Day in the Country" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Renoir, Sylvia Bataille, Jacques Brunius, and Marguerite Renoir, English subtitles. . . . Jan. 29 at noon: "Entr'acte" (1924), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, with Francis Picabia and Man Ray, no inter-titles; "Menilmontant" (1925), a silent film, directed by Dimitri Kirsanov, with Nadia Sibirskaia, no inter-titles; and "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fernand Léger. . . . Jan. 29 at 2:30: "Skidoo." . . . Jan. 29 at 6: "Jump Street" (1979), directed by Christine Burrill, Bill Yarhaus, and David Davis. . . . Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Catch of the Season," "Barboni," "Land Without Bread," and "Trade Tattoo." . . . Jan. 31 at 6: "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), a Russian silent film, directed by Wladyslaw Starewicz; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean and Olga Tscheckowa; both with English inter-titles. . . . Jan. 31 at 8:30: "Les Charmes de l'Existence," "Bluebottles," and "A Day in the Country." . . . Feb. 1 at 2:30: Animated films from UPA, "Hell Bent for Election" (1943) to "Dimensions of Quality" (1976). . . . Feb. 1 at 6: Three Danish films, from 1910 to 1913, no inter-titles. . . . Feb. 2 at noon: A program of Mister Magoo animated films from UPA. . . . Feb. 2 at 2:30: A program of animated films made between 1949 and 1962 at UPA. . . . Feb. 2 at 5: Animated films from UPA, "Hell Bent for Election" to "Dimensions of Quality." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th

St.—Through Jan. 27: "Wanda" (1970), directed by Barbara Loden, with Loden and Michael Higgins. . . . Starting Jan. 29: Two films by Warren Sonbert—"Carriage Trade" (1968-73) and "Divided Loyalties" (1978). Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Tevye" (1939), in Yiddish, directed by Maurice Schwartz, with Schwartz, Rebecca Weintraub, and Miriam Riselle; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

OUR HITLER: A FILM FROM GERMANY—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour, four-part film. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 69th St. Jan. 26-27 at 2:30. There will be a ninety-minute dinner break at 6:15. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 550.)

BEACON THEATRE, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—The final programs in a series of Spanish films. Most of the films are in Spanish, with English subtitles. Jan. 23 at 7: "Elisa My Love," directed by Carlos Saura, with Fernando Rey and Geraldine Chaplin. . . . Jan. 23 at 9:30: "What Max Said," directed by Emilio Martínez Lazaro, with Ignacio Fernandez de Castro. . . . Jan. 24 at 7: "Anguish," directed by Pedro Olea, with Paco Rabal and Ana Belen. . . . Jan. 24 at 9:30: "Sleepwalker," directed by Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón, with Ana Belen and Norman Briski. . . . Jan. 25 at 7: "The New Spaniards," directed by Roberto Bodegas, with José Sacristán and María Luisa San José. . . . Jan. 25 at 9:30: "Spirit of the Beehive," directed by Victor Erice, with Ana Torrent and Isabel Telleria. . . . Jan. 26 at 7: "What Max Said." . . . Jan. 26 at 9:30: "Elisa My Love." . . . Jan. 27 at 7 and 9:30: "The Sabina," directed by José Luis Borau, with Carol Kane, Angela Molina, Harriet Andersson, Jon Finch, and Simon Ward; in English. (The director will be present.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVERSARY (1971)—A shining comedy about an ex-medical student looking for a job in Calcutta, made by Satyajit Ray, whose quizzical humor has a way of coming up and hitting you from behind. The hero—played by Dhritiman Chatterjee—lives in a cramped apartment with his mother, his uncle, his beguiling sister, and a student brother rabidly revolutionary about nothing in particular. The hero falls in love with a gentle girl who has the insight to tell him that everyone is different, whereas his medical training has taught him that everyone is the same. Absorbing, alert, comic. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31.)

ADVISE AND CONSENT (1962)—Mindless "inside" story of Washington political shenanigans, directed by Otto Preminger. Accused of having been a Communist, Leflingwell (Henry Fonda), the nominee for Secretary of State, perjures himself. A senator (Don Murray) is victimized because of a homosexual episode in his past. (When he goes to a gay bar, it's such a lurid, evil place that the director seems grotesquely straight.) There are noteworthy performances by Burgess Meredith as Leflingwell's accuser, and by Franchot Tone as the President; Charles Laughton is entertainingly flamboyant as a Southern senator. With Lew Ayres as the Vice-President, and Walter Pidgeon, Gene Tierney, Peter Lawford, Paul Ford, George Grizzard, Inga Swenson, Will Geer, Betty White, and some actual Washington personages. The procession of people helps to take one's mind off the overwrought melodrama. Wendell Mayes adapted Allen Drury's best-seller. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 30.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack

comedy timing. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 25-26.)

ALL THAT JAZZ—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Cinema 3. . . . Cinema I; through Jan. 31. . . . Beckman; starting Feb. 1.)

AMERICAN GIGOLO—With Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton, directed by Paul Schrader. (34th St. East; starting Feb. 1.)

...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (U.A. East. . . . Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 24.)

ANGI VERA—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contribute to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsébet Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (86th St. East, Festival, New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

THE APPLE GAME—The first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia in more than a decade seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but it is a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of film that deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiří Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling ex-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyn Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (1/21/80) (Harold Clurman; through Jan. 24....) Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 25.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1.)

THE BATTLE OF CHILE (1976)—A great two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. This cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 30-31.)

BEING THERE—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

THE BLACK HOLE—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National.)

THE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

BONJOUR TRISTESSE (1958)—With Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 2.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema....) Art; through Jan. 31.... Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Plaza, and Embassy 72nd St....) Gramercy; through Jan. 31.)

LA CAUSE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CHAPTER TWO—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna.

(12/24/79) (Loews New York 2....) Forum; starting Feb. 1.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 27-29.)

COUP DE TÊTE—With Patrick Dewaere, directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Eastside Cinema....) Art; through Jan. 31.... Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 25, tentative.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. It can be said to be about the American dream, or Americans' loss of innocence, or America's destiny, or how the rich exploit the poor, or whatever else comes to mind. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. There appears to be some connection between Bill's lust and a locust attack on the farm, but is this punishment or another metaphor or just a photogenic effect? The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from

her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but except for the well-edited locusts-and-fire sequence there's no visual flow; the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic or form anything organic; when a flying circus comes down in the fields, and clowns emerge, they seem to have been looking for a Fellini set and landed in the wrong place. It's an epic pastiche. With all the silent-movie emotions and the elemental passions and an Ennio Morricone score, it suggests an Italian silent. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletooth Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

DESIRE (1936)—Marlene Dietrich, with her pencil-line arched eyebrows, as the most elegantly amusing international jewel thief ever. She steals a pearl necklace in Paris and speeds toward Spain; on her way she has a series of encounters with Gary Cooper, a motor engineer from Detroit who is on holiday. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, for Paramount, and directed by Frank Borzage, this is a polished light comedy in the "Continental" style—a sophisticated romantic trifle, with Dietrich more chic and modern than in her von Sternberg pictures. When she eyes Cooper, she's so captivating that you almost feel sorry for him; there's a moment as she stands against some French doors when she's simply peerlessly sexy. But you can also see why this European sophisticate longs for the American innocent. Cooper is a bit coy and rambunctious, but, with his hair sleek, and wearing narrowly tailored suits, he's the ideal Art Deco hero. And he's great when he leans close to Dietrich and says, dreamily, "All I know about you is you stole my car and I'm insane about you." When he's being threatened by her crooked associate (John Halliday) who remarks, tauntingly, "One mustn't underestimate America—it's a big country," he bends forward and says, "Six foot three." With William Frawley, Ernest Cossart, Alan Mowbray, Zeffie Tilbury, and Akim Tamiroff. The script, by Edwin Justus Mayer, Waldemar Young, and Samuel Hoffenstein, is based on a play by Hans Szekeley and R. A. Stemmle. Dietrich sings "Awake in a Dream" by Leo Robin and Frederick Hollander. (Thalia; Jan. 31.)

DON GIOVANNI—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Art; starting Feb. 1.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Cinema Village; Jan. 29.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Around World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE EUROPEANS—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 1.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1.)

EYES WITHOUT A FACE (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage")—This famous film by Georges Franju opened in this country on double bills in a dubbed version called "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," but it's perhaps the most austere elegant horror film ever made. Franju called it "a poetic fantasy," and it's a symbolist attack on the ethics of scientists. Though in its way it's as simpleminded as the usual romantic young poet's denunciations of war or commerce, it has a vague, floating, lyric sense of dread which goes beyond the simpler effects of horror movies that don't make intellectual claims. Franju's approach is almost as purified and as mystic as Bresson's. The story is about a surgeon (Pierre Brasseur), who, in systematic experiments, removes the faces of beautiful young kidnapped women and tries to graft them onto the ruined head of his daughter (Edith Scob). He keeps failing, the girls are destroyed, yet he persists, in a terrible parody of the scientific method. In the end, the daughter—still only eyes without a face—liberates the baying hounds on which he has also been experimenting, and they tear off his head. The film is both bizarrely sophisticated (with Alida Valli as the mad surgeon's mistress, doing the kidnapping in a black leather coat) and ridiculously naive (in its plot elements). With Juliette Mayniel as Edna, and François Guérin as Jacques, and Claude Brasseur. The cinematography is by the great Eugen Schüfftan; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the superb gowns are by Givenchy. From Jean Redon's novel; Claude Sautet was one of Franju's troupe of co-writers. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 30.)

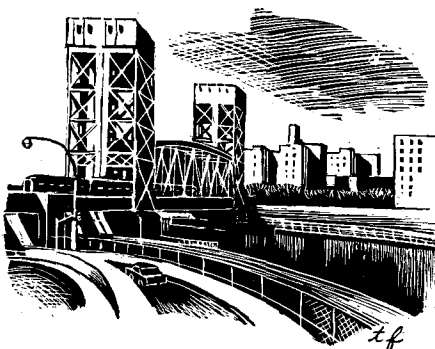
FATSO—With Dom DeLuise and Anne Bancroft, directed by Bancroft. (Gramercy, Sutton, and Embassy; starting Feb. 1.)

FRENCH POSTCARDS—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1.)

GIRL FRIENDS (1978)—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather impotent. (8/21/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 25-26.)

GIZMO!—A documentary, directed by Howard Smith. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan 1.)



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GOING IN STYLE—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Murray Hill, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.... ¶ Sutton; through Jan. 31.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you," merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed, and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30.)

GUN CRAZY (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, and Don Beddoe. Joseph H. Lewis directed, from a screenplay credited to MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman and based on Kantor's *SatEvePost* stories. Dalton Trumbo later revealed that he wrote the script and persuaded Kaufman to let him use his name. (Thalia; Jan. 30.)

HAIR—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Bay Cinema.)

HURRY SUNDOWN (1967)—With Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, George Kennedy, John Phillip Law, Robert Hooks, and Beah Richards; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 1.)

IN HARM'S WAY (1965)—With John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Tom Tryon; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 29.)

INTERIORS (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1.)

THE JAZZ SINGER (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson

Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (Thalia; Jan. 29.)

THE JERK—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL (1971)—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' own wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

KANCHENJUNGA—Satyajit Ray made this ambitious film in color on location in Darjeeling in 1961 (though it didn't open in this country until 1966). Under the primitive working circumstances, the story about love and ambition and the collision of cultures was perhaps too complex, but the setting and the beautiful women help to compensate for the awkwardness and naïveté. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

LAZARILLO (1963)—A beguiling adaptation of the famous sixteenth-century Spanish novel. The hero is a resourceful urchin, ably played by Marco Paoletti, and the settings are the genuine Spanish article, wonderfully photographed in black and white. Directed by Cesar Ardan. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie; through Jan. 27.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

MOZART—A CHILDHOOD CHRONICLE—A film, nearly four hours in length, of the early life of Mozart (age seven, twelve, and twenty) taken from letters written by himself and his family. Directed by Klaus Kirschner. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Jan. 27.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—An Australian film, with Judy Davis and Sam Neill, directed by Gill Armstrong. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 1.)

THE NIGHT PORTER (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Cinema Village; Jan. 30-31.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiko Miune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Gemini 2... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Jan. 24.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

PAPILLON (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Thalia; Jan. 28.)

PERFORMANCE (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 26... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 27-29.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1.)

ROBERT ET ROBERT—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1966)—Kenneth MacMillan's production for the Royal Ballet, performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the rest of the original cast. Fonteyn and Nureyev were not the dancers the choreography was made for—Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable were—but they were the dancers the public wanted to see most, and they helped make the ballet a hit. Earlier, the Prokofiev score had been choreographed by Ashton, who declared his ballet obsolete when the Bolshoi arrived with a version starring Ulanova; John Cranko made the first of the Soviet-derived Western productions for the Stuttgart Ballet, but it was the MacMillan version that put "Romeo and Juliet" into standard repertory. This color film was shot by Paul Czinner on the stage at Covent Garden. The method is shaky, but when it works the effect is incomparably real. (Regency; Jan. 27-29.)

THE ROSE—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as

an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

THE SILENT PARTNER—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II.)

SLEEPER (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1.)

STARTING OVER—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Trans-Lux East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria... ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 31.)

STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1... ¶ 34th St. East; through Jan. 31.)

STAY AS YOU ARE—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this rapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman; through Jan. 31... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 1.)

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS (1971)—About the self-abasement of a modern mistreated woman (Dyan Cannon). The director, Otto Preminger, shows us the heroine's subservience to her demanding son-of-a-bitch husband (Laurence Luckenbill); we see that he exploits her and that he's sexually indifferent to her, but we never find out what she wants done about it. Why she allows herself to be used is the missing center of the story. When she makes snide remarks while an impotent man works away on her, and when she services a fat doctor (James Coco), is she getting even with her husband or proving her independence or just intensifying her masochism? "Sensitive" is not a word that is often applied to Preminger; still, one is unprepared for this rancid, fake-smart atmosphere, and the ugliness of the bitchy jokes. With Burgess Meredith, Jen-

nifer O'Neill, Louise Lasser, Ken Howard, Sam Levene, Nina Foch, and William Redfield. From Lois Gould's novel, adapted by Elaine May, under a pseudonym. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 31.)

SWEET CHARITY (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, may have been too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's debut as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Regency; Jan. 30-Feb. 2.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with genteel manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2, and Loews 83rd Quad... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

TO FORGET VENICE—With Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Jan. 28.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Quad Cinema.)

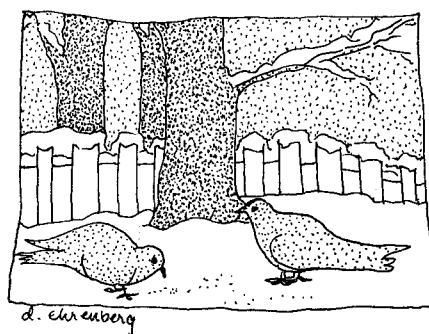
WATERMELON MAN (1970)—A rather funny comedy of crashing bad taste, with Godfrey Cambridge as a Northern white bigot who turns black overnight, to his frenzy. His liberal wife quickly tires of liberalism and quits, and he erupts as a more and more cheerful and adjusted black. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Thalia; Feb. 1-2.)

WINDOWS—Gordon Willis, the distinguished cinematographer ("Manhattan," "Annie Hall," and both parts of "The Godfather"), suffers a disappointing directorial debut with this slovenly thriller about a terrorized Brooklyn Heights museum worker (Talia Shire). Mr. Willis's breathtaking studies of the Brooklyn Bridge and environs are not quite enough to distract us from the deficiencies of a lopsided script (the one really scary moment comes in the first five minutes of the picture), which is modelled after earlier, better examples of the frightened-girl-in-the-big-city genre, such as "Wait Until Dark" and "Klute." With Elizabeth Ashley (panting and slaving as a grotesquely drawn psychotic lesbian) and Joseph Cortese. (1/21/80) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

THE WRONG MOVE (1975)—With Rudiger Vogler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Harold Clurman; Jan. 25-29.)

YANKS—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sydney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and even though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Thalia; Jan. 30.)



home sale

Starting February 3rd, our Home Sale will reorient your life.



You can tell a book (and a store) by its cover. And our February home book cover, shown here, is just the start of the Macy-sized values. For example, our exclusive 85" daybed covered in an exquisite thousand-flower cotton pattern is on sale, \$500.

We also have set up contemporary and traditional strategies for every room in your home. (And if your home happens to be a city apartment, check out our space-saving ideas as well.)

Our rooms are ready, so whether you're furnishing a house, redoing an apartment or looking for the perfect accent piece, we have news and savings in store for you in February in our Furniture Galleries, 9th Floor, Herald Square and your Macy's.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

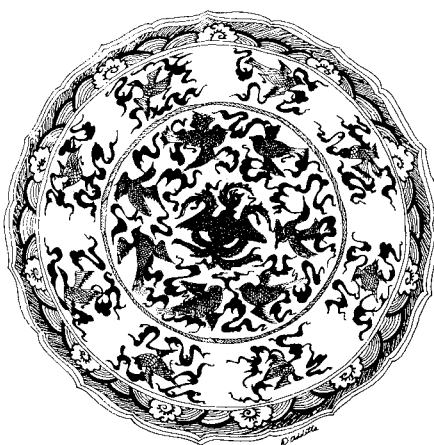
SINCE the end of the Second World War, Soviet-American relations have assumed the form of a pyramid, with multifarious day-to-day economic, political, and quasi-military dealings throughout the world forming its base and the nuclear strategic standoff forming its apex. In between rise the escalatory steps, ranging from economic sanctions, the use of proxy forces, and the like on up to the threat of nuclear devastation. In maintaining this structure, the two powers have labored under a dual compulsion: to oppose one another all around the globe, because of their sharply antagonistic political philosophies, and to cooperate and agree, because of their common interest in avoiding nuclear annihilation. The opposition has fuelled several wars—in Korea, in Vietnam, in the Middle East—and the coöperation has led to repeated summit conferences and, more recently, to the SALT agreements and to the other political and economic agreements that made up the substance of what came to be called *détente*. The coöperative aspect was perhaps best symbolized by the actual kisses that President Carter and President Brezhnev exchanged at the signing of the SALT II agreement in Vienna seven months ago. In responding to the double pull of the relationship, the two powers arrived in the last fifteen years or so at a *modus vivendi* in which they confined their belligerent activities to the lower steps of the escalatory pyramid—to “peripheral” third countries where revolutions and intrigues of all kinds could be encouraged or crushed—and concentrated their coöperative energies on maintaining stability at the apex, from which both countries looked down into the nuclear abyss.

It was only one of the many unfortunate oddities of the Soviet-American arrangement that in domestic political terms measures that our government

took at the base of the pyramid, where American lives and immediate interests were at stake, were more costly than moves it made at the apex, in the crucial but rarefied and, to most people, incomprehensible realm of nuclear strategy. The paradox was that it apparently required a higher degree of political courage to counter the Soviets with conventional military and economic measures than to threaten them with the apocalypse. If strategic common sense suggested recourse to conventional measures first and to nuclear threats only later, domestic politics often suggested the reverse. Secretary of State Dulles was only one in a long series of American politicians to seek out a policy of politically cost-free international toughness when he devised the strategy of massive retaliation, which aimed at replacing the highly unpopular use of ground forces around the world with increased nuclear power and supposedly increased “will,” or willingness, to use nuclear weapons in a crisis.

Today, the Soviet Union is on the move in South Asia, and again this country has had to decide how to respond. The President, in a departure from the *modus vivendi* of recent times, has chosen to disrupt Soviet-American relations at their nuclear apex, by postponing the congressional debate on the ratification of SALT II,

as well as at the base, by embargoing shipments of grain and some high-technological products to the Soviet Union, and by conditionally recommending a boycott of the 1980 summer Olympics, which are now scheduled to be held in Moscow. Immediately, each of the President’s minor and transient disruptions of business as usual ran into heavy opposition from interested parties, whereas the possibly fateful postponement of SALT II, which sent a tremor through the whole structure of world peace, was almost universally, and quite casually, accepted. In Iowa, where the Presidential campaign was getting under way in earnest, seven out of nine candidates in the running (not counting the President)—six Republicans and one Democrat—opposed the embargo on wheat, on the ground that the cost to farmers, a number of whom were soon to cast ballots in a straw vote for the Presidential nomination, was too high. None of the candidates opposed the postponement of SALT II; the same six Republicans who opposed the embargo favored defeat of the treaty in the Senate. Even before the invasion of Afghanistan, all the candidates who now opposed the embargo had repeatedly called on the President to display greater resolve in dealing with the Soviet Union. But a call for resolve lacks meaning unless the one calling for it displays resolve in his own actions, usually by showing a readiness to make some kind of sacrifice. A call for *someone else* to make a sacrifice is empty. As it happened, by a fluke of timing, the embargo handed the nine political candidates a perfect opportunity to display their resolve: something that the candidates uniquely wanted—nomination for the Presidency—was potentially at stake in their decision, owing to the embargo’s presumed unpopularity with the Iowa farmers. In the event, the only resolve that most of them displayed was the resolve to win the Iowa straw vote. Hopes for a cost-free policy of global toughness were still alive, it



seemed, as our politicians, who so casually set aside a negotiation aimed at safeguarding our supreme common interest, stood fast to protect a local economic interest and their own political futures.

Pills

LEONARD SOLON, a physicist, a Ph.D. in radiological health, and the director of the Bureau for Radiation Control of the city's Health Department, was rummaging around in his office the other day for some glass vials of potassium-iodide pills. Unable to find them, he described the pills instead—"white, round, a little like an aspirin." Dr. Solon has recommended that the city stockpile thirty million vials, each containing fourteen of the pills, for immediate distribution to New Yorkers in the event of a serious accident at Indian Point, the nuclear power complex in Westchester County. Last week's earthquake in Westchester, within five miles of Indian Point, which is situated just three thousand feet from a major branch of the Ramapo Fault system, made recommendations for dealing with such an accident especially pertinent.

But why potassium iodide?

"As a scientist, I address the public-health question," he said. "To put it theoretically, I wouldn't have distributed potassium iodide at Three Mile Island if I'd known that what hap-

pened was all that was going to happen, but you can't know that in advance. If there should be any such accident at Indian Point, we'd have to institute distribution here in the city, even if the meteorological conditions at the moment might seem to make it unnecessary."

Dr. Solon's concern is volatile iodine-131 and iodine-133, which are among the earliest radionuclides released into the air after a nuclear accident and are among the most serious, because they concentrate in the thyroid and represent a potential threat of thyroid cancer, among other illnesses. Chemically, the thyroid gland does not distinguish between radioactive iodine and stable iodine, so if a stable iodine such as that in potassium iodide is administered, it will block or dilute the radioactive iodine and lessen its effect. Taken within one hour after exposure, potassium iodide will prevent more than ninety per cent of the radiation danger to the thyroid. Taken from three to four hours after exposure, it will still reduce the risk by fifty per cent.

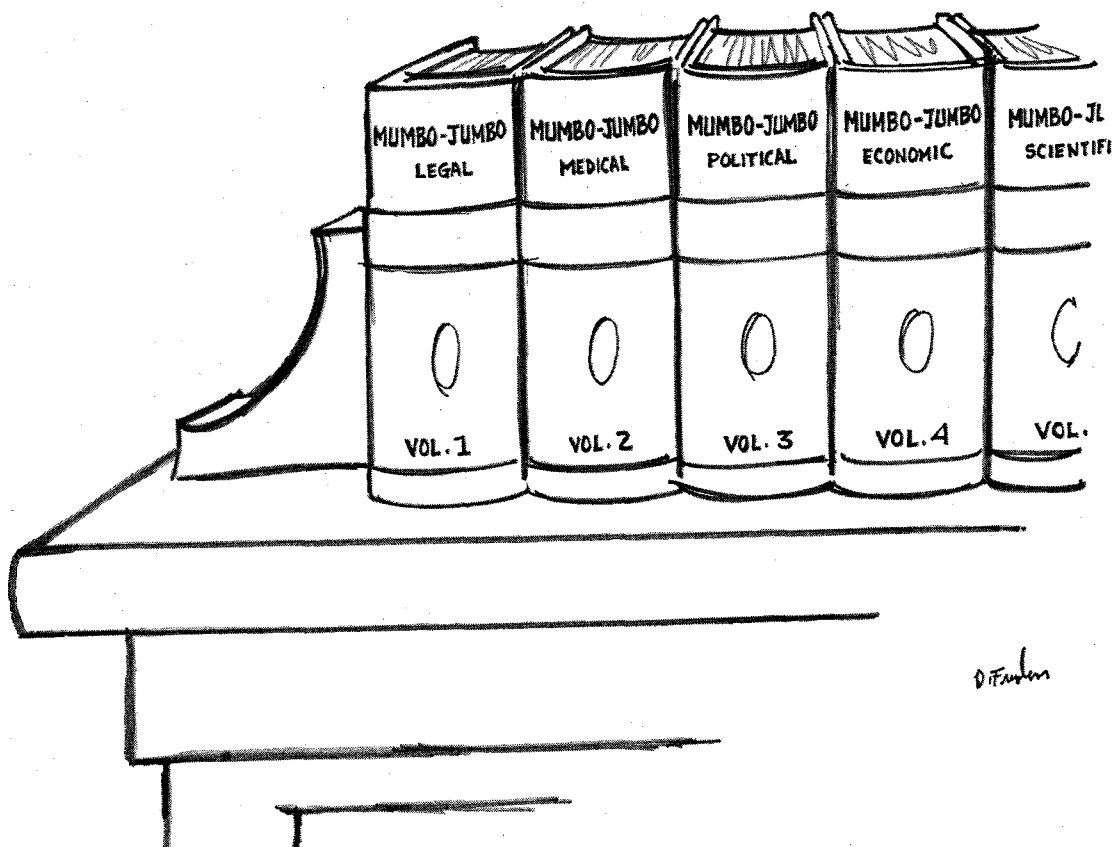
The Three Mile Island affair was, in Dr. Solon's words, "a marvellous prophylactic," and soon after it occurred his bureau began to draft a proposal for stockpiling, which is now being considered by city officials. It suggests that enough doses—of a hundred and thirty milligrams for adults and a minimum of sixty-five milligrams for children under one year—be stockpiled so that each person in the city could

take a dose every day for anywhere from ten to fourteen days. On an average working day, there are eight million people in the city. Ten million of the ten-to-fourteen-day series of doses would be kept on hand in Health Department District Health Centers and in nearly one thousand pharmacies. The health centers would distribute the doses free, and the pharmacies would agree to sell the series to the public for about a dollar. Other places where the doses would be kept on hand would be firehouses, police stations, hospitals, factories, and office buildings. Post-emergency distribution would involve twenty million additional series of doses. The pills, manufactured by Wallace Laboratories, cost forty-one cents per series. The total price tag for such preparedness would be thirteen million dollars, to cover public education, the training of workers in the distribution centers, transportation, and inspection of the dosage units.

Opposed to this is a horrific cost if the city's people are exposed without such protection. Dr. Solon's proposal notes, "If the eight million residents of New York City were exposed to an average of ten rem per person during a nuclear accident, 172 cases of thyroid cancer and a total of 496 persons with thyroid nodules could result in the first five years. If the average person lived forty years after the accident, the accident would be responsible for 3,968 persons with nodules distributed as follows: 1,243 cases of thyroid cancer and a total of 2,725 persons with benign nodules. ... Thus, the minimum cost of care of the thyroid glands of New York City residents after a serious nuclear accident would include \$19.2 billion for outpatient prevention and follow-up, \$128 million for removal of 13,760 cancerous nodules, and \$163 million for removal of 25,920 benign nodules." This, of course, is only the cost in dollars.

The special group established by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to investigate the Three Mile Island accident recently urged that evacuation plans be set up for any city within thirty miles of a reactor, and we asked Dr. Solon whether that recommendation would affect his proposal.

"Evacuate New York?"



he said. "You can't even evacuate New York on Labor Day. As a boy from the South Bronx, I know. The N.R.C.'s radius of concern used to be five miles. Then it became ten, then thirty. Realistically, in the event of a major release from a thousand-electrical-megawatt reactor, which is the current output of the reactors we're building, I think we're talking about the potential of volatile-iodine dispersions of up to one hundred miles from the plant. Where you make the decision to evacuate is arbitrary. At some point, you say that the danger is sufficiently reduced, but there isn't anything magical about thirty miles. It's not pi, or e or c, the speed of light. Furthermore, there are other emissions to worry about. Strontium-90, cesium-137, krypton-85, and a large number of other hazardous radionuclides would be released in a Class Nine accident—that is, a meltdown—but you can't do very much about them. You can do something about iodine-131 and iodine-133, and they also happen to be of dominant concern because their half-lives are only eight days and one day, respectively; they are abundant in spent reactor fuel; and they tend to attack a single body organ. Protection against them would accomplish a great deal."

We asked Dr. Solon about the probability of a serious accident.

"It's a little like car insurance and automobile accidents," he answered. "The probability of an accident for any one car is small, but if everybody drives, in the course of a year there will be a certain number of accidents—hence the need for insurance. If nuclear power plays a dominant role in energy generation in the United States for the next three decades—which appears likely—there will be an accident. I would say you would have to view the occurrence of a bad accident in some plant as certain."

Dr. Solon continued, "The decision on our potassium-iodide proposal is a political and economic decision, in the last analysis. Within the over-all matrix, the fiduciary matrix is something even a physicist can understand. The decision is up to the people who have the money or can appropriate it. There is also a judgment implied by the proposal. By passing it, will the city be creating a certain amount of concern or apprehension which is going to be unpopular with the utilities that are representing nuclear energy as the wave of the future and a safe kind of energy option? The Nuclear Regulatory Commission is supposed to be looking after public health, and to a substantial de-



"Well, I'll be. You're the Nelsons of Maple Drive in Cincinnati, right? We live in the little house right behind you."

gree it does. But built into the structure of the federal bureaucracy is a certain feeling of promoting nuclear energy and not implying a lack of safety. I think it unlikely that suitable solar or fusion sources will be developed in the near future, and, knowing the American temperament, I doubt if we'll ever see the kind of conservation that would obviate the use of nuclear power. As long as we have to live with it, we should make it as safe as possible."

In the proposal, notice was assiduously taken of the multibillion-dollar costs in energy, job losses, and the work of decommissioning and decontamination if Indian Point were to be shut down or relocated. We asked Dr. Solon for his personal views on Indian Point.

"Indian Point should never have been built so close to the city," he said. "It shouldn't be there. I say close the damn thing down, but do it thoughtfully."

Boat Show

THE seventieth annual New York National Boat Show occupied all four floors of the Coliseum last week. More than five hundred boats were on display, together with a lot of marine

equipment and supplies—boat polish, motor brackets, lube pumps, and so forth—and, on the day we stopped by, there were between three and four thousand visitors wandering around the boats, climbing into them, standing in them, sitting in them, and, in some cases, waiting in long lines for the privilege of boarding them. There were also several hundred sales representatives wandering around. The visitors could be distinguished from the sales representatives in at least two ways: most of the sales representatives wore name tags, while most of the visitors did not; and most of the sales representatives wore light clothing, while most of the visitors wore quilted jackets or other winter outerwear. The mingling of the visitors' and sales representatives' conversations produced an incessant hum, not unlike the sound in a stadium just before a game is to begin. People said:

"O.K. So you want a fifty or a sixty."

"I don't want more than four people on my boat."

"Ninety-four thousand five. That's including freight and everything else. If you hold off, the price will go up."

"All we do is put a piece of mahog-

any across here, and she mounts right there."

"Where are the sailboats?"

"Susie, take Aaron. Just don't get lost. We'll be right here. Be back in two minutes."

"The fuel economy will be worse, but only by a gallon or a gallon and a half."

"Give me a call at the yard. I'll give you the yard number. My name is Roy, and I'll show you the boats."

"I don't want to lose Jay."

"The block is basically the same. The intake manifold is different. It'll be easier to start."

"Where's Arnie?"

"These two are wet items. The cleaner and brightener are wet items."

"Where is Jay?"

"They have inflatable catamarans."

"They sold two boats this morning."

"It's a modified V. The beam is seven feet eleven inches. The maximum capacity is fifteen hundred and ninety pounds. Two berths. Fifty gallons."

"Dad, will you hold this?"

"No, man, it's a submersible engine, that's all. You hold on to it, and it pushes you through the water, or else it pulls you. No, man, it's not a boat, it's just an engine, that's all, and it pulls you around. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"They're giving away a Howmar Phantom over there."

"They're giving away some fire extinguishers upstairs."

"You've got to fill out a card."

"Vengamos. No. Aquí."

"Two cylinders. It's rated at five thousand r.p.m. You can see the shallow-water drive here, and you don't need to worry about corrosion or anything, because, see, they use nickel-carbide shafts. Personally, I like this throttle. It's new this year. We've also come out with a brand-new seven-and-a-half. It only weighs fifty-six pounds."

"Look. They've got used boats over there."

"Le tableau figurant sur le côté de l'emballage indique quelle dimension de 'Wincher' s'adapte à votre winch."

"Jay! Where on earth have you been?"

Expense Account

EXPENSE account for press breakfast for Milton and Rose Friedman, the Nobel Laureate economist and his wife, in honor of their new book and PBS television series, "Free to Choose: A Personal Statement":

- (1) Cost of transportation to and from press breakfast for this reporter (by subway)\$1.00
- (2) Cost of clothes this reporter wore to press breakfast, including makeup and hairpins (wild guess) ..\$65.00
- (3) Cost of building in which press

breakfast was held. \$40,000,000.00
(4) Cost of transportation to and from for other reporters (off-the-top-of-the-head guess, making allowance for the fact that some of them may have taken cabs, or the train from Connecticut)\$250.00

(5) Cost of clothes other reporters wore to press breakfast. (too complicated to make even a wild guess)

(6) Cost of heating pressroom for a couple of hours (another wild guess)\$10.00

(7) Cost of Milton Friedman's well-pressed suit\$250.00

(8) Cost of Milton Friedman's shiny black made-in-Hong Kong shoes\$20.00

(9) Cost of Milton Friedman's tie (with a pattern of Adam Smith portraits)\$10.00

(10) Cost of Milton Friedman's neat haircut\$5.00

(11) Cost of Rose Friedman's royal-blue Ultrasuede suit\$300.00

(12) Cost of Rose Friedman's blue polyester blouse\$35.00

(13) Cost of Rose Friedman's black mid-calf-length boots\$50.00

(14) Cost of Rose Friedman's brown Mark Cross handbag\$100.00

(15) Cost of breakfast (including coffee, cream, sugar, 6-oz.-can servings of orange juice, fruit cup, bagels and bialys, smoked salmon, cream cheese, tea, and two people to serve the guests)\$420.00

(16) Cost of press kits (including one or two free books given to press people)\$500.00

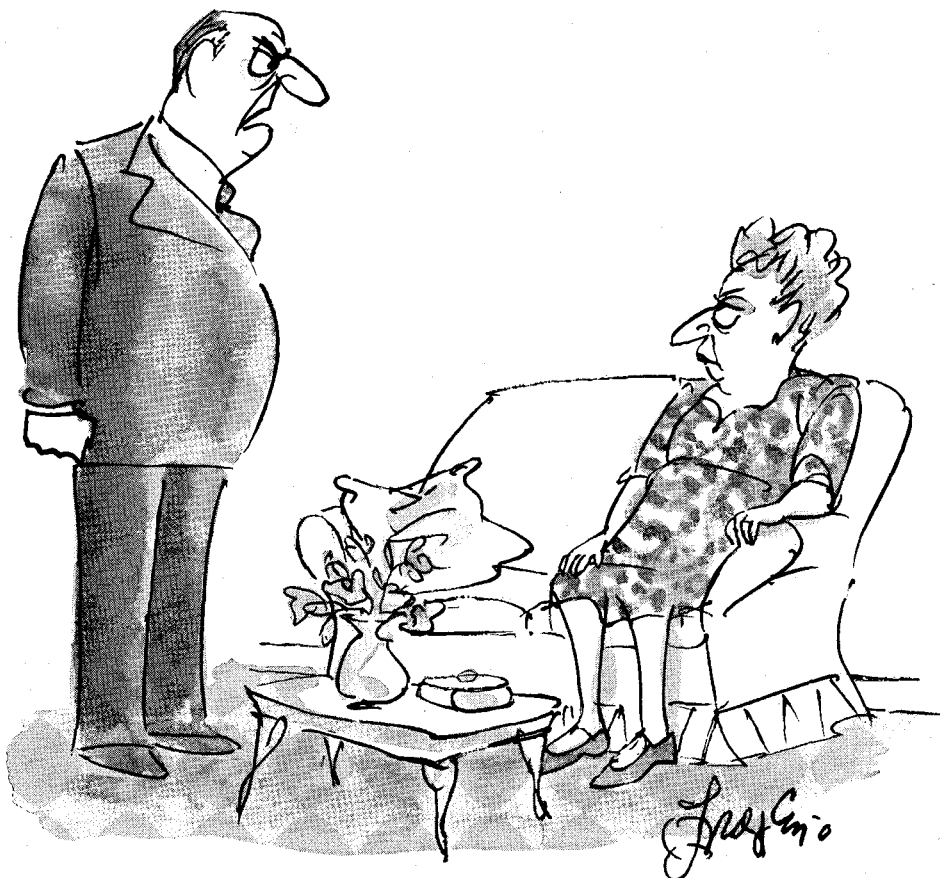
(17) Cost of phone calls made by press people from the press breakfast to the office\$1.75

(18) Cost of ball-point pen held by reporter who looked like the actor who played Dr. No in the movie "Dr. No"\$59

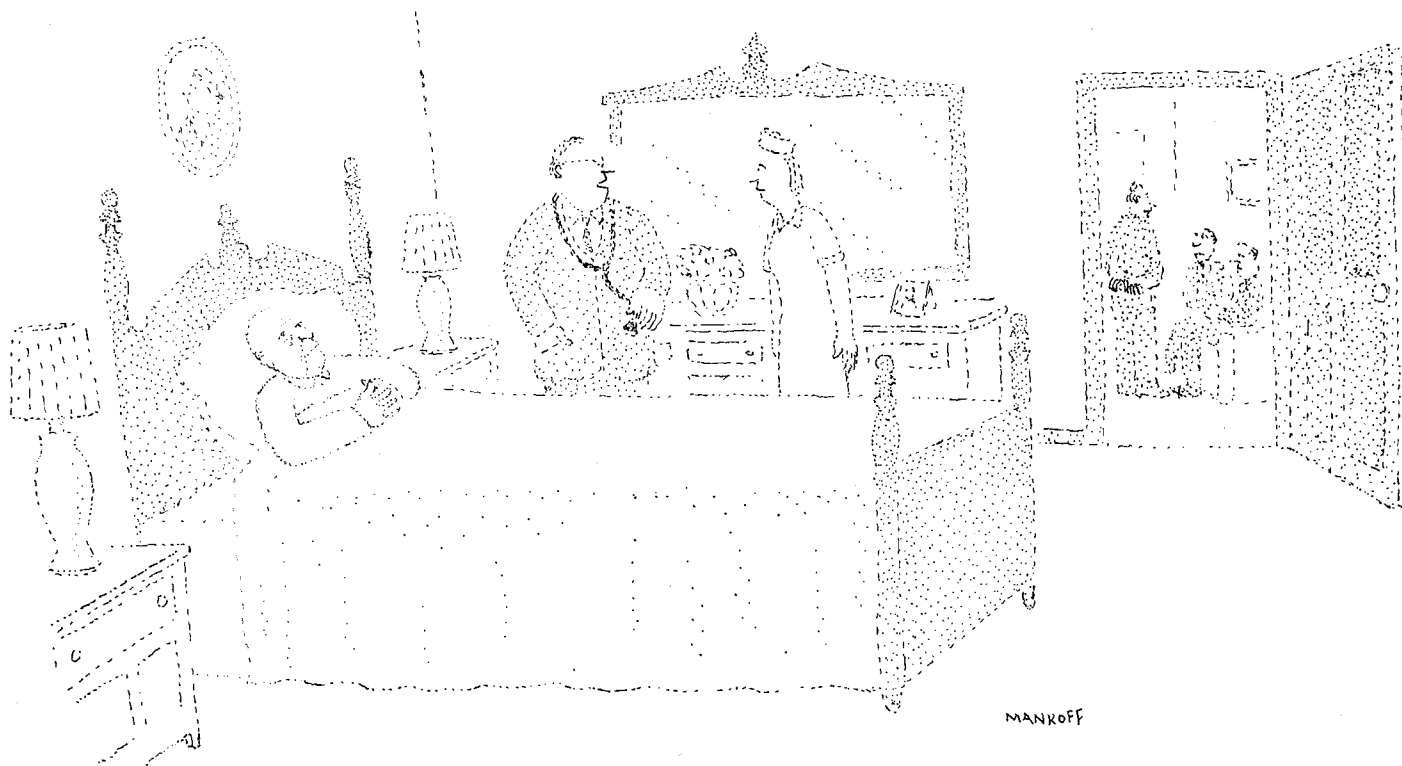
Total \$40,002,018.34

Many Happy Returns

ONE of the pleasantest birthday parties we've ever attended took place some days ago in the upside-down ziggurat of the Whitney Museum, which all this year will be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The party was held on the exact birthday of the founder, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney (1875-1942), and among the grand total of twenty-five hundred and eighty-three guests were well over four hundred artists whose works are in the Permanent Collection of the Whitney. Nine hundred and forty-four Whitney artists, ranging in age from thirty to a hundred, had been invited to the event,



"I happen to be a very useful man to know."



"He has some final words he wants to say, Nurse. Send in his speechwriters."

and that such a high percentage of them actually turned up is a tribute both to the welcome longevity of artists—a number of guests had exhibited at the first Whitney show, in November, 1931—and to the affection in which artists have always held the Whitney. It was established by Mrs. Whitney in several converted private houses down on West Eighth Street, and from the beginning its intention was to foster the art of living American artists. A sculptor of considerable professional renown, Mrs. Whitney was not so isolated by wealth as to forget that artists could be needy as well as gifted, and it was said of her that she often bought—both for her own collection and for the museum—not the best work of an artist, which he might hope to be able to sell elsewhere, but the second-best, which nobody else would have.

The Whitney family has always maintained close ties with the museum. In a charming memento presented to guests at the party, Mrs. Whitney's daughter Flora Whitney Miller, who was president of the museum from 1942 until 1966 and is its present honorary chairman, gave a delightful glimpse of family matters:

Fifty years ago, at the opening of the Whitney Museum on West 8th Street, my mother had a small party, mostly of artists, and she made a little speech, which was rare for her to do. It truly was an exciting event. And the small

museum was a cozy and lovely place. In all the years since, we have tried to maintain the special atmosphere that would make artists feel at home....

My mother left the Museum to me when she died. She said I could sell it or keep it. Imagine if I had sold the greatest museum of American art in the world! My contribution during all the years I was president was to move the Museum to this inspired building that Marcel Breuer and Hamilton Smith designed, and that was constructed by them with the help of Michael Irving, my architect son-in-law, who had much to do with the planning. Now my daughter, Flora Irving, as the president, is doing a truly marvelous job, and no one would have been more proud of her, as we celebrate our 50th Anniversary, than her grandmother, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney.

The party at the Whitney was paid for by Devoe & Raynolds (a division of a conglomerate entitled, almost too swingingly, Grow Group, Inc.), which is the paint company that for upward of two hundred years was in the business of selling paints to artists. By an irony, Devoe & Raynolds has given up this aspect of its business, but it's plain that somebody connected with it knows how artists feel about drinking and dancing, because impromptu bars had been set up here and there all over the Whitney, and the dance floor never failed to be crowded with lively octogenarian practitioners of the arts. Everywhere one looked were beaming artists and beaming collectors, to say nothing of beaming Whitneys; in a

single sashay across the fourth floor, we encountered Isamu Noguchi, Raphael Soyer, Louise Nevelson, Romare Bearden, Saul Steinberg, Arthur Altschul, Lee Krasner, Constance Mellon, Alex Katz, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Philip Pearlstein, Sandra Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vogel, Christo, Duane Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. David Prager, Red Grooms, and Mr. and Mrs. McCauley Conner.

Making our way against the incoming tide on the great, dungeonlike stone stairs of the museum, we bumped into and happily saluted Kitty Carlisle Hart, Eugenia Sheppard, Richard Haas, Hilton Kramer, Mrs. John Sloan, Avis Berman, Mr. and Mrs. Al Hirschfeld, Charles Addams, Leo Castelli, Ann Ffolliott, Carter Wiseman, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Goodrich, Edwin Grosvenor, Mayor Koch, and Isabel Bishop. On lower floors, higher mirth; among those standing about aghast with admiration when, on the second floor, the candles on the birthday cake were being lit by Flora Irving and Tom Armstrong, director of the museum, were Lily Auchincloss, Father Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dillon, Charlotte Curtis, Roy Lichtenstein, Richard Anuszkiewicz, George Segal, and Alice Neel. How long did the party last? Till long past midnight. Was everybody happy? Yes. What were most of the guests looking forward to as they made their way out onto Madison Avenue? More Whitney parties.

TIME OUT

KATE was here to rest. Four nights, five days, meals, no phone. Acres and acres of beautiful land. Very quiet. The inn was three hundred years old, on a lake, in the mountains. She had been sick, in and out of hospitals, and unable to leave the city for more than a year. But the time was over; she could go back to her life soon. A few days away before starting it all.

The first thing Kate did when she got there was go out to the small porch off her room and look out on what would probably be the dazzling valley view when the rain stopped and the fog lifted. Four o'clock. She went back into the room and unpacked. Twin beds. She stacked her books on one of them. Something that had happened during the year, sometimes for weeks at a time, was that she had been unable to read. There was no time to read when you watched twenty hours of television a day. Television, unlike books, had been no threat to numbness.

Ten after four. Kate lay down on the clear bed and started to cry. TV withdrawal, she told herself; cut it out. Look around. You wanted no television and no phone. Make a fire.

She put some crumpled newspaper between the logs, lit it, and lay down again. The crying had stopped, the rain was loud. The room began to fill with smoke. Kate closed her eyes. The smoke would fade away and there would be a steady, calming fire. She opened her eyes; they burned and she started coughing. The room was a blur. A phone at the end of the hall.

"I'm in Room 514 and I seem to be having a little trouble with the fireplace." Better, she thought, than: I don't know if my insurance covers this but in a few minutes your three-hundred-year-old place will be ash.

"One moment. I'll connect you with Housekeeping."

Housekeeping? What

did I expect, the Fire Department? There was an axe mounted on the wall over the phone. Maybe I should have mentioned the smoke, Kate thought. Flames, police. Two hours, no nights; I'll be home for the back-to-back "Odd Couple."

She told the man who answered about the smoke. He had a lot of questions: Was the wood wet? Had she put the smaller logs on the bottom? What about the flue?

"Listen," Kate said, "I don't think the logs were wet and I don't know about the rest, but we're not just discussing a *little* smoke." She could smell it from where she stood. "Somebody better come up."

Kate sat on the porch. In a few minutes, a man arrived to pour glasses of water into the fireplace.

"Open all the windows," he said.

"They are."

"Then clear out of here for a while. It'll be O.K. soon. Guess you're a city girl."

"Why? What did I do wrong?"

"Nothing, really. The flue was closed."

"Then why was all the wood stacked up inside, ready to go?"

"Don't you worry. It'll be fine soon, and tonight you can have a real nice fire."

"What I want to know is whose fault it is," Kate said.

"Not yours. So long," he said, and stood there.

"Oh, yeah. Hold on." Kate gave him a dollar. "Sorry," she said.

KATE had learned a lot about hospitals. One thing stayed the same. Whether she was in pain, drugged, scared, or angry, she apologized to people who hurt her. A couple of months ago, a nurse got so frustrated trying to get an I.V. into Kate's arm that she said, "Your God-damned veins are so God-damned small, and on *top* of that they're collapsed from so many I.V.s."

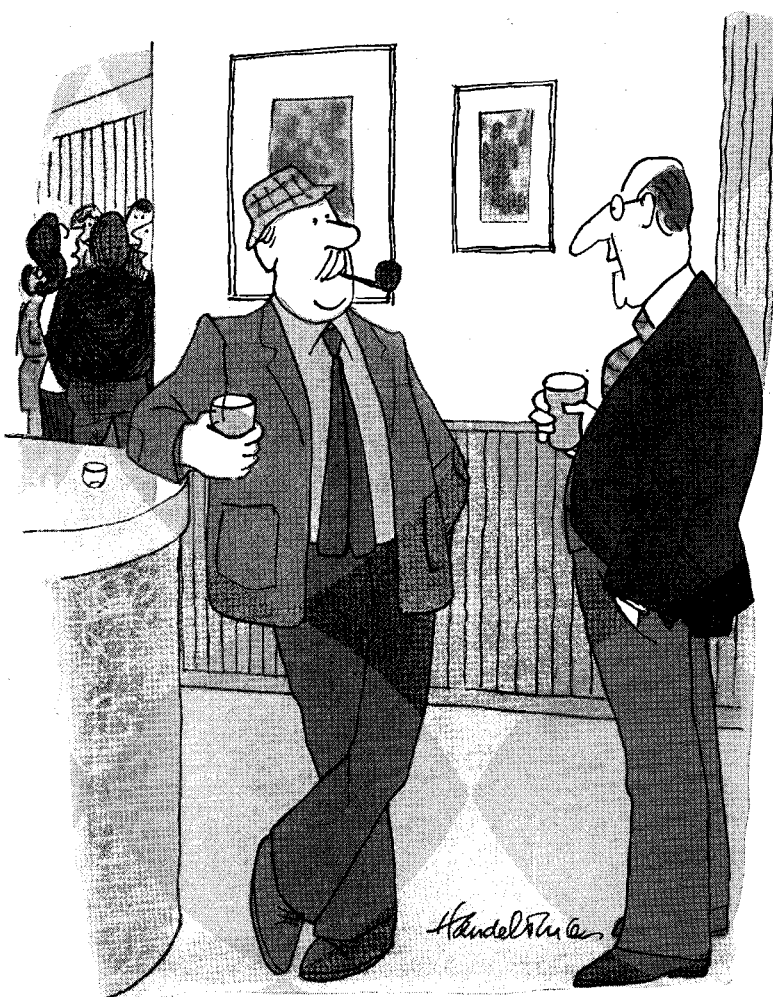
"Sorry," Kate said. Tears ran down her face, into her ears and hair, and soaked the back of her neck.

"Why didn't you stop her, Kate?"

her doctor asked that night. "Sixteen times? Never let anyone try more than twice. You should know that by now."

DOWNSTAIRS, she read the bulletin board. Slide show at eight-thirty in the Main Parlor: "Covered Bridges in New York State." Instructions for getting all-day hiking passes and trail maps. Tea at five in the Elm Parlor. String quartet at five in the Sunset Room. Marijuana in Room 514 as soon as the other smoke clears, Kate thought, and went outside. There was a covered deck on the lake side of the inn, and rocking chairs all around. And a machine where you could get what looked like shelled sunflower seeds for a nickel. Kate bought a handful and sat down to rock.

An old woman two chairs down stopped rocking, and Kate knew she was being stared at. She looked



"In some ways, the present may be an improvement on the past. Sex is no longer the taboo it once was. On the other hand, I miss my 1937 De Soto."

straight ahead at the lake and popped the seeds (pumpkin?) into her mouth.

"Are you Spanish?" the woman shouted.

"No," Kate said. "Jewish."

"Oh. Well, God bless you, dear."

"Thanks. The same to you," Kate said.

A younger woman, around sixty, came rushing up, waving binoculars. "Mother! There you are! It's raining, Mother."

"Yes, and there's a fine roof here, dear."

"Come on, Mother. It's time for the game."

The old woman got up slowly. As they walked away, Kate heard the mother say, "That's a nice, quiet young woman. Jewish. She was rocking with me, and eating the fish food."

AROUND this time last year, Kate was in the first hospital. High fever, stomach pain. A few weeks and a lot of intravenous antibiotics later, she was home, and soon back at work. A couple of months later her mother came to New York to visit.

"The face of someone who's 'getting over' an infection doesn't change from gray to chalk," she said. "Please. I want you to see another doctor."

"I'm too tired to see another doctor," Kate said.

WHY was there sadness and panic now—now that it was over? Throughout the year, for the first time in her life Kate had felt entitled to nervousness, fear, and misery. There had been reasons—named, and sometimes even shocking. Friends told her she was brave, often starting with "You know, somehow I didn't think *you* would be able to handle..." In big things you don't have any choice, she told everybody. Falling apart isn't a choice. It is, they said. It always is. And you're so *calm*. She wasn't.

Just because something doesn't feel natural doesn't mean it can't be done. Who had said that to her? The year had blurred, there was a distance that illness brought. All the months, hospital after hospital, promises of health in a few more weeks and then surgery again instead, had drained other people, too—in some ways, more than Kate. The seeming endlessness of it frightened people. They stuck it out, but the ones who stuck the closest were scarred, too. And now she was better, on the way back. So why these feelings now?

Kate lit a joint, and before she'd



blown out the match there was a knock at the door, like something out of the sixties. A key turned in the lock, and there stood a tiny couple, each barely five feet tall and each at least eighty years old. New arrivals, given the wrong room number and key. Very sorry; have been coming here for years; awful day, but at least you can have a nice fire.

"Sorry again, Miss," the woman said. "I'm almost blind."

"We always get a room with one big bed," the man said.

IN the second hospital for the first time, Kate had emergency surgery. Mystery solved: her appendix had ruptured months ago; everything inside her had been soaking in poison. Finally, there was reason, and mingled for Kate with surprise and anger there was some hope. Cut, if not cut and dried; she thought it might really be over.

One morning early in the spring—in the second hospital for the second time—Kate woke up freezing. To get to the window, she had to disconnect one end of the tube that went from her stomach to the gray metal GOMCO Thermotic pump. She'd just got out of bed and undone it when a rabbi came into the room.

"Your chart says 'Hebrew,'" he said. "I'm here to say hello."

Kate nodded at him, clutching at the flapping back of her hospital gown.

"Passover so soon—a hard time to be sick," he said.

Kate nodded.

"And, of course, this is a Catholic hospital."

She nodded again, looking up at the cross over her door. If it isn't, she thought, those guys walking around in the long brown robes were in big trouble. Or she was.

"Tomorrow is Easter," the rabbi said. "There may be a little basket of jelly beans on your lunch tray. Don't be offended."

"Great," she said. "I'm crazy about them."

FEELING jumpy, Kate went back to the main floor of the inn and started walking down hall after hall, reading signs, looking at watercolors and photographs of the now fogged-in grounds, looking for something to do. She found a small library room, with a fire where the smoke went up the chimney. Leafing through the *Times*, she saw that the Mets were safe; they'd won a game, the season was over, and they'd lost ninety-nine games instead of a hundred. A great excuse

to find a pay phone and call her cousin. Joe was thirteen; his voice had changed this year.

Joe had come to see her a lot—bumping her bed, playing with the television, throwing fruit in the air, pretending they were someplace else. As time went on, some of her friends, more and more nervous, brought more and more presents. Joe always took things home with him. ("This isn't supposed to look like your stupid apartment," he'd said once, taking down from the wall a drawing someone had sent.)

Joe was as impatient as Kate; sometimes she was sure she'd taught him. Once when he was little, she was pushing him home from Washington Square Park in his stroller. She'd yelled, "Change, damn it!" and stamped her foot hard on the brake when a traffic light stayed red too long. Joe went flying up in the air, but somehow came straight back down into the seat. He wasn't hurt, but it took her a long time to stop his crying, and he pulled away when she moved to lift him out. Kate was sure he'd be scared of her forever. The next weekend, waiting at a corner, he said, "Come on, light!" and then laughed so hard that he pushed a pail filled with Lincoln Logs out of the stroller onto the sidewalk.

THE first hospital was the only one where Kate couldn't smoke in her room. She'd push the I.V. pole into a tiny dayroom around the corner. The room had no windows, and even in the middle of the night it was smoky and smelled bad. Kate went there once at five in the morning—too late to try to sleep anymore, since the internes would barge in at six. She sat watching a tiny air bubble make its way up the I.V. tube. A boy who looked about fourteen came in.

"I was in this after-hours place, you know?" he said. "And just because he was *Greek* he started picking on me. I guess I was too loaded to even find my gun. Good thing my heart's on the other side. Want to see?" He untied the top of his gown and started to pull it down over his chest.

"No, thanks," Kate said. "See you later."

On the way back to her room, she saw the nurse who'd told her the day before that lying in bed for both games of a doubleheader would ruin her muscle tone.

"Look who's out walking around with a hundred and three," she said to Kate now. "You know you're an

LETTERS FROM THE MING DYNASTY

I

Soon it will be thirteen years since the nightingale fluttered out of its cage and vanished. And, at nightfall, the Emperor washes down his medicine with the blood of another tailor, then, propped on silk pillows, turns on a jewelled bird that lulls him with its level, identical song. It's this sort of anniversary, odd-numbered, wrong, that we celebrate these days in our "Land-Under-Heaven." The special mirror that smooths wrinkles even costs more every year. Our small garden is choked with weeds. The sky, too, is pierced by spires like pins in the shoulder blades of someone so sick that his back is all we're allowed to see, and whenever I talk about astronomy to the Emperor's son, he begins to joke. . . . This letter to you, Beloved, from your Wild Duck is brushed onto scented rice paper given me by the Empress. Lately there is no rice but the flow of rice paper is endless.

II

"A thousand-li-long road starts with the first step," as the proverb goes. Pity the road home does not depend on that same step. It exceeds ten times a thousand li, especially counting from zeros. One thousand li, two thousand li—a thousand means "Thou shalt not ever see thy native place." And the meaninglessness, like a plague, leaps from words onto numbers, onto zeros especially.

Wind blows us westward like the yellow tares from a dried pod, there where the Wall towers. Against it man's figure is ugly and stiff as a frightening hieroglyph, as any illegible scripture at which one stares. This pull in one direction only has made me something elongated, like a horse's head, and all the body should do is spent by its shadow rustling across the wild barley's withered blade.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(Translated, from the Russian, by Derek Walcott.)

addict, don't you? You know nicotine's a drug, don't you?"

"Right," Kate said. "There's an air bubble going up the I.V."

"Not to worry, hon. Sleep well."

HATING that she was tired from just walking, Kate walked faster. She passed a very pale man and a blond, red-faced little boy. The boy had his sneakers dug into the carpet. The father kept walking and, Kate was sure, was about to pull the kid's arm out of its socket.

"I want to play that game again," the boy said. "I need to. I need to be cause—"

"I do not have a quarter, William, and we are going to get your mother and walk on a trail."

An angry parent uses no contrac-

tions, Kate thought. Quarters and games could only mean pinball. Her concern for William's arm disappeared; all she needed from him was information.

"Where's the room where you played the game?" she asked, ignoring his screaming. He screamed louder.

"Straight down this hall," the father said. "Would you like to take him for an hour? I'll give you money to keep him quiet with the game."

"No, thanks," Kate said. As she walked down the hall she heard William wail, "How come you could give the lady money if you don't have any quarters?"

There were two Ping-Pong tables, some new intergalactic football game, and three pinball machines. The one machine not in use was Pin Up, a Gottlieb game achingly close to the now obsolete Pop-A-Card, to which Kate had once been addicted. She had three quarters in her purse. Walking





"I'm sorry to tell you this, LaClaque, but I've decided not to have an éminence grise anymore."

whole combination made an unconfusing clean package on the tray: you knew right away what everything was. Some of the mystery hospital foods Kate ordered were: Neiman Marcus Celery Oriental, Angel Ribbon Twist, Chicken Pojarski Sauce Suprême. Her curiosity was rarely rewarded, and often led to drugged dreams of macaroni and cheese.

A FEW days after surgery that time—the first surgery in the third hospital—the resident Kate hated the most came to see her.

"Keep coming back like a bad penny, huh? Well, maybe we got it right this time."

"Um," Kate said.

"That's all you've got to say?"

"That and at least I'll be able to have children," Kate said. She glared at his knee jiggling her bed.

"Oh, I'd say not," he said, moving toward the door. "Or let's put it this way: Don't put any money on it."

Kate knew he didn't know what he was talking about, but it didn't matter.

She started to shake. The phone rang. Sarah, an old and close friend. Crying, Kate told her what he'd said.

"Oh, come on," Sarah said. "You're reaching."

Kate was baffled. The word made no sense to her. "Reaching?" she said. "Maybe I am."

She grabbed *TV Guide*, but she had already memorized the day's programs. She called Joe for some baseball talk.

THE fog never lifted while Kate was there. But it stopped raining for an hour or so every afternoon, and, despite urges to stay in her room, Kate spent a lot of time outside. She felt calmer in the lakeside rocking chairs than on her bed. At night, she read, and when panic set in she sat on the porch; rain or no rain, there were country sounds—loud, steady, and soothing.

Some of the hazy parts of the year came into focus—things that had happened to people she loved, how much she'd had to ask people to do for her. All the kindness and steadiness. "Oh,

Kate," they all said, "you know you'd do the same for me."

But that wasn't the point; things never evened out that way.

A year gone. In a few weeks, there would be subways, work, meeting people in front of places. Banks, buses. All the months of chaos to sort out.

The first time Kate made it to the dining room for breakfast was the morning she was leaving. A few tables away, a waitress brought a glass of milk and a doughnut to a child in pink. At the end of the meal, the child stood up and reached slowly and jerkily for a cane hooked over the next chair. It was the old woman who had come to Kate's door by mistake the first afternoon.

KATE went to the front desk to pay her bill.

"But I thought it was a package," she said, surprised. She had not exactly, as the brochure advised, availed herself of many activities at slight extra charges.

"It is," the man said. "But there are surcharges." He smiled at Kate. "If you're with a group, your time here is tax-exempt."

Kate smiled back. "I'm not," she said, and wrote a check.

On the bus ride home, the sun came out. Really a pretty reasonable bill, Kate thought, though she knew she had no idea what things cost. But she had been away, and was moving back. She had found a window seat, and, staring out, didn't care that the dazzle of the bright red and yellow leaves was a signal of death. Small miracles, even trees on a highway, mattered. Kate was making plans.

—JANE MANKIEWICZ

FREE: To good home, 5 year old AKC registered Weimaraner, needs rum to run.—Adv. in the *Joliet (Ill.) Farmers Weekly Review*.

So do we.

SOMETHING FOR LITTLE ROBERT

MRS. MURE-THOMPSON looked at her watch and checked it against the clock on the kitchen wall.

"You really don't have to do this," said Mrs. Duncan, her housekeeper, who came in at nine in the morning and left in the early evening.

"If there's nothing I can buy you, when I do so want to give you a present, then please, Letty, no matter what you say, I insist I get something for little Robert." She had a perfunctory way of being pleasant. Mrs. Duncan shrugged with resignation and ran the cold-water tap on the cloth she was rinsing. Mrs. Mure-Thompson said, "I'm sure he'll enjoy it even if you don't."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I'm grateful, Madam." It was 1954, in Scotland, and "Madam" was no longer a necessary deferential form of address. But Mrs. Duncan found "Mrs. Mure-Thompson" a mouthful. It sounded more submissive than "Madam." "It's only that I don't expect a present."

Plump and pale, Mrs. Mure-Thompson went from vigor one day to prone uselessness the next. Charities, gardening, and the church might involve her for weeks on end. Suddenly she would cancel all her engagements and withdraw to her room. During these days of brave misery she wrote letters to her many friends in India, where Mr. Mure-Thompson had once worked, and in South Africa, Edinburgh, and the Highlands. Mrs. Duncan took them to the post. Mrs. Mure-Thompson reread the classics of children's literature. She thought of writing a book for children herself.

While Mrs. Mure-Thompson was upstairs putting on her coat, Mrs. Duncan went into the living room and looked up the long drive for signs of her son, Robert. It was a few minutes past four o'clock, and the school would be out. Robert had been told to come directly from school to the Mure-Thompsons'

house. Everyone in the district knew the house, which was much grander than any other house in the district; it had been built just before the war, and looked as if it had reached the age when it could wear the ivy and other climbing plants that covered its white walls. There was no sign of Robert, but there was still time for him to be punctual.

Mrs. Mure-Thompson reappeared, pulling on her gloves—her light-blue summer gloves, which conformed with the mild, rainy afternoons of that September, and with its blue evenings. The two women possessed that strength of character known as independence. They knew their minds and were confident: Mrs. Mure-Thompson in telling Mrs. Duncan what to do, and Mrs. Duncan in the right way of doing it. That, anyway, was how it looked. Mrs. Duncan acquiesced in her role for the sake of her wages. For Mrs. Mure-Thompson's benefit, as if out of kindness, Mrs. Duncan agreed, without humility, to accept Mrs. Mure-Thompson's superiority. She also knew that she was more than a housekeeper. She was

almost, but not quite, a companion. She was a hired friend. Only Mrs. Mure-Thompson was entitled to any degree of informality in this arrangement. But apart from the "Madam" two or three times a day, Mrs. Duncan spoke to her as she would to anyone else.

"That boy," she said. "He walks at the speed of toddle-bonny. And if I know him, he'll turn up looking as if he's walked through a hedge."

"Robert is *very* reliable," said Mrs. Mure-Thompson—a flattering contradiction of his mother's opinion of him.

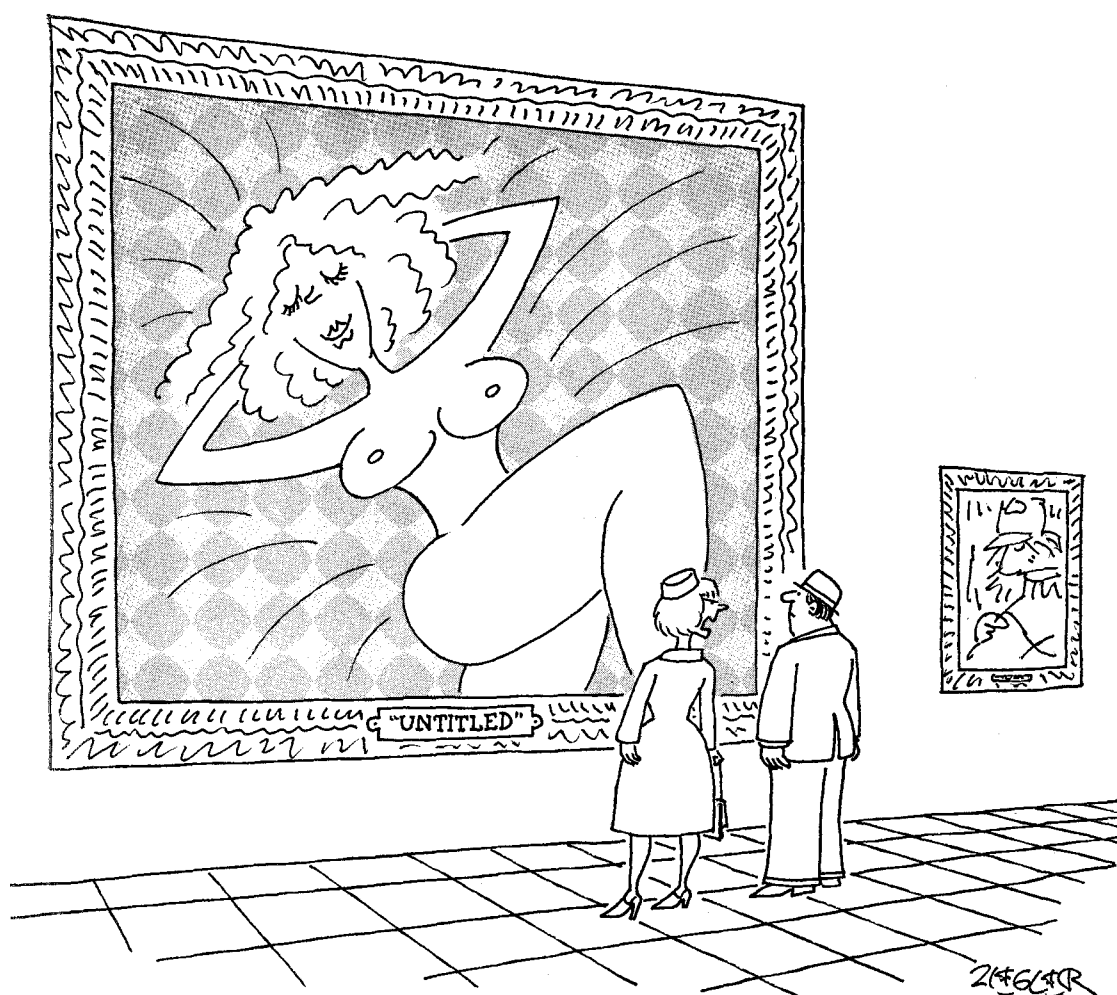
"You can bet your boots on that," said Mrs. Duncan. "You can rely on me having to wash his hands and face for a start, before you can take him anywhere."

"Do you think he'd like a sandwich before we go?"

"You'll have little enough time as it is."

They heard scuffling shoes on the gravel path outside the kitchen door. Robert knocked as his mother went to open it. "I thought as much," she said on her way to the sink. She ran the tap and held a flannel under it. "Come over here."

Robert was ten. He stood with his



"'Untitled' my foot!"

head to one side while his mother wiped his face without taking off his school cap. She left the flannel in his hands for him to wipe them himself while she fetched a towel.

Mrs. Mure-Thompson smiled. "If you're quite ready now," she said, "then we'll go into town, shall we?" Robert nodded. "I'll just get the car."

"What kind of coat do you want me to get?" he said to his mother.

"You'd better leave that to her, son."

"What if you don't like it when we get back?"

"Mrs. M.-T.'ll have good taste, son. God knows why, but she insists on buying us something. Now, you behave yourself. And don't you go and take advantage of her." Mrs. Duncan buckled and tightened the belt of his navy-blue school raincoat. She looked down at his socks. She sat back on her heels, smartening him up. "What have I told you? Keep your socks up." She pulled up the fallen sock.

"The elastic bites my legs."

She wiped dirt from the toes of his shoes with her hand. Outside, they could hear the cautious exit of Mrs. Mure-Thompson's little car from the garage. "Go on, off with you, then," she said. She kissed him on the cheek.

It was a fifteen-minute drive into town. "This is where Jim Hogg crashed his van," the boy said as they approached a narrow, humpbacked bridge. "Willie Blair says Mrs. Hogg'll not get any money, because Jim Hogg was drunk, as usual."

"Really? Who told you?" she asked. Mrs. Mure-Thompson was interested in the sad controversies of the district.

"Bertie Hogg's in my class."

"How awfully disturbing."

Robert sat up, turned round, and craned a look at the river. A long raft of small half-sunken metal landing boats had been left there by the American Army years before. "They say the Americans forgot to take them home with them."

"Robert, I don't think they actually forgot."

"No?"

"No." She laughed.

"You haven't been in bed for a while."

"I've been really quite well, thank you. Quite well." Robert wondered why she didn't have much of a Scottish accent. "Touch wood," she said, "but I've been in very good spirits."

"I've had a cold."

"I know, my dear. Did you get the book I sent you?"



"Yes, thank you. I sent you a note."

"Of course you did!" Mrs. Mure-Thompson was sincerely embarrassed. "It was very kind of you to write to me."

"I liked it. I really liked it."

"One day," she said, "I'll write one myself. I'm sure I could do it. Do you think I could do one as good? Do you think I could write one as good as 'The Little White Horse'?"

Robert had heard his mother talk to his father about Mrs. Mure-Thompson's ambition to write a book for children. "Can I read it when you've finished?"

"Will you tell me what you really think of it? Will you give me your honest opinion if I let you read it?"

"I can't read your handwriting," he confessed, remembering the note that had come inside his illness book.

"I'll have you know," she said, "that I can type very well."

Mrs. Mure-Thompson negotiated her little car against the curb in High Street outside Buchanan's Drapers, Haberdashers, and Outfitters. It was

a shop that Mrs. Duncan did not patronize. "Don't see anything in there you like," he remembered his mother warning his father and himself, "because we can't afford it."

The windows displayed formerly tweed jackets, sombre suits, and stacked bolts of cloth. Slim imitation ladies, looking a little like young schoolteachers, wore tartan skirts, knitwear, and brown brogues with serrated tongues. One or two wore evening dresses, and one a wedding dress. Rosy-cheeked boys and girls, their waxen knees slightly chipped, advertised the uniform of the school in the town which, Robert had heard, you had to pay to get into if you were not so wonderfully clever that they could hardly refuse you.

They went into the large shop. A boy younger than Robert was sitting on the counter nearest the door and was softly drumming his heels against the dark-brown varnish of the counter's wooden front. A woman assistant, wearing the regulation black twin-set and pearls for Buchanan's female staff,



"Mr. Davis, a call for you on 3."



"Davis here."

was expertly measuring yards of material from a large bolt. She stretched each length of cloth against the polished brass rule inlaid on the edge of the counter. "No. Before you cut it," said the boy's mother, as if about to change her mind, "I'd like to see it in the daylight."

A man approached Robert and Mrs. Mure-Thompson, who had been waiting inside the door as if expecting someone to meet her. "How nice to see you," the man said. He smiled at the boy, suspecting he was the real customer. "It's always a pleasure to see you, Mrs. Mure-Thompson. Children's Department?"

"This is Robert," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, "my housekeeper's son. And he would very much like to see what coats you have."

"Mr. Davidson," said the assistant who had been measuring the cloth. Her posture and her voice were aggressively plaintive. "Madam, here, would like to see this in the street, and the bolt's too heavy for me to carry. Would you, please?"

"One moment, Mrs. Mure-Thompson." Mr. Davidson was displeased. He carried the bolt to the doorway and then, on the customer's instructions, out to the pavement. The assistant behind the counter sighed with late-afternoon exhaustion. "My arms are fair hangin' off," she said to Mrs. Mure-Thompson, "what wi' fetchin' an' carryin' bolts of cloth all day. I could do wi' a smoke."

"Yes, thank you. I think I will have this," said the customer to the worn-out assistant as Mr. Davidson dumped the heavy bolt back on the counter.

"Sonny, don't kick the counter," Mr. Davidson said, discreetly severe, to the bored little boy who was sitting on it. "Mrs. Mure-Thompson," he announced, with considerable self-aggrandizement, ushering her toward something much more pleasant than the unwanted interruption he had just taken in his long-suffering stride.

They tried as many of the coats as would fit Robert. He did not like shopping for clothes. Fortunately, he didn't have to very often; but he

hated being asked if things fitted here or were too big there, or if he liked the look of them. This time he found himself entering into the spirit of the occasion.

"Do, please, take the weight off your legs," said Mr. Davidson, drawing up a chair for Mrs. Mure-Thompson.

"It's tight under my arms," said Robert, without having to be asked.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Mure-Thompson. "What about this one?"

"It hasn't any pockets."

"Pockets. Yes. What," she asked Mr. Davidson, "is a boy's coat if it doesn't have pockets? A coat without pockets is a coat for a little *person*. It is not a coat for a boy. What would he do with his hands? Where would he keep his penknife and his sweeties, Mr. Davidson?" She elaborated on this subject until Mr. Davidson's professional courtesy ran out of its usual willingness to comply.

"It's quite a popular coat, I assure you. And if nothing else, then at least it wouldn't bag out at the sides with the things boys keep in their pockets."

"Baby rabbits," said Robert, whose confidence was growing.

"What?"

Mrs. Mure-Thompson threw her head back and laughed with unexpected pitch. "Yes," she said. "What about his baby rabbits? I'd forgotten all about *them*."

Robert chose a green tweed coat with deerhorn buttons. It had doubled cuffs, shaped and hemmed in the style of jackets that are worn with kilts. It had deep pockets. It even had a deep inside pocket. "Real tweed," said Mr. Davidson, appreciating his wares. He offered a view of the label at the back of the neck. "Without a doubt, this is the real Mackay. And if I may say so," he said, apologetic for raising the subject, "it's excellent value for money." He looked first at Mrs. Mure-Thompson and then at Robert. "Try it on again," he said persuasively, helping Robert into its sleeves.

Mr. Davidson stood back and appraised the coat with his draper's hypocrisy. He bent down and turned up the hem for Mrs. Mure-Thompson to see. "Plenty of room for growth. It wouldn't be one of these coats that'll wear for a year and then you find it's too wee for him." Mr. Davidson's head was at Robert's head height. "It's a *lovely* coat. It's just a magnificent wee fit for the boy," he said to Mrs. Mure-Thompson as he darted to one side to examine Robert and the coat

from what seemed a peculiar angle, the revelations of which were known only to drapers of Mr. Davidson's experience. "Oh, yes, it suits you! It suits you down to the ground! Mrs. Mure-Thompson, you must agree!"

"Robert?"

"How much is it?" the boy asked. Mrs. Mure-Thompson smiled. Mr. Davidson laughed.

"It'll be a long time before you have to worry about considerations of *that* nature," said Mr. Davidson as he patted Robert on the head. "Will I wrap it up?"

"If it's what you want, Robert?"

"Yes. Thanks very much. I like it."

"On the account?"

"If you would, Mr. Davidson."

"Certainly."

While they were waiting in the empty department, Mrs. Mure-Thompson beckoned Robert to her chair. He consented to a brief cuddle. "I'm glad you like that coat," she said, "because it's exactly the one I like best, too. Now, isn't that a happy coincidence?"

They went to the front of the shop. "Bye-bye," Robert said to the woman assistant, who was measuring cloth for someone else.

"Oh, cheerio, son," she said, grateful for the unexpected civility.

Mr. Davidson presented Robert with his coat tied up in a cardboard box as soon as they reached the door.

It was after five o'clock. The street was busy with traffic. Robert noticed that they walked past Mrs. Mure-Thompson's car.

"We're going to the bookshop," she explained. "Do you like Mr. Laing's shop?"

"I've never been in it."

"Then I'm sure he'll be absolutely delighted to see you!"

Profuse welcomes met them as they went in the door. Robert's nose was tantalized by the smell of decades of paper. The books that Mrs. Mure-Thompson had come to collect were already wrapped and waiting for her. Mr. Laing, a thin, ascetic man with drawn cheeks and fair, bushy eyebrows, talked to Mrs. Mure-Thompson about the books reviewed in the batch of clippings from newspapers and magazines which she presented to him as her new order. Robert was invited to browse. He did so against his inclination, because he had been warned not to take advantage of Mrs. Mure-Thompson, who, when the mood was on her, would buy you anything you had the cheek to ask for or showed any interest in.

THE EXAMINED LIFE

Were it possible for us to wait for ourselves to come into the room, not many of us would find our hearts breaking into flower as we heard the door handle turn.
—*"A Train of Powder,"* by Rebecca West.

Surely there are certain of you

You have left behind you

Whom you would welcome?

But which are they?

Where is the boy who looked after the sheep?

He is under the haystack. He has gone

Where they go after you count them.

Even so, none of you would ever come

Pert and whistling to that door

Like the mailman careless of the terrible

Letter he leaves you, the news

That shakes in your hand on the rattling paper.

No. You will come to you

Like the doctor

Heavy with what he has to tell you.

His hand turns the slow doorknob.

He cannot bear what he faces.

—JOHN N. MORRIS

"Don't be shy," she said when she joined him among the books. "Your coat didn't turn out as expensive as I thought it might. Do, please, have them if you want." She coaxed him with a smiling tilt of her head.

"I think my mother would be angry."

"Ah. I see. Well, I'm sure I can smooth things over for you. What did she say to you?"

"She said she'd be angry if I came back with more than a coat." He knew that if he said that his mother had warned him not to take advantage of Mrs. Mure-Thompson, then Mrs. Mure-Thompson might have cause to be angry herself, probably with both of them. Worse, she might take the coat back.

"I do so much approve of you having these books, Robert. How on earth will you be able to tell me what you think of my own little book if you haven't read these? I'm being quite selfish, you see. I'm not being kind—not in the *slightest*."

"My mum'll skelp me."

"No—no, she won't. I shall *speak* to her."

She took the books to Mr. Laing, who wrapped them up. Once again,

money did not change hands. Mysteriously, Mrs. Mure-Thompson was able to acquire what she wanted without so much as producing a purse, let alone studying the insides of one with that expression of calculating anxiety that Robert's mother adopted when they went to the shops together.

"Well, now that everything's been attended to, we'll make our way home. Shall we?" she asked, as if she were willing to go somewhere else if Robert suggested it.

They drove out of the town. The box with Robert's new coat in it lay at his feet. His three books in their brown-paper parcel sat on his lap. They passed the main gate of the airbase.

"Did you know that the officer in command there is a friend of Mr. Mure-Thompson's? Well, he is. He's a very old friend of the family. And one day," she said, "I'll take you to see him. I know how much you like planes. Would you like that?"

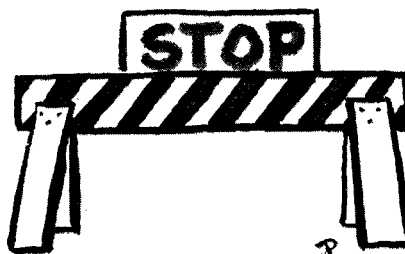
"Yes."

They slowed at the humpbacked bridge. They passed a tractor. Robert turned round to see who was driving it. "Jack Anderson's brother," he said. "A horse stood on his foot last year. He had to have an injection."

"The horse," asked Mrs. Mure-Thompson, "or Jack Anderson's brother?"

"No. Tom Anderson." He wondered what she had said, and couldn't decide if it was a mistake or stupid. "The horse?"

Mrs. Mure-Thompson laughed. She turned carelessly into the B road that





led to the village. "It was a joke," she said. "It was just a joke."

She must be enjoying herself, Robert thought.

WHEN they entered the drive to the Mure-Thompsons' house, Mr. Mure-Thompson's car was already parked outside the front door.

"Now, isn't that just like him," she said. "How will I be able to put my car in the garage?"

Robert's mother was on the door-

step, with her coat and hat on. They got out of the car. Before anyone could say anything, Mr. Mure-Thompson and a guest he had brought home appeared in the garden at the side of the house, strolling and talking. They waved.

"Visitors?" Mrs. Mure-Thompson asked, half excited, half disappointed.

"A gentleman from Canada, I believe."

"Oh dear. For dinner?"

"They arrived soon after you left,

Madam, so I'd time to do a nice casserole." Mrs. Duncan noticed the large, flat box that Robert held under one arm. "And the table's all set. The soup I made earlier's more than ample for a dozen, never mind three."

"What about dessert?" Mrs. Mure-Thompson asked.

"There's the sherry trifle I made yesterday, Madam."

"Oh, yes. Quite delicious! I think it must be Mr. MacDonald, from the Toronto office," she said, looking at

the two men as they strolled across the lawn. "Tonight," she said to Robert, "I shall hear all about Canada, where I've never been. Won't it be exciting?"

"I really must get on now. My man'll be famished."

"We've had such a good afternoon, Letty. Thank you, Robert." She looked toward the lawn and saw that her husband and his guest were walking back to the house. They gave the impression of waiting until Mrs. Duncan and Robert had left before joining Mrs. Mure-Thompson. She seemed to have forgotten all about the coat. "Thank you, Letty. I honestly don't know what I'd do without you." She seemed anxious to get rid of them. She was looking forward to something else.

Robert and his mother walked quickly down the long drive and then along the road for a bit. "These folk'll be the death o' me, son, what wi' their unexpected guests an' dinners. He

didn't so much as phone and let me know there'd be three for dinner." They turned off into a lane. The house they lived in was at the end of it, half a mile away. On either side were high hedges, interspersed with trees. Farther on, cattle nudged up against fences on each side of the lane.

"Green," Robert said. "She bought me a green coat, with horn buttons."

They stopped. "Go on, then. Show me," Mrs. Duncan said. She began to untie the string that bound the box tight shut. "To tell you the truth," she said. "I've been scared to ask what it was she bought you. If she said she was buying you a coat, you could've come home wi' very nearly anything." Balancing the box on a raised knee, she took its lid off. "You know, I wasn't very keen on seeing it when she was there, son." She opened the folded tissue that lined the box. "Oh, lovely!"

"That's what the man said."

"What man, son?"

"Mr. Davidson, in Buchanan's Drapers."

"Buchanan's Drapers?" She took the coat from the box, laid the box on the grass, and held the coat up to look at. "Lovely," she said as Robert took off his school coat. He slipped into the coat that his mother held for him.

"Tweed. The real Mackay," he said. "That man knows what he's talking about." He pointed to the label inside the neck of the coat. "It says there it's real tweed. See?" he said, holding the neck open so that she could see for herself. "And the hem." He opened the front of the coat. "He said I could wear it for years before it gets too wee for me."

His mother felt the quality of the coat between her fingers. "What's in that parcel?" she asked, noticing it for the first time.

"I couldn't help it. She said she *wanted* me to have them."

"I told you!" She wagged her finger at him.

"I told her you'd be angry, but she said I needed them."

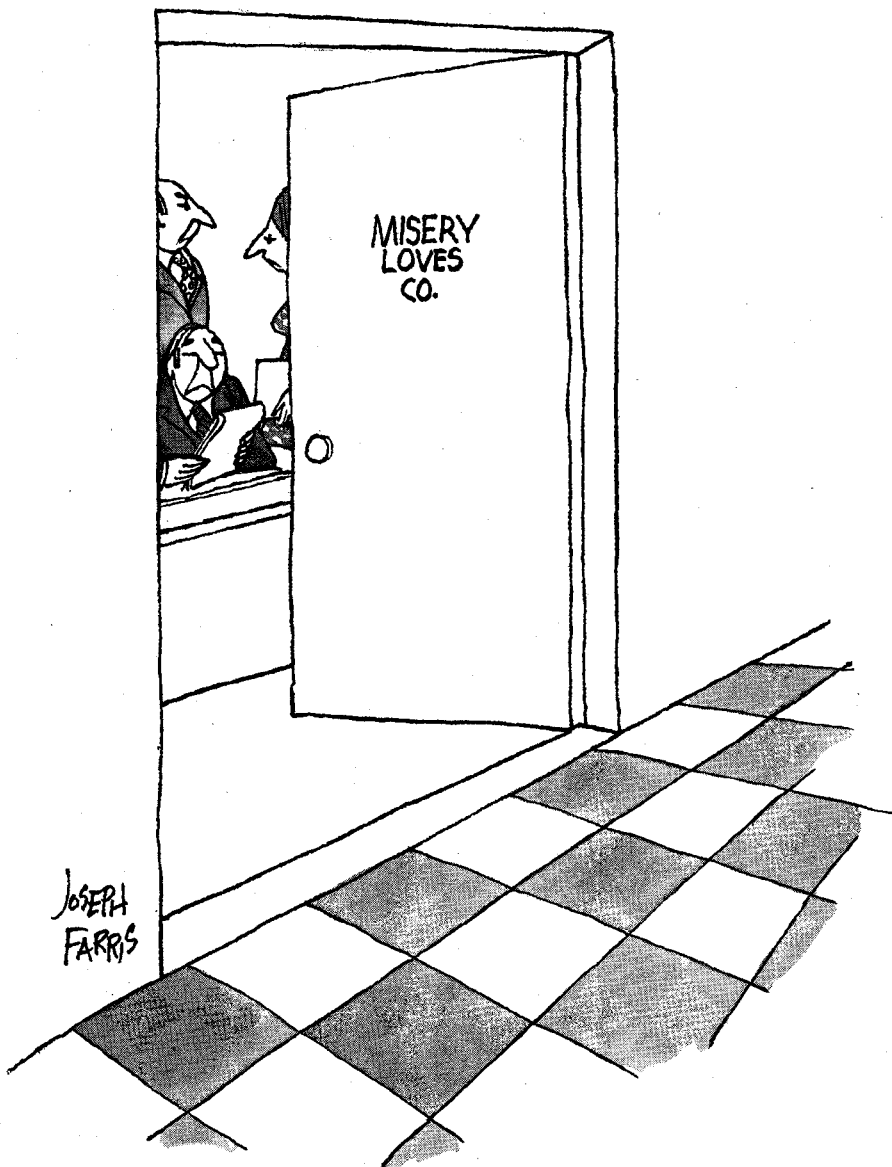
"You told her I'd be angry?"

"Honest, I didn't have a chance," he insisted. "They were in this parcel before I could blink."

He took the coat off, and his mother put it neatly and carefully back in its box. She smoothed the tissue, put the lid on, and tied the strings tight. She put the box under her arm. With her free hand she held Robert's hand. Robert looked at their clenched hands, because her grip was unusually firm. Under his other arm he carried his parcel of books. They walked on together.

"What in God's name will I tell your father? He'll throw a fit when he sees that coat."

Robert had forgotten that his father would be angry. You don't get something for nothing. He had heard him say it before. "I like it," he said, tugging his mother's hand until she stopped in the middle of the lane, in sight of their house. "Make him let me keep it. Please." —DOUGLAS DUNN



An estimated 500 handguns valued at \$75,000 have vanished from a South-Central Los Angeles trucking firm's warehouse, police reported Friday.

The guns—9 mm., .45- and .44-caliber pistols—disappeared from the Federal Transfer Co. warehouse at 2211 E. Damon St. sometime between March and Monday, according to Det. Peter Schunk.—*Los Angeles Times*.

At least it's been pinpointed.

PROFILES

PEOPLE START RUNNING

"Yaaaaagh! Eeeee! Ooooo!"
—Audience at "Halloween."

ON a cold, windy afternoon in December, 1978, a couple of dozen people of various ages stood shivering in line on a sidewalk next to a Burger King just east of Sixth Avenue in Greenwich Village, waiting for the 8th Street Playhouse to open and start selling tickets. Noting the captive audience, a three-card-monte entrepreneur set down his cardboard-box table and began his spiel, the cards flying from hand to hand, but he was met by consumer apathy, and he soon moved on. At last, the box office opened, and the crowd shuffled into the warm theatre. It had been waiting to see a film called "Halloween," a low-budget horror movie that most people—even those who frequently go to the movies—had probably not even heard of. By the end of the previous week, however, "Halloween" had reached No. 6 on *Variety's* weekly list of top-grossing films in America—just below "National Lampoon's Animal House"—and had earned over three million dollars. (It has now grossed well over nineteen million dollars in this country alone, and has thus become the most profitable independent picture of all time.) A billboard in the lobby quoted *Newsweek* ("The most frightening flick in years!") and Andrew Sarris ("The cult discovery of 1978"). The audience settled nervously into seats, and the film began. Almost immediately, four young teen-age girls who were huddled together near the front of the theatre began to shriek. Presently, one of them raced up the aisle and sat down near the back, in order to get farther away from the escalating nastiness on the screen. Soon, realizing she was alone, which was worse, she started back to rejoin her friends, but by then they were running up the aisle to join her.

"HALLOWEEN" SOCKO
200G, PHILLY...

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23.

Rain, sleet and snow, compounded by the Super Bowl telecast, wrecked week-



John Carpenter

end grosses. But despite such formidable handicaps, "Halloween" bowed to a potent \$35,000 at the Sameric. And in 16 other area houses it added \$165,000 more.

"HALLOWEEN" TORRID
26½G, PORT. (OREGON)
—*Variety*, January 24, 1979.

LOS ANGELES: In late afternoon, the soda fountain at Schwab's Pharmacy, on Sunset Boulevard near Crescent Heights, in Hollywood, is packed, and people are waiting in line for booths in the next room. A sign over the fountain says, "Coffee 40c. Limit 30 Min." Dozens of conversations are taking place. An elderly man leans forward over his coffee cup and calls across four or five other customers to a gray-haired contemporary with a George Brent mustache.

"Lou?" the elderly man calls. "What ever happened to Glenda Farrell?"

Lou: "She's still kicking around."

First Elderly Man: "She was wonderful."

They discuss Glenda Farrell, who actually died in 1971.

"I assume you were acquainted with her?" says the first man.

Lou nods, with some dignity.

A few minutes later, the first man calls, "Lou? Was Harry one of the Warner Brothers?"

Lou: "Yes. There were four brothers. Harry was one."

They discuss the Warner Brothers.

Then the first man says, "Those were the days."

"Those were the days," says Lou. "Better than now."

IN 1978, one billion one hundred and thirty-three million tickets to the movies were sold (at an average price of \$2.34), the largest share of them to people under twenty-one. Two hundred and four major films were released. Forty years ago, M-G-M released forty-eight films, Paramount forty-eight, and Twentieth Century-Fox forty-nine, but the days of the great studios are long gone. In 1978, Universal led the field by releasing twenty-two films; United Artists was next, releasing nineteen, followed by Warners, releasing eighteen. Despite this diminution of what is called in the industry "product," there remain over three thousand movie directors in the Directors Guild of America, and every year the film schools—N.Y.U., U.S.C., U.C.L.A., A.F.I., and others—graduate many more.

The odds against any of the graduates' ever directing a movie are enormous, and even if one of them does direct one the likelihood that it will succeed (i.e., be distributed widely, make a profit, and enhance his chances of making a second film) is very small. There are exceptions among the aspirants, of course, and one is John Carpenter.

PARTWAY down the long, very steep slope of Loma Vista Drive, descending through Beverly Hills, with the city of Los Angeles spread out far below the houses of sparkling opulence on either side, there is a sign warning "Use Lowest Gear" and, shortly after



"Instead of worrying so much about your money working harder, why don't you work harder?"

that, a sign that says "Runaway Vehicle Escape Lane 600 Feet Ahead." Just before Loma Vista crosses Doheny Road, it expands on the right into a third lane, composed of a succession of low, uneven piles of loose gravel nestled against cement block set in an embankment. The operator of a runaway vehicle is apparently expected to steer his car into this soft and receptive lane and come to a halt like a baseball player sliding into third. It seems a perfectly reasonable solution; the unsettling aspect is the underlying assumption that automobiles will so frequently go berserk hereabouts that some accommodation must be made for them. Similarly, along the heavily populated canyon roads of Beverly Hills there are signs forbidding cigarettes and matches: these dry hills may burst into flame at any time. The houses above Sunset Boulevard are stuck in the nearly vertical slopes like cloves in a ham; how they stay there is mysterious. It seems likely that, if they do not catch fire first, a good rain will send them tumbling down the mountain; already, earth has slid out from under retaining walls, terraces, swimming pools, driveways, even

roads. In some places, tons of concrete have been poured like icing over a section of hillside to hold it back—and the concrete has even been painted green—but the earth has begun to slip away beneath that, too, leaving edges of concrete sticking out against the sky. In addition, of course, the entire area sits close to the quiescent but menacing San Andreas Fault. Gazing up the perilous roads at the plucky, high-risk homes perched in the tinderlike hills near the great rift, a visitor feels that this may be a community where desire and imagination automatically take precedence over danger, and even over reality.

ON a bright, springlike morning in winter, warm sunshine slants through the big windows of a coffee shop on Sunset Boulevard. (Nearby, fifty feet in the air, three men are descending, hand over hand, from the sky—coming down a pole as if from a spaceship. It seems an appropriate and natural way to enter Beverly Hills, but they have merely finished putting up a new movie advertisement on a huge one-legged billboard. Hollywood has a

lot of these grand and splashy memos, in which the industry reminds itself of what it has just done.) In one of the booths, his back to the light, John Carpenter sits drinking a cup of coffee. He is a good-looking, slightly built young man with shoulder-length brown hair and a small, Mexican-bandit mustache. He looks and dresses like a guitar player in a sixties rock band (which for a time he was). From a distance, he could pass for twenty-one; he is actually ten years older. His manner is low-key, amiable, and plain, and he speaks with a slight Kentucky accent, which has a distinctive sound, harsher than, say, a Georgia accent, and less runny; it puts a twang on words. There is a certain intensity to him: strength, perhaps even intransigence. Despite his casual appearance and his easy manner, he is precisely focussed. Carpenter is talking about "Halloween," which he directed; he is also co-author (with

Debra Hill) of the screenplay, and he composed, conducted, and performed the score. (The plot of "Halloween" is, briefly and roughly, as follows: In a prologue, a small boy butchers his older sister with a kitchen knife. It is now fifteen years later, and he escapes from the asylum where he has spent the last decade and a half—failing completely to respond to treatment. He heads for his old home town, arriving just in time for Halloween. Wearing a very unattractive mask, he sets out to murder several young women who are babysitting in large houses.)

"'Halloween' was shot in twenty days for three hundred thousand dollars," Carpenter says. "The money was put up by a money man from Libya, who works out of London. For the small-town setting, we used a block on Orange Grove Avenue, just east of Fairfax Avenue, here in Hollywood. 'Halloween' is purely an exercise in style. The plot is barely existent; the movie is full of manufactured tricks. It's a haunted-house movie. You don't see much violence portrayed. What you imagine is much more horrifying than what I could show you. It's how the pieces go together—the mon-

The Beefeater Hour



The Beefeater® Hour: It usually comes
When the sun retreats to the West
And the din goes still, and the wheels start to slow,
And the day comes at last to rest.



The Beefeater Hour: It's more than a time.
It's an island in the day.
Where you leave the roar of the crowd behind
And the clamor all ebbs away.



The Beefeater Hour: The world stops here.
For this is the time and the place.
To get off the world and just settle back,
Till a smile can reclaim your face.



The talk should be whimsy, and banter, and play.
This is no time to be sour.
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When you come to the Beefeater Hour.



The gin, to be sure, must be Beefeater Gin:
The clean, clear taste of renewal.
The refreshing, restoring, resplendent glow
Of the gin that they call The Jewel.



Will you have a Martini? Then pour it forth
From a pitcher that's lightly glossed
By chilling it cold till you hale it out
And it blooms with a silver frost.



The vermouth (just a touch!). Then the ice cubes come
With the rattle of frozen dice.
And now for the gin! Pour the Beefeater in!
Watch it *smoke* as it meets the ice!



Or what about tonic? To make gin and tonic
That nobody can surpass,
Begin with the ice cubes smartly stacked
Like a Stonehenge cased in glass.



Then pour in the Beefeater! Crown Jewel of England!
Gin from the start endowed
With clarity! Brilliance! A flawless gin!
A masterful gin, and proud.



If you linger awhile with this singular gin
From the precincts of London Tower—
Well, nobody said that the Beefeater Hour
Has to last only an hour.

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BMW. THE CAR COMPANY THAT HASN'T BEEN LEGISLATED INTO MEDIOCRITY.

The challenge that faces the automaker of the 1980's lies not in meeting tougher pollution standards, nor in coping with ever more restrictive safety regulations—not even in accommodating the petroleum shortages that are fast becoming a regular summer occurrence.

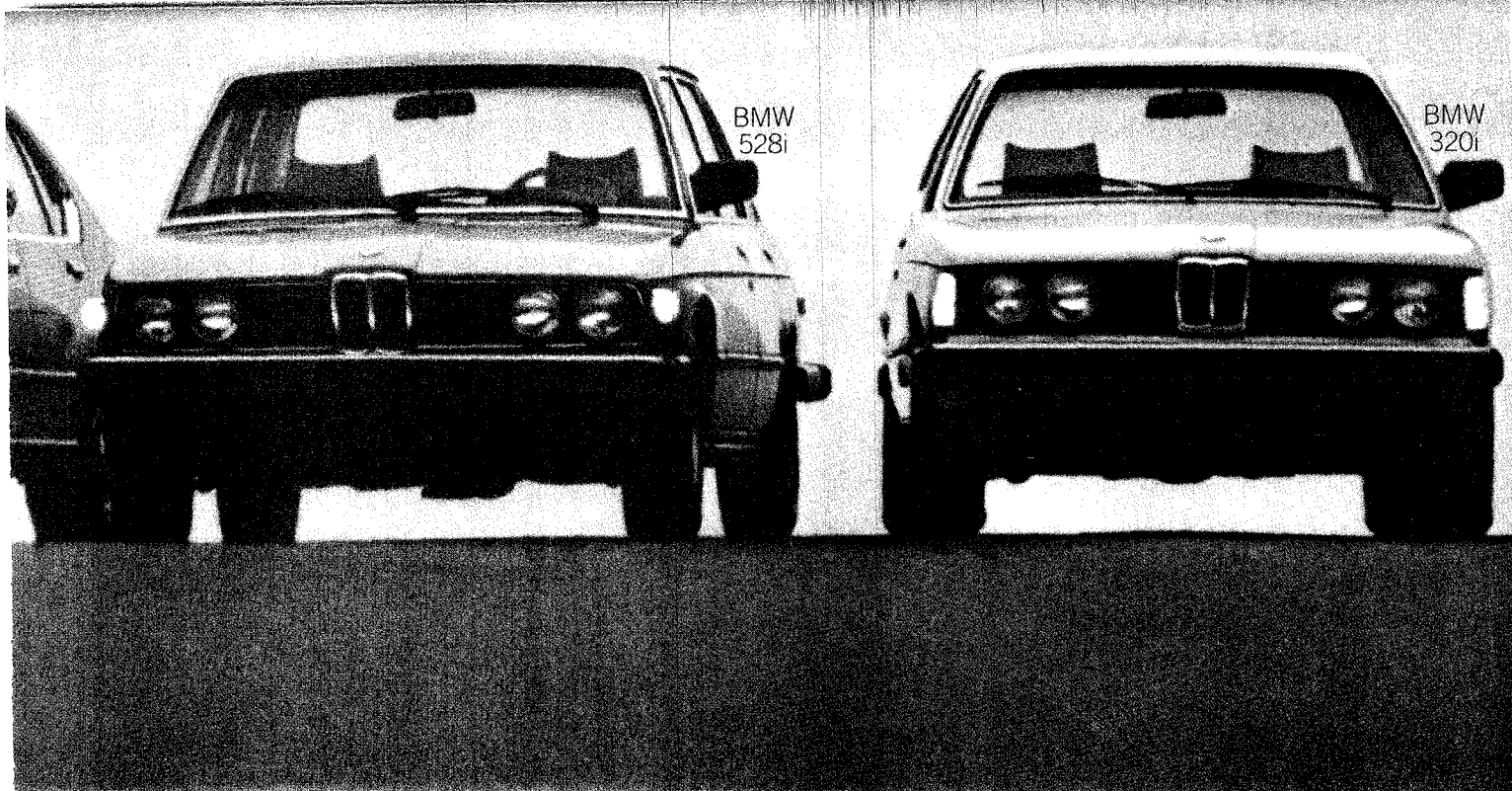
No indeed. The challenge lies in meeting the myriad of societal demands and still building automobiles that are worth driving.

Pessimists darkly predict that it cannot be done and point to the depressing number of uninspired automobiles on the market as incontrovertible proof.

Yet, fortunately, these gloomy predictions do not take into account the inventive genius and the obsessive determination of the engineers at BMW in Munich, Germany to build extraordinary automobiles.

Against all odds the BMW not only meets the demands of

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society, it is a testament to the power of exhilarating performance that automotive engineers have all but given up on the

A SEEMINGLY CONGRUOUS COMBINATION OF LUXURY, PERFORMANCE AND EFFICIENCY.

Conventional automotive wisdom has it that, inevitably, one must choose between luxury, performance and fuel efficiency. A sufficiency in any one necessitating a corresponding insufficiency in another.

And in the face of this, the BMW seems all the more remarkable for requiring no compromise whatsoever.

Round a particularly sticky curve and the legendary BMW suspension system—independent on all four wheels—flexes with an uncanny resiliency that makes one feel as if the car were built into the roadway. A sensation that results from highly advanced suspension technology and the virtually perfect integration of man and machine.

The BMW power plant—whether 4 or 6 cylinder—has long been a model for modern design. Press the accelerator and the fuel-

injected overhead cam engine responds in a manner that can only be described as exhilarating.

Yet, the 320i (with 5-speed standard transmission) delivers an impressive [25] EPA estimated mpg, 36 estimated highway mileage and, based on these figures, an estimated mpg range of [383] miles and a highway range of 551 miles.

(Naturally our fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage and range may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and highway range will most likely be lower.)

And, while the BMW provides as long a list of luxury items as one could sanely require, its luxury is purposefully engineered to help prevent driver fatigue.

Vital controls are within easy reach; the tachometer, speedometer and ancillary instruments are well-marked and easy to read.

Its front seats are designed to hold their occupants firmly in place, and are so thoroughly adjustable that it is all but a mathematical impossibility not to find a comfortable seating position.

SAFETY BEYOND STURDY BUMPERS.

At BMW, automotive safety was of primary concern long before the first bumper law was written.

The passenger compartment is encased in a solid steel "cage." So strong is this construction that the car could be dropped on its nose from the fourth floor of a building without significant damage to the compartment itself.

Yet with all its sheer strength—its computer-programmed "crush zones," its double-braking systems—the BMW features a safety device even more estimable.

Its exceptional responsiveness and handling characteristics give it the ability to avoid accidents as well as merely survive them.

All in all, in a time of lowered automotive expectations, amidst increasing mediocrity, the engineers at BMW have actually improved the BMW.

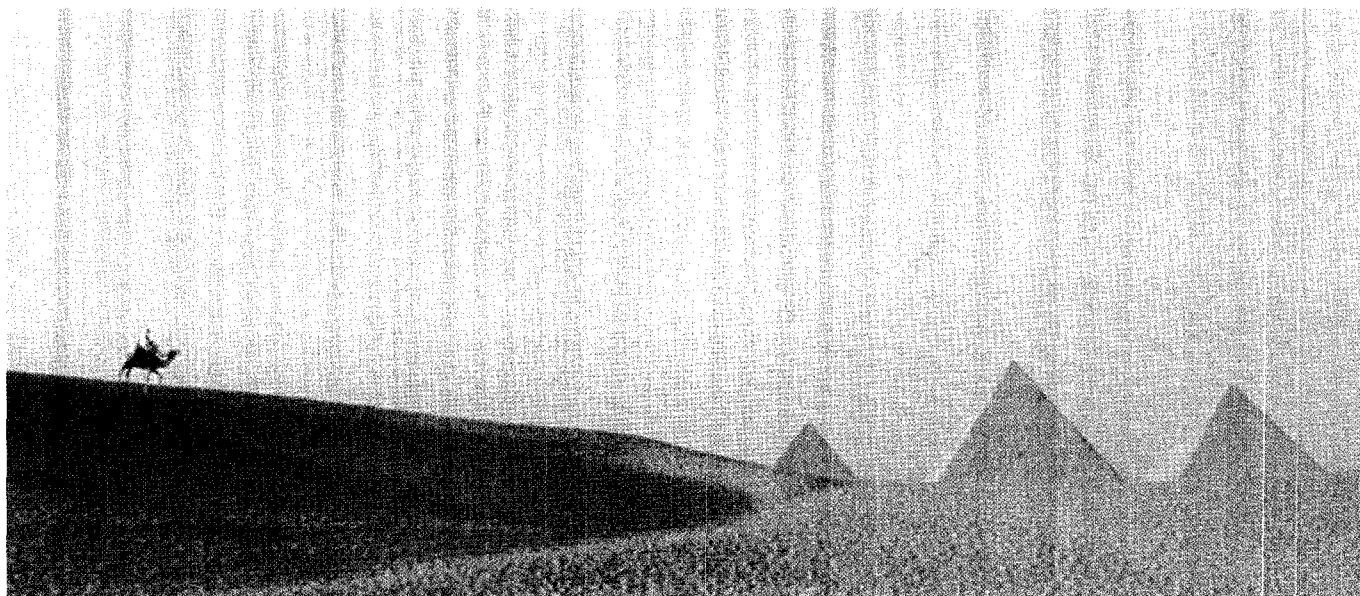
If you'd care to judge for yourself, telephone your nearest BMW dealer to arrange a thorough test drive at your convenience.



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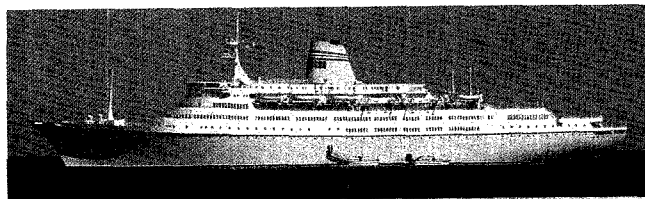
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tage. Timing, editing, pace. Movies are pieces of film stuck together in a certain rhythm, an absolute beat—like a musical composition. The rhythm you create affects the audience. Then you can lay music against the visual to create a third element. I usually write very simple music—its main quality is rhythmic, to match the film. Slowly, you build something emotional. You make the audience live with your characters. Then, at a certain point, you let them get ahead of the characters, and the audience starts yelling, ‘Don’t open that door!’ I went to a preview of ‘Halloween,’ and it was just unbelievable. People were jumping, screaming, running around. When I was a kid, I’d go to the Southern Kentucky Fair and pay twenty-five cents to go into the Haunted House. You’d walk down a dark hallway, and when you stepped on a certain place it would make things jump out at you—it scared the hell out of me! Your expectation built up and up. I went again and again, to learn how it worked. ‘Halloween’ was maybe a way of being young again and scared, and innocent in that way.

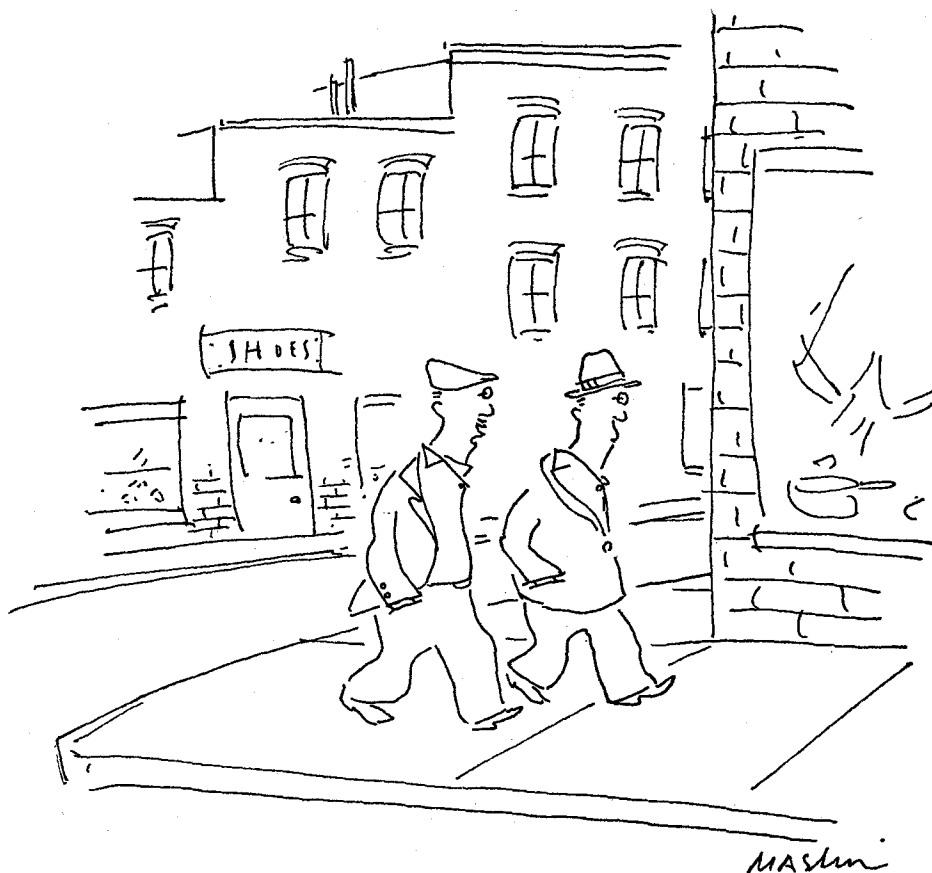
“I was raised in Bowling Green, Kentucky. My father taught music history and theory at Western Kentucky University there. We lived in a log cabin on the grounds of the university museum. The cabin was rented out to faculty members for fifty dollars a month. It had a rail fence, a garden, a man-made pond; there was a creek, an open field, and woods. The university had planted samples of every kind of tree, bush, and flower that grew in Kentucky. I was an only child, somewhat lonely, and I grew up in the wilds of this extremely secluded, extremely beautiful fantasy land. My father is a violinist, and I heard classical music constantly—wall-to-wall string quartets. I learned violin, piano, and guitar. My mother worked in a bookstore. My parents were very encouraging about creative endeavors. We had no TV until I was twelve, and there were always a lot of books and paper and pens around—even a typewriter I could use. I remember once my father gave me a blank sheet of music paper, and I sat down and filled it in with little notes. Then he played it on the piano. It was really atonal!” Carpenter grins. “Their attitude was always ‘Try your

hand.’” “The first movie they ever took me to was ‘The African Queen,’ and what I remember most is Humphrey Bogart coming out of the water covered with leeches. But my monumental experience with films was in 1953, when I was five. My parents took me to ‘It Came from Outer Space,’ in 3-D. You had to wear special glasses. The first shot was of this meteor—it came right off the screen and exploded in my face. I couldn’t believe it! It was everything I’d ever wanted! After that, I was addicted to films. I made movies in my head. The cabin and the museum grounds became my movie set, my back lot. I made up little stories. When I was eight, my dad gave me an 8-mm. movie camera—a Eumig, with stop motion, so you could shoot one frame at a time for ‘animation.’ It was a terrific camera. I still have it. It doesn’t run, but I look at it once in a while. I got my friends from school together, and we made a movie called ‘Gorgon the Space Monster.’ It had a lot of special effects—toy tanks running in animation, things like that—and I put classical music (the ‘1812 Overture’ and ‘Night on Bald Mountain’) on a tape, along with me doing different voices, for a soundtrack. I remember a moment during the shooting when I suddenly understood the process of editing. I was shooting two actions at once: a friend would run up, stop, and

react to something; then I’d turn around and shoot what he was watching. I was editing in the camera. But suddenly I realized I could shoot the first kid all at once and then, another day, shoot what he was reacting to, and then I could splice them together. It was like a thunderbolt! I remember thinking, How clever! In another scene, I had a friend running down a railroad track, and I ran after him with the camera. The scene was very jerky, and my father said, ‘You should use a tripod.’ But I said it looked exciting. A titling kit came with the camera: you stuck little letters on a board and shot the titles. When any of my friends came over, they’d have to sit down and watch ‘Gorgon.’ I kept telling my parents that I was going to go to Hollywood and be a film director. My friends quickly got tired of making movies, so I did them myself in a vacuum. I felt I was quite a bit the outsider, a little weird. I was pretty single-minded. As a matter of fact, my movies now are pretty single-minded movies. I’m a little obsessive.”

Carpenter laughs. He continues, “When I was nine or ten years old, my father started taking me on trips down to Nashville, sixty miles away. He’d always played classical music, but it turned out that at the same time he was moonlighting as a studio musician at record-





"By day, I'm Norm Swissel. By night, I'm Norm Swissel."

ing sessions in Nashville. He played backup violin and viola for Roy Orbison, Johnny Cash, all of Brenda Lee's records. There was this ambivalence in him—teaching classical music, then going down to Nashville and having the time of his life playing country and rock and roll. I watched the sessions sometimes. Roy Orbison would come in wearing sunglasses, and I thought that that was the ultimate cool. I'd wander around the studios. I remember getting lost and blundering into an echo chamber once, and I was so fascinated they had to come drag me out. Sometimes I'd go to the movies by myself in Nashville and then take a bus out to the recording studios for the last few hours.

"Bowling Green was very Southern—a small farm town in the Bible Belt, truly Middle America and non-sophisticated. I had an image of myself as a lonely, isolated person—not ostracized but a loner. In 1964, when the Beatles came along, I grew long hair. It was risky, and I got a lot of flak. Still, it fitted right in; maybe I was perpetuating my own isolation, even though I was always lamenting that I had no friends who were interested in movies. But by the time I was in high school I'd lost touch with making movies. I'd got interested in girls. I would

borrow my father's Cutlass and take a girl driving up and down the bypass, or go to the Lost River Drive-In (they showed second-run movies) and neck, then stop at the Dairy Dip or Jerry's. The big thing in those days was drinking beer. I thought it tasted so bad, but I did it. Suddenly, one day, my high-school class voted me president. I wondered why for days. It was an indication that I was misjudging myself, and I realized I must be reaching out to people in some way—I must have wanted their acceptance, and to be loved by them.

"I went to Western Kentucky University, and I played bass guitar and sang with a rock band. We called it Kaleidoscope, and we played at high-school and fraternity dances. If I'd stayed in Kentucky, I'd still be playing rock and roll today. I have a tremendous love for music. When I get in a down mood, I'll listen to a cut from the Rolling Stones over and over again, and I'll come out of it. If I've got a problem that I'm thinking about, I'll walk around the house playing a guitar—I've got a twelve-string Mossman and a six-string Gibson—and I'll sing, and work it out. Or I'll sit at the piano and play 'I Knew You When You Were from Hollywood'—that's a rousing number I can bang out."

Carpenter laughs again. "In my senior year, I did a little acting. We did 'Queens of France,' by Thornton Wilder. My technique was totally mechanical—nothing to do with real emotion—but I began to know what actors were going through. I started getting interested in making films again, and I started researching film schools. The best seemed to be U.S.C., and I told my father I'd like to go there. He didn't say too much. He probably thought I was making a silly move, but he supported me. I wish I could describe the naïve kid who got off the plane in L.A. I had two suitcases and a map. U.S.C. didn't look that far; I thought I could walk it. An hour later, I'd only moved a fraction of an inch on the map. U.S.C. was fifteen miles away."

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- From a U.S.C. brochure, 1929.

USC cinema students dominate national and international competition for young film makers. An average of 150 awards are won annually by students in film festivals and competition throughout the world. For the past twenty years, at least one graduate of the division has been nominated each year for an Academy Award.... The overall purpose of the curriculum is to educate students in the responsibilities of film makers toward themselves and society, in the creative and technical complexities of the medium, and in its history and influence upon our culture. Cinema and television is considered an art, a craft, and an industry.—From the Bulletin of the University of Southern California School of Performing Arts, 1979.

The U.S.C. film school is housed in a group of modest cream-colored old bungalows next to some tennis courts on the campus, and is surrounded by larger and mostly newer buildings. The school offers five different degrees and a hundred and seven courses. Around five thousand students have graduated since 1929.

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master's degree in composition.—*Sign on bulletin board near U.S.C. sound stage, 1979.*

"IN 1968, the country was in turmoil," Carpenter says. "I could have got into political action, music, drugs—anything—but I started film school and for four years, twenty-four hours a day, all I did was learn about film. I made every single kind of movie there was, starting with 8-mm. I did everything—learned from the bottom up. You had to learn how to thread a Mitchell, how long it takes to set up a shot, sound, editing—everything. U.S.C. was a place where they wanted meaningful, personal films. Visual tone poems; alienation. This was what they expected and encouraged, and this was what got you the grades. Hollywood was frowned on. But here was ambivalence again: at night they'd have John Ford or Howard Hawks or Roman Polanski come to talk, and they'd have retrospectives of their films. What you didn't learn was about the realities of Hollywood. They never taught us much about what it was like to be a professional filmmaker, what to expect. They'd say, 'That's not our job. We're not a training school; we're an art school.' U.S.C. was the best school for learning; it was not a placement center. But I was going to be a Hollywood director, by God."

When Carpenter first arrived at U.S.C., he saw a science-fiction short called "THX 1138," which George Lucas had made while he was a student there. Lucas was soon developing his short into a feature-length movie. "I thought, This is how I can make it work," Carpenter says. "So in 1970 I started to make a feature film. It was the kid in the log cabin going out with his friends to make a movie again. I had a thousand dollars from U.S.C. It began on the sound stage at U.S.C. and ended on a sound stage in Hollywood four years later. It cost sixty thousand dollars. I raised the money from my parents, friends, investors. We'd make ten minutes and show that, try to get some money, then make ten more. Five years after we started, the film—'Dark Star'—was released for a multiple run in L.A. 'Dark Star' was one of the most difficult, brutalizing, devastating, and satisfying experiences of my life. It was not successful. It was a weird little science-fiction movie, with a lot of imagination and energy but a card-



board spaceship. I wanted it to be slick and professional, with suspense and a sense of humor; it was youthful, naïve, and innocent. It was exactly what I was—it reflected my cares and concerns. People said, 'What is this?' It was a tremendous disappointment, and a kind of hinge in my life: from 'Dark Star' on is a saga of getting into the film industry. I've blocked out a lot of the details, because it was so painful. I had so much faith in what I had done. Now I know the truth. I didn't listen to people; I didn't believe them. For a year and a half, I was so depressed. I got an agent, but nothing happened. When you're looking for work, your agent will tell you to 'take a meeting and pitch an idea.' I went to a lot of meetings, and it was

like being on Mars. The fringes of Hollywood: hustlers who had a project but no money; gamblers. It was puzzling and frightening. They'd be very hostile. 'Why are you here?' they'd ask, after they'd invited me. Or they'd say, 'I'd like to make a movie with you,' but the undercurrent was 'You'll never make it, because you're not good enough or big enough.' I'd get anxiety when an agent told me to 'take a meeting.' It all comes down to selling, and I'm the worst salesman in the world. It was my first encounter with the realities. I thought, I have created this work—don't I have some credibility? I had *no* credibility. I never got a job. Most people treated me in a straight and businesslike way, but to me it was cold and brutal. I was living in an apartment off Beachwood Drive, in central Hollywood. No money. My father was sending checks; he came right through. 'Dark Star' was the end of youth for me. It didn't work. I had to find some way to cope with reality and do what I wanted to do."

Carpenter began writing screenplays, one of which ultimately became "Eyes of Laura Mars," a Columbia picture directed by Irvin Kershner. Then a retired stock-market investor from Philadelphia came along who wanted to invest in a film. "He was a gutsy guy," Carpenter says, "and he put up cash. He trusted me, and said he was not going to interfere. I took his money and made 'Assault on Precinct 13.' I wrote, directed, and edited it, and did the music. I used my friends I had worked with before. One of them, Tommy Wallace, had been a friend of mine since the fourth grade in Bowling Green, and had worked on 'Dark Star.' He played organ and sang in Kaleido-

scope, and later was art director and production designer and film editor on 'Halloween.' A kind of family started to take shape. 'Assault' was a modern-day Western. I couldn't afford to do a real Western, with Indians attacking a fort, so I had a youth gang attacking a police station. It had what is sort of a theme in my films—people trapped in a place. The picture was not realistic; it was very stylized. There were a lot of homages and allusions to Howard Hawks, my favorite director. It's wrong to copy, and I don't do that, but I put in subtle references, and I get some sort of pleasure out of it. It warms my heart. I often write my old friends' names into scripts. I don't know why. Maybe it's a way of using them in a film again. 'Assault' didn't do a thing. The majors weren't interested in it; it was a strange movie, and they didn't know how to sell it. It was the second time I'd had a film make no money. I tried not to get too upset or take it too personally, but no one wanted me as a director. I went back to writing. Writing was opening a door to another door to another door—it was keeping me alive and paying the bills. But I was programmed for failure. A year later, I was in the commissary at Warner Brothers, where I'd just finished directing my first TV movie, when a stranger came up and told me that 'Assault' was breaking attendance records in England. The news and reviews filtered back, and there began to be interest in me as a director. But it all came so long after I'd made the picture; I'd got used to the idea the film was going to fail. There's a disconnection between what you've put in creatively and the final response of the audience. Very strange.

"Then came 'Halloween.' When success comes, it's a frenzy—wham! People start running; they get a fever. I remember a producer saying to me, 'You're hot!' Everybody's overreacting. I haven't changed that much; the only difference is that the film has made money. This is how you're judged here."

The [American Film Institute] Center for Advanced Film Studies in Beverly Hills provides aspiring filmmakers with a conservatory atmosphere in which they can learn from an association with film professionals. At Greystone, where the Center is housed, Fellows gain firsthand knowledge working with the film and television veterans on the Center's faculty, and from the professional film artists who function as tutors, advisors, and seminar speakers.

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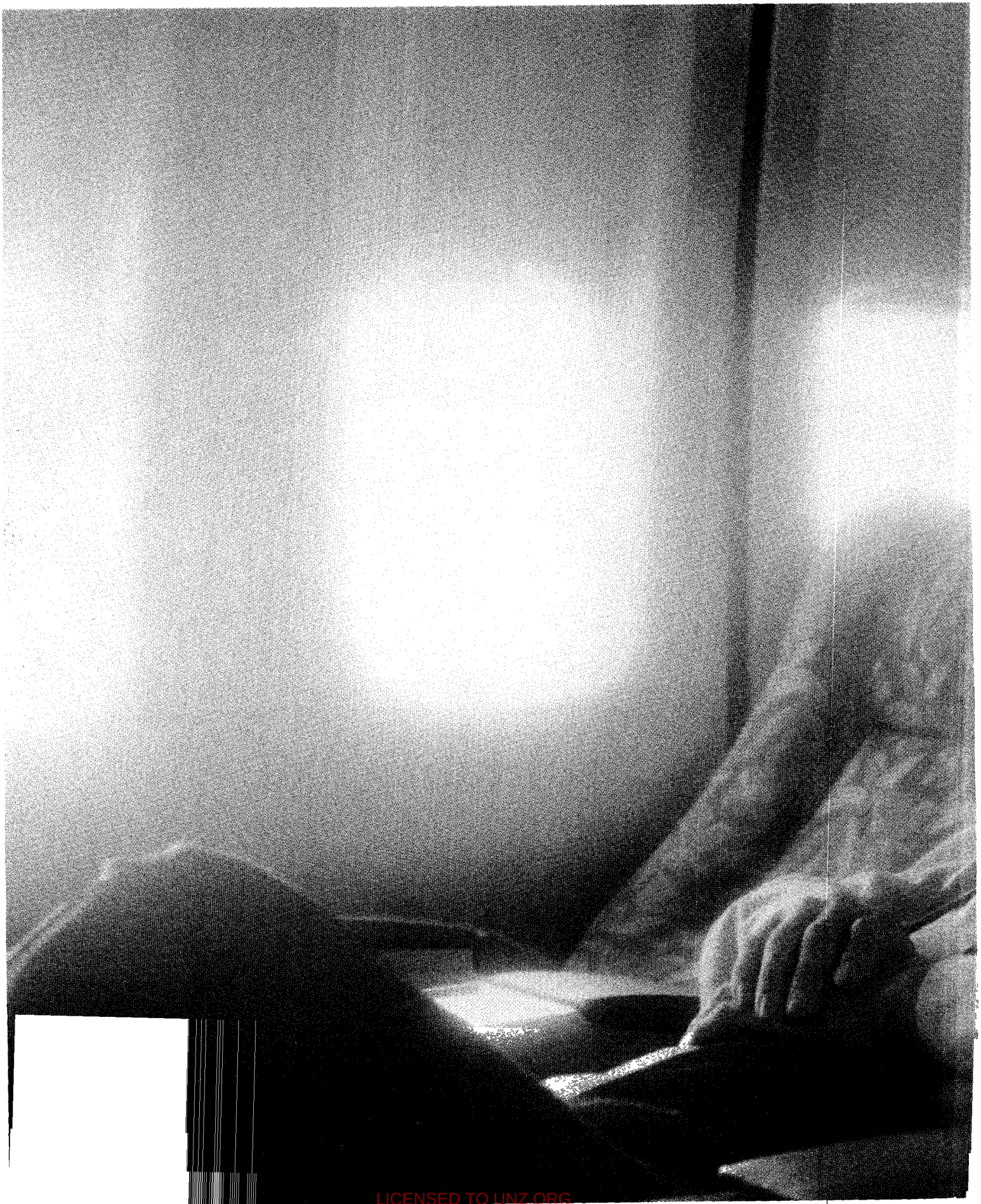
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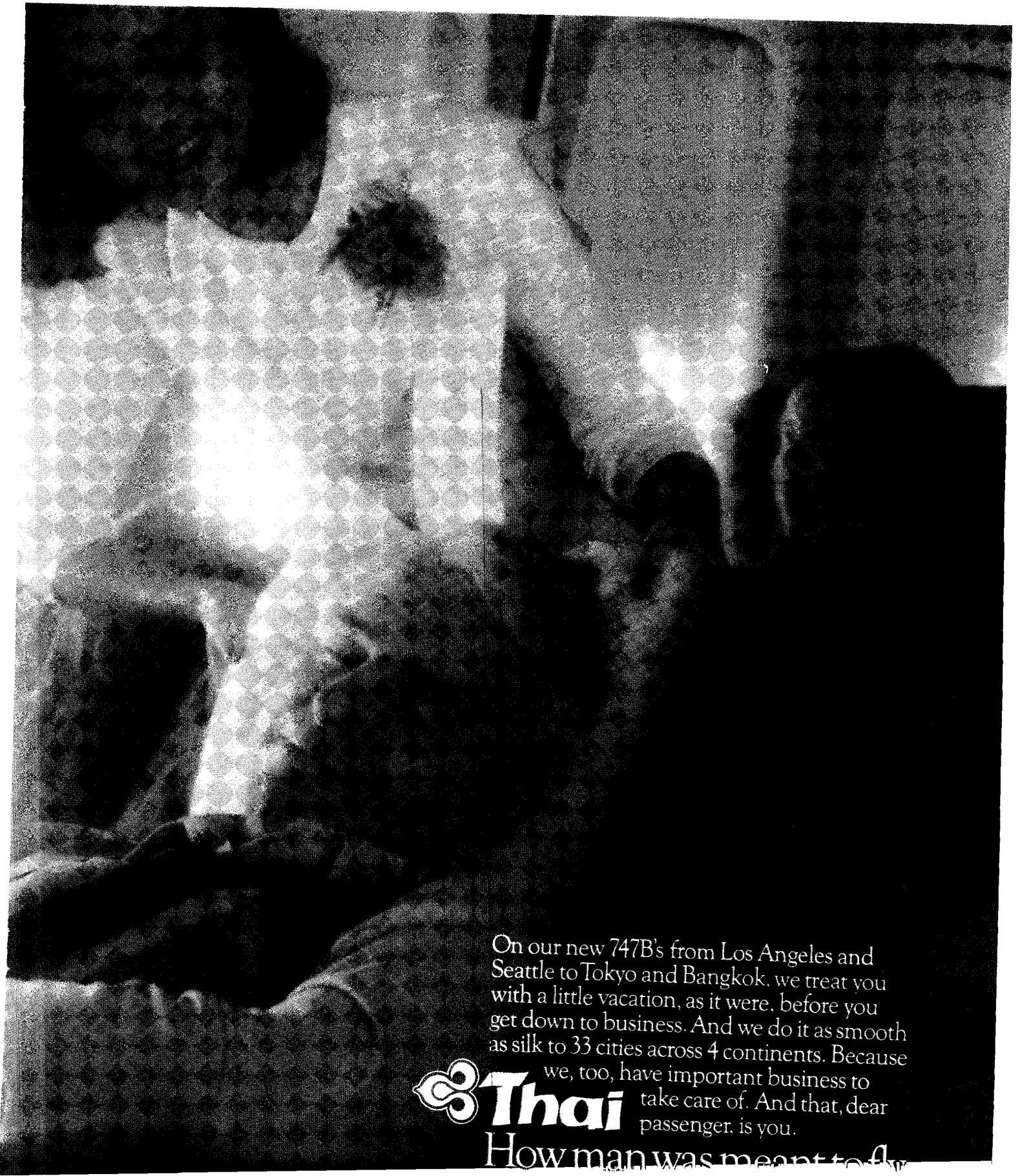
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Photograph of Marlon Brando from the MGM release
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for the first year Curriculum Program in which they specialize in screenwriting, directing, cinematography, producing, or production design. Those who are accepted exhibit a high level of understanding and proficiency in their field, a broad humanistic background, and the potential to excel in the film arts.

At the end of the year, a select number are invited to participate in the second year Conservatory Program which revolves around the production of short films that combine the efforts of Writer, Director, Cinematographer, Producer, and Production Design Fellows, as well as cast and crew. Many of these student film projects have received awards in major film festivals, including an Academy Award in 1976. An overwhelming majority of the Center's alumni have found employment in the film industry.—*From a brochure of the American Film Institute, 1979.*

A budget not to exceed \$10,000 will be allocated for the production of a film [by a member of the Conservatory Program] after Faculty approval of a final screenplay, and completion of pre-production plans.—*From the 1979 American Film Institute catalogue.*

NEAR the intersection of Loma Vista and Doheny Road (and the Runaway Vehicle gravel pit), there is a stone gatehouse and an imposing wrought-iron gate. A brick driveway winds uphill across an enormous lawn, and past stables off to the left, to a huge stone mansion. From the summit, at night, one can see the lights of Los Angeles below—green, yellow, red, blue—shimmer and tremble to the horizon: a wondrous, futuristic, incomprehensible electronic marvel that glitters, shivers, changes constantly. The stars above the great stone house are, by comparison, pallid and irrelevant. At eight-thirty, guests are moving through the courtyard into the front hall of the house. This is Greystone, which was once a home of the Doheny family (oil; Teapot Dome), set in the middle of a four-hundred-acre ranch. Now the estate is a public park, and the house is rented to the American Film Institute.

Seth Pinsker, a tall, bright, cheerful twenty-four-year-old from New York City, is standing inside the front door, greeting people he has invited to see a film he has directed as a member of the Conservatory Program. There are three showings tonight—it is a half-hour movie—and the guests flow in and out, up and down the broad marble staircase, overlapping; Pinsker welcomes the arrivals and accepts the congratulations of those who are leaving. "I went to U.S.C. film school for a while," Pinsker says during a lull in handshakes. "Then I came here, because I thought it would be more free. It's great to learn here—you do your

own thing, and the faculty is terrific."

Pinsker's film is called "Strange Fruit" and is based on the Lillian Smith novel. It seems thoroughly professional in every respect. It is a smooth, strong, and moving film, shot in color on location with professional actors. "I couldn't have made a film like this anywhere else," Pinsker says. "A.F.I. gave us ten thousand dollars to start, and two thousand more to finish the sound. Everything from food to raw film stock was donated by friends, but I still had to put in a lot of my own money—I don't want to say how much. Since the first screening, earlier this week, I've had agents knocking on my door."

Pinsker's mother is the head of an advertising agency in New York; his father is in the clothing business. He attended Stuyvesant High School and Collegiate School. When he was eleven, he made an 8-mm. documentary about a neighborhood shoe-repair man; his second film—about teen-agers and love—won some awards and was distributed around the country. "Then I made a cinéma-vérité film about my grandparents," says Pinsker. "It was called 'See No Evil.' My grandmother was living with a man—they were both in their eighties—and it was about their difficulties in relating to each other." Pinsker went on from Collegiate School to Brown. "I was supposed to be a math whiz, but I lost interest in math and graduated with a degree in theatre arts, and after graduation I went to U.S.C. for my master's."

He breaks off to say goodbye to three acquaintances who are leaving; they tell him how good the film is, and why. Then they go out into the night. Pinsker goes on, "When I was younger, I wanted to do quiet, personal films. I saw Ingmar Bergman's 'The Seventh Seal' when I was very young, and I came out of the theatre totally changed. But when I got out here my scope enlarged, and I loved it. This is the best film industry in the world; the talent and the facilities are incredible." He pauses. "I don't know. I may come to hate it. I used to look down on Hollywood, but the films they make here are the ones that excite me now. I want to move people; if I didn't move people, I'd feel I was wasting my time. Right now, I feel pretty confident. Most of the people who made good films here at A.F.I. are now working in the industry. It's awfully hard to break in, but this film is my calling card. Either people will want to hire me or they'll decide 'He's a schmuck.'" Pinsker grins, and goes to shake some more hands. ("Strange

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Fruit" was later nominated for an Academy Award.)

IN real-estate ads, a four-bedroom house at Malibu will list for two million dollars, but the small houses packed shoulder to shoulder along Pacific Coast Highway here, facing the sea, look like Sheepshead Bay. Restaurant windows project out over the surf, and at night floodlights are turned on, so that diners may watch the rollers come in toward them. On the other side of the highway, dirt cliffs rise vertically and uncertainly hundreds of feet. There is a lot of traffic, and cars swerve to avoid the droppings of dirt and rock that lie on the pavement. In a shopping center set back in a small valley, Carpenter and his wife, Adrienne Barbeau—a short, pretty, perceptive young actress with curly black hair, who has been a very successful performer (she did six years in the TV series "Maude," among other things)—are having lunch with an acquaintance on a shady restaurant terrace. Carpenter is talking about his work. "I have a great feeling for physical movies. I don't like intellectual films. I love suspense. I want the audience to laugh and cry—an emotional response. The medium is emotional—not so much like a book or a play, really, as like music. I write a scene the way a composer writes a score. Then I take the baton and I conduct it, as director. I'm the happiest I can ever be when I'm on the set, directing. This is where I want to be. Shooting is always fun. It's a challenging and intense experience. You're really being tested. I've come to like actors in the last year or so; I like people more now than I used to. I've come out of a shell. I like to have everybody on the set know what's going on. I'm easy-going, and I like to be not too pretentious. I don't like a lot of conflict. Let's do the job, let's have fun at it, and let's go home."

"You take it much too seriously for your own good most of the time," Adrienne remarks.

Carpenter nods. "I care about what I do. I care a lot. And, truly, it's work—very, very hard work. It's a little too hard. I look at other high-tension professions and I understand them. I think there was less pressure in the old days of the big studios, when they made lots of films every year. Today, every single movie has to be a hit. You have to do event after event after event. It's draining. Maybe it's the nature of the business, but what makes the difference in a film isn't always

your own talent and creativity. A film is a collaborative effort, with a lot of elements. It's mysterious. You might find that the casting is wrong, or that there's a problem in the story, or you might suddenly just lose energy on the set. For me, the high point emotionally is when the film is over, it's in the can; you finish it, make it as good as you're able to, and then it's like sending a child you've fathered out into the world. You wait to see how he's going to do.

"Part of me wants to make films within the studio system. When I was in film school, the studio seemed to be the best way for me to express my fantasy. The kind of films that are made in this particular place are the films most people see and are affected by. But you never know when the ground's going to fall out from under you here. There's very little honor here—maybe anywhere. People lie, cheat, and steal. All the clichés about Hollywood have a basis in truth. It can be very disgusting. But I live by my decision to make Hollywood films. I just don't want to become one of *them*. The part of Hollywood that's politics, glamour, and hustle—that's not movies. I have a single purpose in my life: to make some movies, and to make them in my own way. I was ready to give up everything for this. I don't fail—or when I do, it's very difficult for me. The answer seems to be to make films with my 'family'—the friends I've worked with before. I'm just beginning to realize how much of what I do goes right back to Kentucky. I'm still doing what that kid was doing. I wonder about myself. I'm not well rounded. All I want to do is go back to the log cabin, but do it for a living, and be successful. The catch is, you become successful here on numbers, not talent. 'Halloween' makes money: suddenly I get a lot of offers."

Carpenter pauses. "It's wonderful to get good reviews and make money, but I look at it on a big scale, and I figure there will be a lot of ups and downs. I don't go crazy when it's great, and I don't go crazy when it's not. I try to keep a balance."

Adrienne laughs. "I think the operative word is 'try,'" she says.

FROM Sunset Boulevard, the roads of Laurel Canyon go twisting up into the Hollywood hills like kids' footpaths. Porsches and Rolls and Mercedeses whip around their blind S-curves and through dirt ravines and jungle vegetation, and peel off onto

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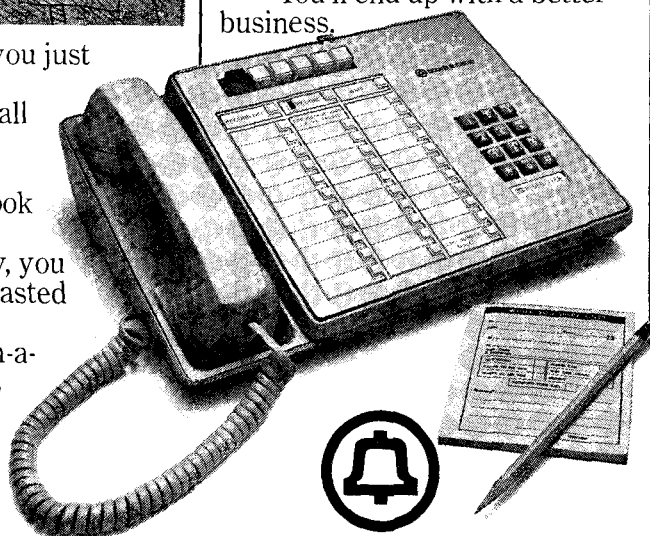
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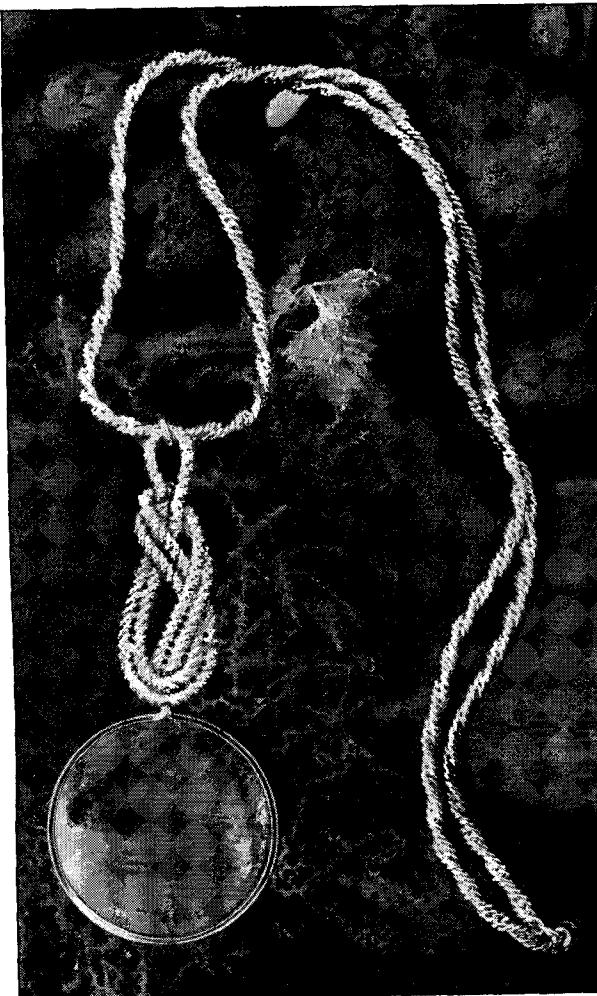
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side streets that ascend to various peaks. These narrow streets are stacked with houses—the roof of one flush with the floor of its neighbor—half buried in bushes and trees. The area has the random planning of a slum in Hong Kong or Caracas, but it is a neighborhood of some opulence, and in the diminutive yards are blue swimming pools; the front wheels of parked Cadillacs are jammed against the curbs, lest they roll away down the hill. In one of these houses, with one of these Cadillacs and one of these blue pools, lives John Carpenter. In late afternoon, he is standing by the desk in his small study, his shoes off. On the desk are a typewriter, lots of papers and notes, and an income-tax form, shoved to one side. Near his feet on the floor are two thick copies of a script he has written, with Debra Hill, and hopes to direct for Avco Embassy—"The Fog." From where he stands, Carpenter can look out the window and across his yard and small swimming pool to the San Gabriel Mountains, twenty miles to the northeast—huge, wrinkled like elephant hide, and dusted with snow. (The mountains seem very distant; it never snows in L.A.) A few moments earlier, Carpenter and Adrienne watched a short promotion on TV for "Elvis," a three-hour special that Carpenter directed and that will be on ABC the following week. Now the phone rings.

It is an important moment for Carpenter. On the other end of the line is an executive, a woman, at Avco Embassy Pictures. The Avco people have previously agreed to put up all the money for "The Fog"—if they like the script that Carpenter has written and submitted. Now they have read it, and the executive has called to tell Carpenter what they think. Carpenter listens, moving this way and that, as she talks.

"I hadn't thought of that before," he says into the phone. "Let me examine it over the weekend.... You mean, why would a fourteen-year-old be up at midnight? ... I was going to have packs around, as if they were camping.... I think it will come out to be a PG. I'm not going to show any specific violence, or anything like that. ... The lighthouse is going to be hard to find. We're going to build the top of it.... I'm really delighted you like it.... Okeydokey.... Bye-bye."

He hangs up, beaming. He turns and calls excitedly to Adrienne in the next room. "You know what she said?" he shouts. "She said, 'Let's just go make the film!'"

—JAMES STEVENSON

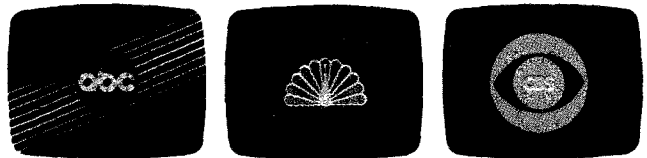
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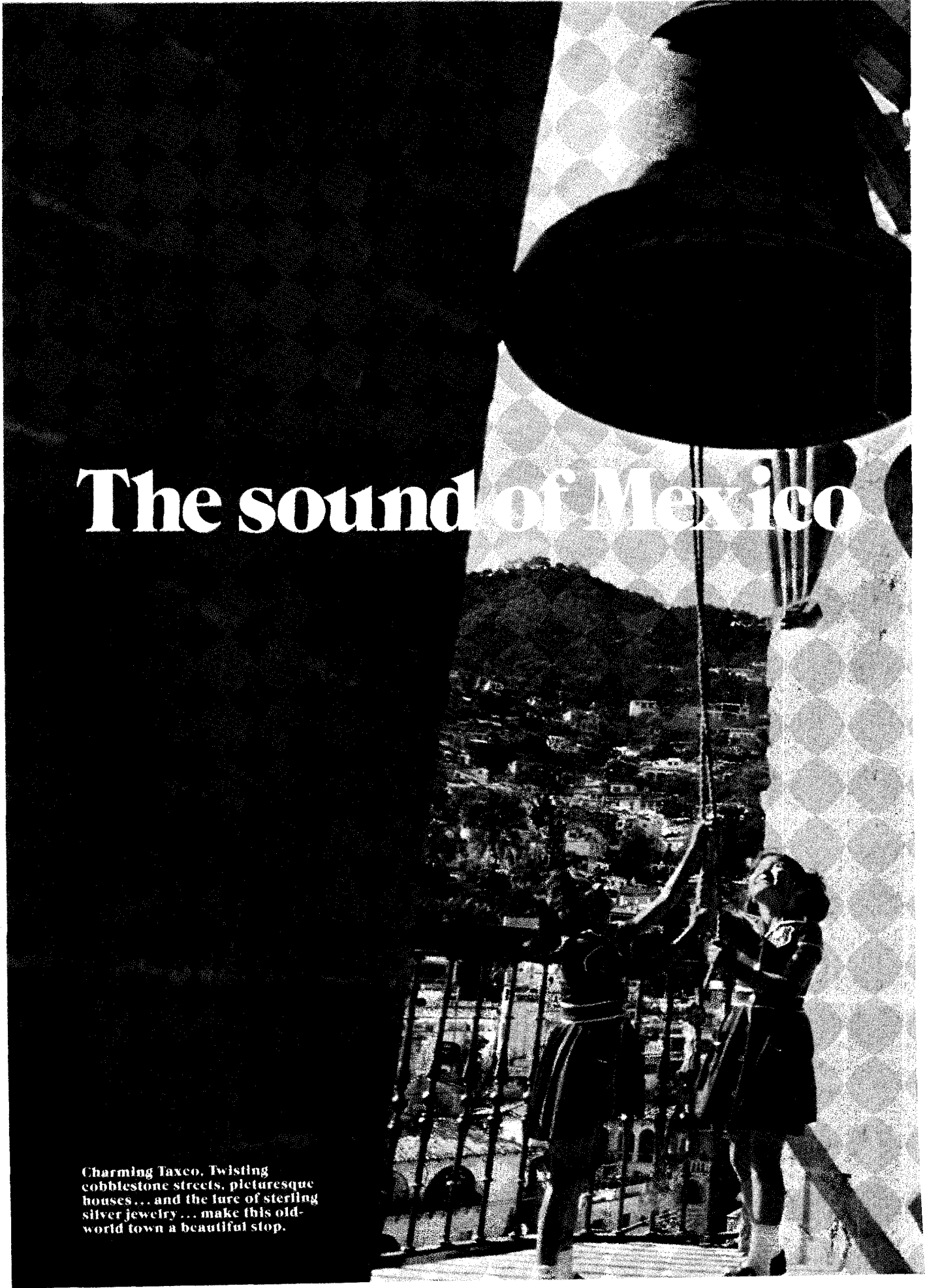
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Misfits and Dreamers

"COUP DE TÊTE," a French comedy about a small-town outcast who achieves brief overnight fame and adulation as a soccer star, starts promisingly enough but soon begins to leave a dull, sour taste in the mouth; it's a modest table wine that travels poorly. The jokes deal broadly with the stupidities and cruelties of provincial bourgeois life, which have been a wellspring (to mix my beverages for a moment) of French humor ever since Voltaire's time, but here their center is contemporary television-bred sports madness, and it is my guess that this is a phenomenon whose pervasive banality and foolishness are much more familiar to us in this country than to foreign audiences. For all I know, France may have its Howard Cosell and its Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders (though I doubt it), but Reggie Jackson is ours, and so are Jimmy Connors and Bruce Jenner and Muhammad Ali and the "Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes," and all of us who have been driven into a despairing torpor by these sports-bred encumbrances of the spirit are not going

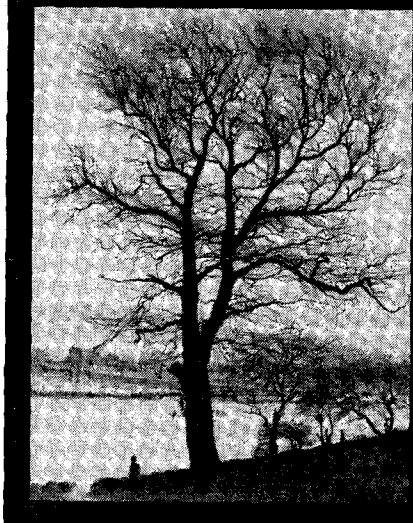
to be convulsed, or even much surprised, by a little *conte* about a jailbird named François Perrin (he has been unjustly imprisoned) who is briefly paroled so that he may play on the town's club team during the Coupe de France eliminations. Predictably, he scores the tying and winning goals in a regional-championship game, and is at once elevated to respectability and adoration. "Coup de Tête" can perhaps be forgiven for its comparative innocence about such matters, but it suffers from other defects as well, foremost among which is a jarring uncertainty of tone. At one moment, the movie seems cynical, when Perrin loses not only his job in the local factory but his *copains* at the local bar because he has accidentally injured the town's soccer star in practice. Then we see Perrin trying to make love with his girlfriend on a swaying painter's scaffold just outside her husband's bedroom, and we think, Ah, farce! But in the next instant Perrin has been unjustly accused of rape (by a different woman) and is being knocked about by a sadistic cop, which isn't funny at all. The ultimate form

of the movie is broad, vengeful satire, and the villains—the local auto salesman, the café owner, the furniture-store proprietor, and so on—are so gross and sweaty and frightened that we are unamused and unsatisfied by their lengthy comeuppance.

The picture was directed and written (with a co-author) by Jean-Jacques Annaud, who won an Oscar in 1977 for Best Foreign Film with his "Black and White in Color," and as Perrin it stars Patrick Dewaere, who appeared here in the felicitous, Oscar-winning "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" last year, but their collaboration has yielded only a few situations that seem fresh enough to stay with us. I certainly liked the business that begins when the newly laurelled Perrin insists on going back to jail because he has promised the warder he will return; the authorities, concluding that the new hero is "*un joli gars, enfin*," fix the rap at once, and Perrin, set free, is then seen pounding on the prison doors and crying, "I'll be back!" Patrick Dewaere, who was the young Mozart-obsessed romantic in "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs," here looks wonderfully ratty and hungry in raggedy clothes, a skimpy mustache, unkempt hair, and black basketball



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sneakers, but his corrosive inner anarchism ("I'd like to set this crummy town on fire," he mutters) isn't given enough scope or intelligent development to deepen the part. His best moment—almost the only sustained scene in this impatient, distracted picture—comes when, determined to carry out the perfect revenge he has dreamed of in his cell, he climbs into the bedroom of the woman who has accused him of rape, only to find that he and she are human, after all, and that it is not in him to treat her otherwise. "*Ce n'est pas mon truc, le viol*," he says, almost apologetically, and a moment later he is telling her that even with women he knows—his more than willing girlfriend, for instance—he isn't always all that successful. "Me in prison for rape," he murmurs, shaking his head. "Whew!" To my palate this tastes like Margaux; the rest is Pepsi.

EARLY on in "Gizmo!" we see a flickery black-and-white news clip of a smiling young man standing on a frozen lake beside a frail, scary-looking rocket-powered sled that he has built and is about to pilot on its inaugural run. His sister, standing beside him, says, "Well, all the luck in the world, Harry!" "Adios," Harry responds cheerfully. He waves and climbs in, the sled erupts in a cloud of smoke and noise—*pow!*—and winds up, an instant later, askew and defunct in a snowbank about fifty feet away. Harry is O.K. It's a terrific laugh, of course, and there are a lot of guffaws just like it in this documentary film, which is a feature-length collage of dozens of similar inventions, experiments, and ill-advised or harebrained or brilliant amateur inspirations and feats, culled from newsreel footage and outtakes, home movies, publicity films, and so forth of the past sixty years or more, but mostly, by the look of it, dating from the nineteen-twenties and thirties. The compiler and producer of "Gizmo!" is Howard Smith, a columnist with the *Village Voice*, who also produced and directed "Marjoe," a much-praised documentary about a young evangelist. The dedication of "Gizmo!" is "To all those who dreamed of the impossible . . . and failed."

Mr. Smith's uncomplicated intention is simply to make us laugh, and most of the time it is impossible not to enjoy ourselves immensely over the foolish, flibberty stuff he has found for us. The picture is a platter of *smörgåsbord*, and some of the tiny, peculiar mouthfuls I still remember include a dog-powered washing ma-

chine; a talking grandfather clock that says, "Go home, young man, it is eleven o'clock;" a man stopping a cannonball with his belly; motorized roller skates; a man who squeezes his entire body through the frame of a tennis racquet (Think of the months of trying! Think of the failures!); a tree-climbing bike; an enigmatic shot of several fully dressed men and women walking through a chin-deep pool of dry-cleaning fluid in Budapest; a man named Cecil playing "Yankee Doodle" by squeezing his palms together; a man blowing up a balloon with one ear (I thought about this later, in the middle of the night: Did he really do that? With his ear?); a full-sized mechanical walking horse, which falls down; and innumerable winged bikes, ornithopters, and paddle-wing flying machines. The price of this sort of tacky, unpaceable, patched-together material is a remorseless accumulating boredom—the same kind of rainy-afternoon ennui one recalls from childhood and one's third trip through the back pages of some smudgy Hearst Sunday supplement, or from newsreel-theatre featurettes—and we sense a similar slippage of the mind under the "Gizmo!" avalanche of spaghetti-winders, bathing caps for beards, floor-waxing robots, six-inch bicycles, eight-foot Bibles, motorized cradle-rockers, and anti-snore mouth braces. Mr. Smith has also burdened his picture with an execrable accompanying score and some inappropriate material, such as the famous newsreel scene of Bess Truman gallantly but unsuccessfully trying to crack a bottle of champagne over the nose of a new bomber during a christening ceremony. The documentary is uneven, to say the least, and perhaps too snippy and patched-up even to please children over its full distance, but Howard Smith has saved the best parts of his collection for the end. These are the flying machines, of every size and shape and wild, unimaginable hope—a very early, flag-draped ornithopter; an angular, wood-and-lath-and-bicycle-wheel plane being pulled to the top of a steep hill by a horse; a bristling, multilevel, propeller-driven bike that zaps down a steep chute, leaps into the air, and plops to the ground like a sashweight; a bearded, terribly proud Leonardo standing beside his cellar-built dream creature, which is a gigantic gull, complete with head and tail, beautiful wings, and painted feathers. He starts the engine, and the thing slowly, inexorably flaps itself to pieces. The picture ends with some airy foot-

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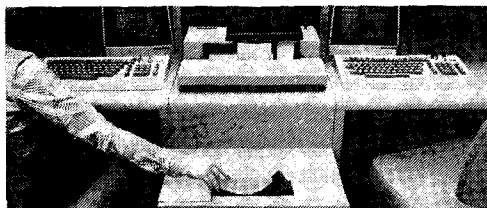


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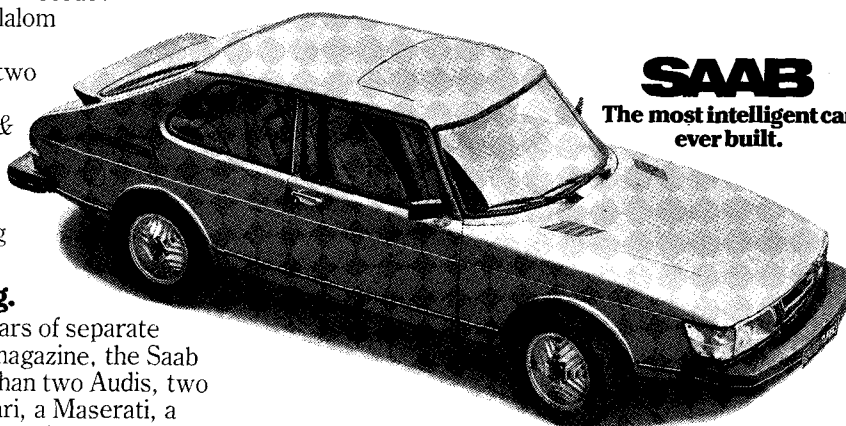
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age of a contemporary hang-glider—a lovely idea, because it reminds us that these visionaries and tinkerers weren't so far off, after all. Up, up, and awayyy—anyone can fly! It just took us a little while to figure out how.

Why is this all so sad, then? Partly, I think, it is because the pictures are cruelly funny. In spite of the upbeat accompanying commentary, we are being invited to laugh at these fools and innocents, who will not, who cannot—one look at their beautiful, earth-bound gizmos tells us—succeed. An earnest middle-aged woman in New England announces that she has re-discovered "the old laws of cosmic motion." She has herself strapped into a pair of hinged, cloth-covered, body-length bat wings. "Now we're off!" she cries, and she runs across a wooded hillside and falls clumsily to the ground, while we gasp and weep with laughter, or something like it. But there is one thing more. "Gizmo!" almost breaks our hearts because everything about it seems so far in the past—a thousand years gone. Watching the picture, we are often in the presence of young people (long dead now, a lot of them) in old-fashioned short haircuts and ill-fitting cheap clothes, but with a strange, beatific light of conviction in their eyes. That look and their shy but never uncertain speech for the cameras (sometimes delivered in thick European accents) tell us that they are sure they have altered the world and now stand at the threshold of fame and fortune. Who believes that anymore? Are there still people down in the cellar wiring together a rocket-powered triphibian or practicing a hundred hours to turn themselves into human xylophones? I don't think so. Like the rest of us, they are sitting in front of the tube, and their time—which once seemed so abundant, our greatest national resource—is being devoured by strangers and intruders. Their dreams are no longer of Tom Edison and Igor Sikorsky but of "Fantasy Island." This movie informs us of our loss. Adios, Harry.

—ROGER ANGELL

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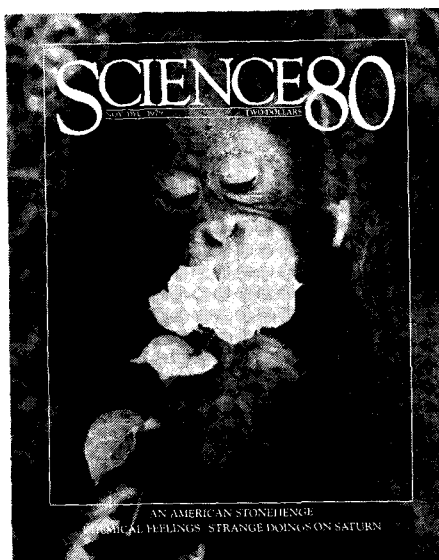
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LETTER FROM OPEC

AT the outset of the fifty-fifth meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, which convened last December 17th at the Tamanaco Hotel here, the ministers representing the thirteen member states lined up for an official group photograph. Suddenly, Ali Akbar Moinefar, the Oil Minister of Iran, broke ranks. For a moment, he seated himself cross-legged, in a servile position, at the feet of Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Oil Minister of Saudi Arabia. By means of smiles, laughs, and Harpo-like gestures of his hands, he mocked the Saudi Oil Minister as, in the words of another Iranian, "the Shah of OPEC."

That clowning prefigured, in rich detail, the four days of hectic negotiations that followed. Essentially, the OPEC sessions featured a struggle for primacy between the royal house of Saud, which governs, and gives its name to, Saudi Arabia, and Iran's Revolutionary Council, under Ayatollah Khomeini. The Saudis drew to their side four other Persian Gulf states that were at odds with the Islamic revolution preached by the Ayatollah—Iraq, Kuwait, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates. By proposing measures to stabilize international oil markets, the Saudis also won the favor of the nation with the biggest stake in making a success of the conference—the host country, Venezuela. The Iranians, for their part, denounced price stability as a form of finking for American imperialism. From the beginning, they enjoyed the backing of the Socialist People's Arab State of Libya, ruled by Colonel Muammar Qaddafi. Libya pulled along with it two countries that are similarly placed in the oil market—Algeria and Nigeria. In the end, though the Saudis flinched and offered to compromise, and though the Venezuelans swung over to a balancing position, no agreement was reached.

The struggle continues, with each of the leading countries in an exposed situation—the Saudi regime threatened by the Islamic revolution; Iran vulnerable to the play of the oil market as well as the pressures generated by the holding of the American hostages. The floor price of oil, which was raised by a third just prior to the meeting here, will probably go up again in February, before perhaps yielding to an oil glut that some, led by Sheikh Yamani, predict. Still, nobody here acted as though failure to reach accord amounted to a

setback for OPEC. The last day of the conference, December 20th, was also the fiftieth birthday of the chief Nigerian delegate, A. K. Hart. In the final session, the Venezuelan hosts served up a splendid cake, and the ministers all joined in singing "Happy Birthday."

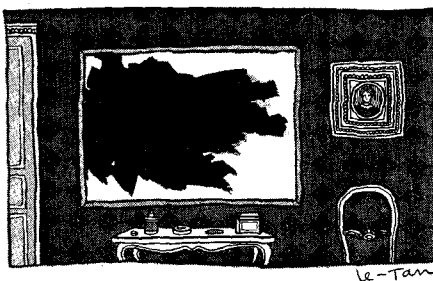
THE final chorus and the opening pantomime were not the only features of the Caracas conference which smacked of theatre. Leading parts in the drama were played by veteran performers—Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, and Iran. Though circumstances differed, as did names and faces, each country acted out a familiar, even stock, role.

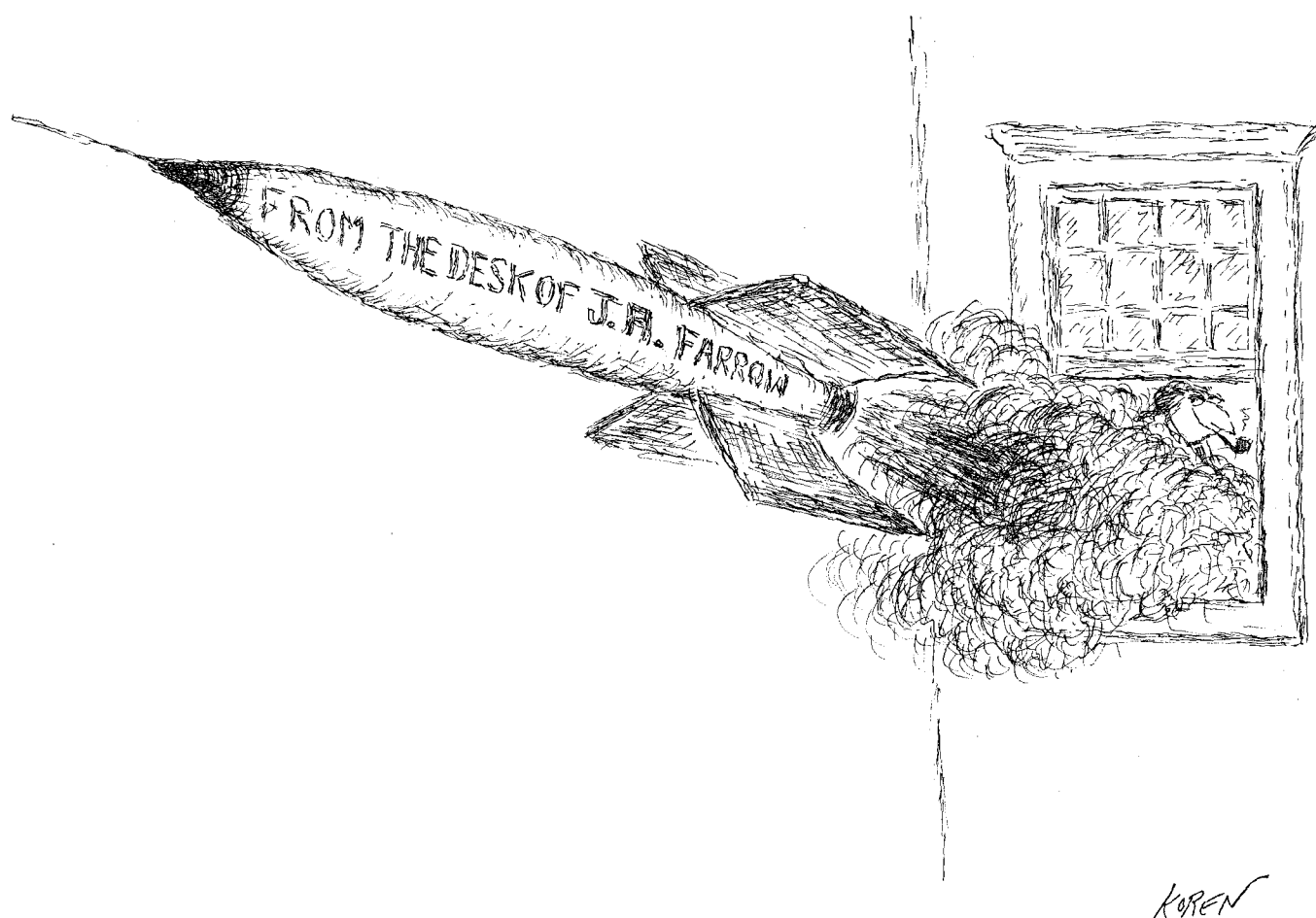
Venezuela, a major petroleum producer since the mid-twenties, is the senior partner in OPEC. That nation early developed and has long manifested the peculiar ills to which oil countries are heir. Petroleum and its products constitute by far the largest source of Venezuela's wealth—ninety per cent of its foreign exchange, seventy-five per cent of its government revenue, thirty per cent of its gross national product. These oil riches distribute themselves in ways that make for a dual economy, marked by gross disparities. Venezuela's per-capita income—more than twenty-five hundred dollars—is the highest in Latin America. But the bottom twenty per cent of the Venezuelan population receives only three per cent of the wealth, as against four per cent for the bottom twenty per cent in the continent as a whole. In the countryside, largely untouched by the oil economy, annual wages average only a quarter of the figure for Caracas. Agriculture, sinking deeper and deeper into indigence, produces at a declining rate, and the nation now imports most of its food—including sugar, which it used to export. The impoverished peasants make do by breeding children (the population growth rate in Venezuela is over three per cent) and sending to the cities a stream of migrants. In Caracas, the newcomers inhabit tarpaper shacks—called, ironically, *ranchitos*—cheek by jowl with mod-

ern highways and apartment houses. The rich in the city enjoy luxuries in the style to which those who have gold dumped upon them so easily become accustomed. Caracas is said to lead the world in per-capita consumption of champagne and Scotch whiskey. Much of the shopping is done in the United States, and the first-class seats on Miami flights are reserved well in advance. The principal public work in town is an air-conditioned subway. Traffic on the Caracas freeways—consisting mainly of large, eight-cylinder American cars—recalls rush hour in Los Angeles. "Caracas," a friend once observed, "is like Tokyo without Japan—all racket and no charm."

Corrupt autocracy is the usual polity of oil-exporting countries. General Juan Vicente Gómez filled the bill for Venezuela for decades before the Second World War. After a brief democratic interlude during the late forties, Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez reasserted the familiar pattern. But in 1958 he was ousted by a revolt that brought to power a remarkable leader, President Rómulo Betancourt. In 1959, Betancourt installed as his Minister of Mines a petroleum lawyer named Juan Pablo Pérez Alfonzo. Pérez Alfonzo had long believed that the major oil companies were both depleting Venezuela's mineral resources and, by forcing production up in the Persian Gulf countries, beating back pressure for higher prices and a bigger local share in the take. While living in the United States as a political exile during the nineteen-fifties, he had studied the operations of the Texas Railroad Commission, the agency that sets production levels (or "allowables") in the state, with an eye to conserving oil and keeping prices up. He conceived the idea of an international Texas Railroad Commission, whereby the oil-producing countries would agree to keep production low and force prices up. Upon becoming Minister of Mines, Pérez Alfonzo immediately began negotiations with the Persian Gulf countries to establish such a mechanism. His efforts bore fruit rapidly. In 1960, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, and Kuwait joined Venezuela as charter members of OPEC.

Thereafter, Venezuela peaked and declined as an oil producer. Its output fell from over three and a half million barrels daily in the nineteen-sixties to something more than two million barrels daily in the last decade. The country never had the weight to force other OPEC members to restrict production. But President Betancourt, by paying off the military and the right-wing economic interests, literally used oil





KOREN

money to buy democracy. His own socialist party, Acción Democrática, came to alternate in power with a Christian Democratic party, Comité de Organización Política Electoral Independiente (COPEI). When Betancourt and his successors were challenged by Castro, they moved to spread at least some oil money through Central America and the Caribbean. When other Third World countries, acting through the Nonaligned Nations Movement and the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, began pushing OPEC, Venezuela was their friend in the house. As a working democracy with prestige in the Third World, Venezuela became the conscience of the oil rich, the moral authority of OPEC.

OVER the years, Saudi Arabia assumed the actual leadership of OPEC. During the seventies, it became the major producer by far, with an average output of more than a quarter of the OPEC total—most recently, about nine and a half million barrels daily out of thirty-one million. Because the population of Saudi Arabia is small (an estimated maximum of seven and a half million) and its development needs are slight, the Saudis are the swing producers, able to raise or lower output at will. For them, high output tends to mean inflation and an influx of immi-

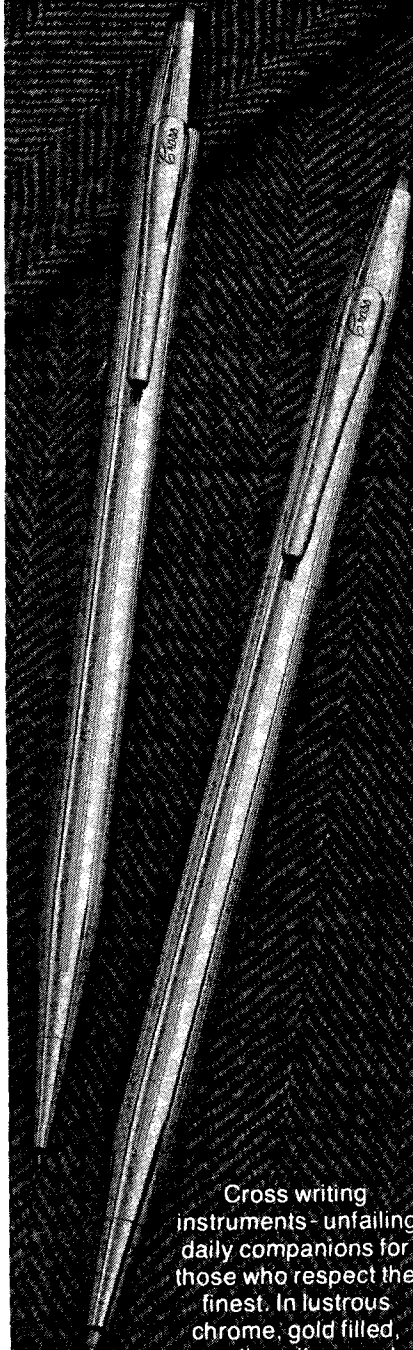
grants with modern ideas, both potentially subversive of dynastic rule. But for years the Saudi royals were prepared to risk these dangers in return for American protection and help in education and economic development. Throughout the nineteen-sixties, the Saudis allowed the oil companies to expand production and hold prices steady at around two dollars a barrel, thus foiling Pérez Alfonzo's dream of production cutbacks and higher prices. Insofar as anybody tended to follow his lead, it was a new figure on the scene: Colonel Qaddafi came to power in Libya in 1969 and began playing off small companies against big ones in a series of moves that pushed prices up to around two dollars and fifty cents a barrel in 1972. Then, in 1973, the Saudis fell out with the United States over American aid to Israel in the Yom Kippur War against Egypt and Syria. King Faisal himself led other Arab members of OPEC into an oil embargo. The embargo opened the way for a major price rise.

Iran up to that point had seemed a weak partner in OPEC. To be sure, the country had the organization's second-highest output—roughly five and a half million barrels daily, or eighteen per cent of the total. However, its population (thirty-three million) ranked behind only Nigeria's (sixty million)

and Indonesia's (a hundred and thirty million). Its leader, Shah Muhammad Reza Pahlavi, entertained grandiose notions of making his empire a great power with a modern industrial plant and ultra-sophisticated military equipment. For precisely those reasons, Iran had to maximize income and strive for full production and high prices—a tricky combination. But when the Saudis instituted the embargo, the hour came round for Iran, and the Shah did not miss his chance. He personally led the way to a series of OPEC decisions that drove the base price from \$2.50 a barrel at the beginning of 1973 to \$11.25 a barrel at the end of 1974—a more than fourfold increase. In the process, OPEC took the basic responsibility for fixing minimum prices out of the hands of the oil companies. Big oil served, thereafter, simply as the enforcer of decisions by the ministers.

After the initial shocks of 1973-74, power inside OPEC floated for several years. Recession and diminishing demand in the United States and other countries yielded an excess of supply. The Saudis could have controlled prices simply by raising and lowering production. But they were subject to political blackmail from radical states—notably Iraq and Libya—that pressed for price increases, the better to show up the Saudi regime as soft on the

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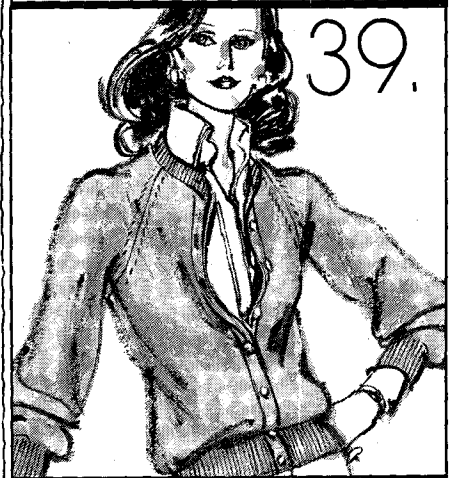
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United States and its protégé Israel. Indeed, on one occasion, in 1975, pro-Palestinian terrorists, in apparent complicity with the Libyans, kidnapped eleven OPEC ministers, moving them by plane from Vienna to Algiers to Tripoli, then back to Algiers before the last ones were released. Such pressures made the Saudis think twice about courting inflation and immigration through unrestricted production. They sought to camouflage their role in keeping prices low by moving within an OPEC consensus. Thus, at session after session, OPEC prices were determined by a compromise arranged between Sheikh Yamani and the Shah's favorite Oil Minister, Jamshid Amouzegar. Even those deals, however, could affect only a part of the market. Recession among the developing countries tended to lower requirements for heavy oil in industry. The consumption of light oil, used for gasoline, stayed high. Thus, the premium placed on light oil from countries close to the major markets favored the big African producers—Algeria, Libya, and Nigeria. So from 1974 forward there developed a two-tier market. OPEC set a reference price based on the figure that was quoted for Saudi light oil—the so-called marker crude. The Algerians, the Libyans, and the Nigerians added a differential based on the superior quality of their oil and the advantages of lower shipping charges. Though there were many ups and downs, the Saudis basically held the price of their marker crude between \$11.25 and \$12.70 a barrel in the years running from 1974 through 1977. The very best African oil, Saharan crude from Algeria, tended to run at a maximum of about three and a half dollars more. In December, 1978, the price for Saudi marker crude was fixed at \$12.70 a barrel, and the price for Saharan-blend crude from Algeria was \$14.10 a barrel.

The downfall of the Shah, in January, 1979, shattered that structure. Political instability in Iran led directly to an absolute drop in Iranian oil production—down from an average of 5.4 million barrels a day in 1978 to an average of 3.4 million barrels a day in 1979. The output also fluctuated wildly. In January and February of last year, Iranian production plummeted to less than a million barrels a day, and even after it rose again above three million there were sudden, and often inexplicable, falloffs. Iranian developments, accordingly, not only put a dent in OPEC's over-all productive capacity but also introduced the panicky thought

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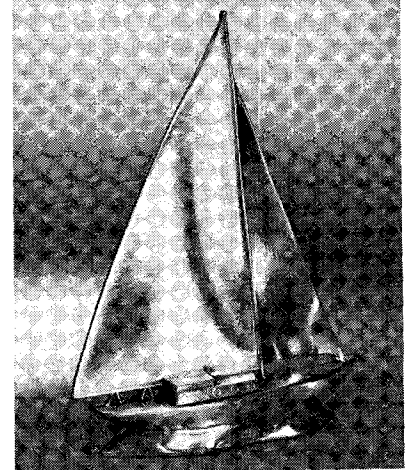
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Emirs and sheikhs all around the Persian Gulf, moreover, saw in the ouster of the Shah handwriting on the wall. Weak armed forces and large immigrant populations combined to make Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates, and Qatar vulnerable to the Islamic fundamentalism that had wrought the undoing of the Shah. His departure shook their sense of security, and the failure of the United States to do anything about it increased their nervousness—the more so when agents of Ayatollah Khomeini actively stirred up religious opposition to the monarchical regimes of the lower Gulf. Throughout these countries, therefore, pressure was on the regimes to stop keeping prices down and production up as a favor to the Americans. Saudi Arabia cut back production in the second quarter of 1979 from 9.5 million barrels a day to 8.5 million. Though the Saudis returned to the 9.5-million-barrel figure for the third and fourth quarters of the year, even that was below capacity. Qatar, Kuwait, and the Emirates also held production below top levels, and talked of further decreases. The Iranian example in effect put a lid on the productive capacity of the countries most able to expand production.

WITH output restricted and the prospect of a further drop at almost any time, the consuming countries came under heavy pressure to assure supplies. At the beginning of last summer, the rich industrialized countries initiated a drive to build up petroleum stocks. The United States did most of its purchasing through American-based international oil companies that hold long-term contracts for large amounts of oil from the producing countries. But Germany and Japan, and to some extent France and Italy, lacked such contracts. All four had to scrounge for supplies, and do it openly. They bought extensively on the spot market, which, unlike the contract market, is normally reserved for small purchases on a day-to-day basis; and in return for bulk purchases they began offering special concessions and side deals.

The tight market was reflected in the decisions made at the fifty-fourth OPEC meeting, held in Geneva last June. The Saudis raised the price of their marker crude to eighteen dollars. The Algerians, the Libyans, and the Nigerians accepted a ceiling of \$23.50 a barrel for their best crude. But, because the pickings were so lush for the

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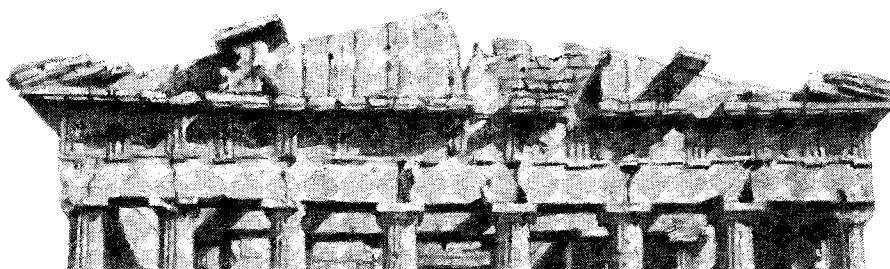
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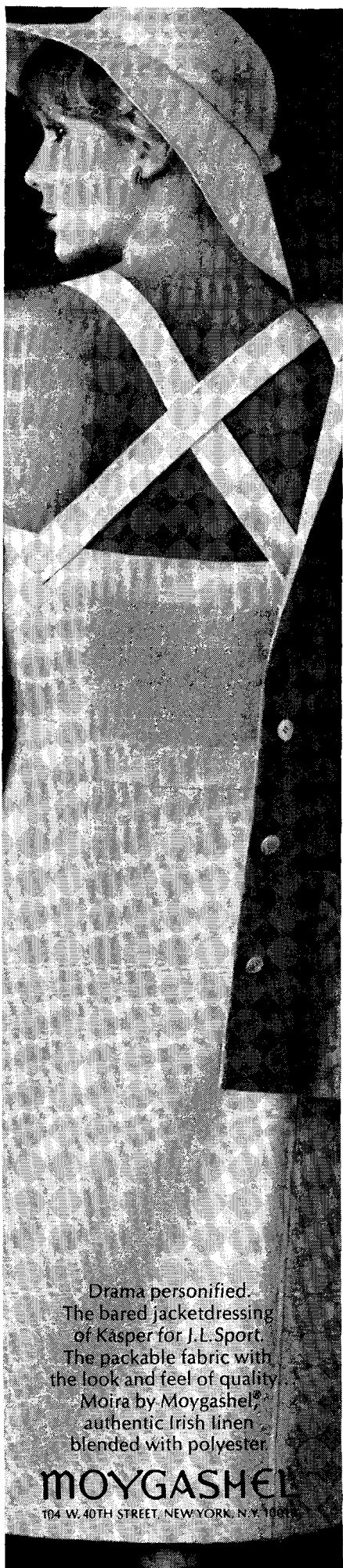
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premium producers, even that five-and-a-half-dollar differential did not hold. By November, Iran, Algeria, Libya, and Nigeria were all asking and getting more than twenty-six dollars a barrel for their high-quality oil. About twenty per cent of all sales, as against less than three per cent in January, were bulk sales being made outside the contract market. On the spot market, prices were running at more than forty dollars a barrel, or nearly twice the average price of oil sold under OPEC contract. Virtually every producing country had agreed to some kind of side deal whereby even contract oil was sold in return for special concessions. According to a memorandum prepared by Herbert Goodman, president of the trading division of Gulf, the concessions took many forms. Algeria and Libya insisted that purchasers invest in new exploration activities. Iran and Kuwait sought a payment bonus on the signing of a new contract. Iraq insisted on payment in advance. The Emirates and Kuwait made the use of their own tanker fleets for transport a condition of purchase. Nigeria, which in July nationalized British Petroleum's facilities, on the explicit political ground that London was making oil available to South Africa, required buyers to use local refining facilities. A scandal that broke in Italy suggested that Saudi Arabia was tying big purchases to kickbacks favoring members of its royal family.

The industrialized countries were not alone in being scandalized by the price spiral. The developing states used the occasion of the Havana conference of Nonaligned Nations, last September, to demand more favorable prices and, in addition, a say in OPEC policies. At least one OPEC Oil Minister—Ali Khalifa al Sabah, of Kuwait—complained that prices were running “out of our control.” Something like chaos seemed to dominate the markets when Humberto Calderón-Berti, Venezuela's present Minister of Mines, began to prepare the Caracas meeting.

Calderón is a smiling, round-faced petroleum engineer, born thirty-eight years ago and educated in his own country and at the University of Tulsa. For most of his adult life, he has had dinned into him the Venezuelan credo that oil is the good angel of progress. A Christian Democrat in politics, he believes that OPEC should be the front-runner for all the underdeveloped countries. “It's a matter of social justice,” he told me in an interview just after the Caracas conference ended. He shares in full the original Vene-

zuelan notion of OPEC as a vehicle for bringing order to petroleum markets.

“The present system of pricing is no good,” he went on. “It's a bazaar. We just auction off oil to the highest bidder. If we want to develop as countries, we have to have stable, long-term policies. It doesn't do us any good to keep raising the price of oil if that only raises the prices of the goods we buy. When we have an increase in the price of oil, a Venezuelan worker may get a hike in wages of twenty-five per cent, but the rent for his apartment goes up four hundred per cent. The message is that we don't need constant price rises. We need to order the market as a whole.”

FIVE weeks before the Caracas conference began, Calderón left Venezuela to canvass OPEC opinion. He first visited the African members of OPEC. In Algeria, he met enthusiasm for new OPEC initiatives on behalf of the underdeveloped countries. There and in Libya and Nigeria, he found assent to the idea that the ceiling price set at the previous OPEC meeting, in Geneva, should be accepted as the new floor. That meant, as Calderón understood it, a floor of \$23.50 a barrel for Saudi light, with allowances on top for quality and transport, but nothing more.

At OPEC headquarters, in Vienna, Calderón asked the professional staff to apply to OPEC prices the rise in the price of manufactured goods since 1976. That calculation, too, yielded a floor price for Saudi marker crude of around \$23.50. With that number reaffirmed, Calderón took off for the Persian Gulf.

In Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, the Emirates, and Qatar, Calderón also sensed general support for a price of \$23.50. Then, on November 29th, he went to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Before he arrived, he thought that the Saudis, in deference to American sensitivities, would insist on holding prices at around twenty dollars a barrel—a rise of only two dollars. But the Saudi regime had been shocked by the shoot-out at the Grand Mosque in Mecca, which was still in the process of being cleaned up when Calderón reached the kingdom. His impression was that the government felt the need to show its nationalism and piety by distancing itself from the United States in a visible way. Moreover, leaders from all around the Persian Gulf had come to Riyadh to find out what was going on, and they, too, were urging a price rise to show their independence from the Americans. When Calderón suggested a floor

price of \$23.50 to Sheikh Yamani, the Saudi Oil Minister said he would take it up with the Deputy Prime Minister, Crown Prince Fahd, and his chief policymaking body in such matters, the Supreme Petroleum Council. On December 6th, Yamani telephoned the decision to Calderón, who was then back in Venezuela. "I have good news," Yamani said. The Supreme Petroleum Council had accepted as a base price for Saudi marker crude a figure that exceeded Calderón's hopes—twenty-four dollars a barrel. Yamani said he would talk to other Persian Gulf producers. He suggested a joint announcement of the new price before the conference opened, as a way of lining up all members. The Venezuelans agreed.

On December 13th, Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, the Emirates, and Qatar simultaneously announced their support for a base price of twenty-four dollars for Saudi marker crude. Iraq and Kuwait, though they held back for tactical reasons, were in accord. Yamani indicated that the Saudis would keep production at 9.5 million barrels daily to sustain that price. The Saudi Minister of Planning, Hisham Nazer, said that capacity might be expanded to eleven or twelve million barrels daily if that should be necessary to hold down prices. "We've clipped the wings of the price hawks," Calderón said, according to the *Daily Journal*, the English-language newspaper of Caracas. But any hope that the big price increase would discourage other OPEC members from going much higher was quickly shattered. Iran announced that it would increase the charge on its light crude to \$28.50 a barrel. Libya announced that it was raising its price to thirty dollars a barrel. It was in these circumstances, with an OPEC split more visible than ever, that the fifty-fifth conference opened at the Tamanaco.

HEAVERY security imparted a forbidding aspect to the conference. To guard against a repetition of the 1975 kidnapping incident, several hundred soldiers, policemen, and firemen were stationed in and around the Tamanaco. Helicopters clattered overhead, and armored cars were posted at the approaches to the hotel. Inside, and on the rooftop, guards with automatic rifles patrolled. On one occasion, there was, accidentally, a burst of fire. The corridors were cleared when the ministers moved from their hotel suites to the conference room—the Salón Nanguata, in the basement of the hotel. Except for the brief picture-taking ses-

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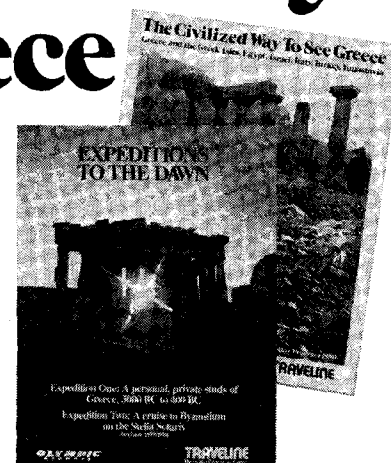
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sion, the salon was off limits, and special permission was required to visit any suite. "If this had been a meeting among Venezuelans," Calderón said apologetically at one point, "we wouldn't have had a single policeman."

Still, a public dialogue developed. About five hundred journalists were on hand, some three hundred from the United States, Japan, and Europe. Television crews stationed their cameras where the lobby turned into the corridor leading to the salon, and ministers appeared there for formal press conferences. From time to time, they strolled around the pool, collecting journalists like flies. Moinfar, the Iranian Oil Minister, a chunky, smiling man with an impish sense of humor, availed himself of these opportunities often and with obvious zest. At one point, he began a press conference with the salutation "In the name of God Almighty." He turned back a question from an NBC journalist by charging that "NBC is under the dictatorship of Carter, this man who calls himself President." When a Japanese newspaperman pressed him, Moinfar asked, "Are you a colony of the United States or are you an independent country?" Moinfar was trained as a seismologist, and he affected to know nothing of oil matters, but his jests kept pointing the finger of blame at the United States and Saudi Arabia. When he was obliged to acknowledge that Iran sold oil on the spot market, he cited President Carter's decision to suspend American purchases of oil from Iran. "We have to do this, because the United States embargoed Iranian oil," he said. "We have nothing against the people of the United States. But we are upset with policies of the United States government—especially giving asylum to an international criminal... against the will of the U.S. people." When he was asked to name a fair price for oil, he first said, "Zero to infinity." Pressed to be more specific, he mentioned the cost of replacement fuels and said, "Below sixty dollars." Then, asked about the twenty-four-dollar price, he said, "You'll have to ask Yamani."

Indirect support came to the Iranians from several sources. Ezzedin al Mabruk, the Libyan Oil Minister, used a press conference to discount the price rise that the Saudis had announced before the conference opened. "Those people who increased the price were behind," he said. "They were willing to give it [oil] for nothing."

Belkacem Nabi, Algeria's Oil Minister, chided the Saudis for jumping the gun: "It is not something we appreciate when decisions are taken outside the



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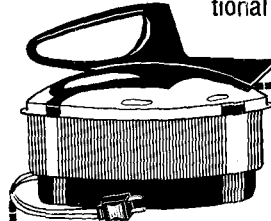


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framework of OPEC." Perhaps the most unusual offstage voice was that of a curious hanger-on at the conference—a seventy-one-year-old international oil trader from New York named Harry Neustein, who moved around the hotel dressed in sandals, baggy trousers, and a combat fatigue jacket with camouflage markings. "The issue here isn't oil," he told me at one point. "It isn't even politics. It's religion. The Saudis are under pressure from the Islamic purists in their own country. If they keep up their nine and a half million barrels of daily production, the same thing will happen in Saudi Arabia that happened in Iran. They should cut back to five million barrels daily and prolong the life of their oil. Otherwise, they'll be back to riding camels again."

Sheikh Yamani said on his arrival, "We have already set our upper limit, and the others will have to come down to it." During the meeting, he avoided both news conferences and walks around the pool. But a new ally, the Iraqi Oil Minister, Tayeh Abdul Karim, delivered a piece of the Saudi message. Karim, a serious-looking, bespectacled man with a touch of red in his dark hair, made it plain that, because of political friction with Ayatollah Khomeini, Iraq was abandoning the role of radical gadfly and rallying to the Saudis in the hope of isolating Iran. He said that Iraq had raised production to 3.7 million barrels daily—far higher than had been generally supposed—and would keep it there in 1980 unless an oil glut developed. As for prices, he said, "Iraq is trying to work out a uniform and stable pricing system."

Otherwise, Yamani seemed to speak through the mouth of a colleague from the United Arab Emirates, Mani Saeed al Oteiba, who appeared so often that he became known to the television crews as Manny. He repeatedly indicated differences on pricing, but in the most delicate ways. "The meal is not well cooked yet," he said toward the end of the meeting.

The private proceedings, as I reconstructed them through conversations with ministers after the conference, corresponded with the public dialogue. Venezuela's President Luis Herrera welcomed the ministers on Monday. In a keynote speech, he asserted that "the most important and urgent task is the necessity to put order in the international oil market." Calderón then took the chair, and some bickering about agenda followed. Moinfar proposed adding to the program a discussion of oil prices and

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world political conditions. Oteiba pointed out that all issues under that rubric would come up in the existing agenda. Moinfar proposed a discussion about production schedules. Yamani asserted flatly that Saudi Arabia would "not take part" in any decisions on volume. Moinfar also raised a question as to whether the ministers should meet privately, as they had done in the past, or with full delegations at all times. Yamani said, "My dear brother, I've been attending OPEC meetings for nineteen years, and the custom of having small brotherly meetings seems to be effective. Why should we change the history of nineteen years?" Moinfar rejoined, "My dear Mr. Minister, why only nineteen years? We are changing my country's history of two thousand five hundred years now."

The meeting proceeded, without solving that question, to the first order of business—a joint proposal by Venezuela and Algeria to reinforce the efforts being made by OPEC on behalf of non-oil countries in the Third World. The ministers agreed unanimously to replenish an OPEC fund for development by adding up to \$1.6 billion in capital immediately. They also agreed to consider, at a later meeting, a proposal to change the fund into a development bank with twenty billion dollars of capital. Finally, in part to tell their story to the underdeveloped world, the ministers agreed to set up an OPEC news agency.

On the morning of the second day, the price issue was introduced in a plenary session in the Salón Naiguata. Each country laid out its position, and there quickly developed a confrontation between Yamani, defending the twenty-four-dollar figure, and Moinfar, arguing first for thirty-five and next for thirty-four dollars as the OPEC floor price. Yamani declared that such a huge increase would wreck the world economy. "I am not an economist," he said, "but I once learned in school that you cannot raise prices of an important commodity as you wish, because the impact would affect us."

"My dear brother," Moinfar shot back, implicitly attacking the Saudi connection with the Americans, "why do you keep worrying about the others? Don't you realize we have been robbed for years and we haven't stopped this robbing?"

At five in the afternoon, after a long lunch, the first session restricted to ministers only got under way. Yamani, overlooking the procedural objections raised by Moinfar at the first session,

simply invited all the ministers to his suite for coffee. That coffee break lasted until 8 P.M., at which point the ministers adjourned for dinner at La Casona, the official residence of President Herrera. Before they broke for dinner, it had become clear that a uniform price could be attained only if Saudi Arabia and the other "doves" came off the twenty-four-dollar floor.

On the third day, December 19th, the ministers met at 9 A.M. in Yamani's suite. They stayed through lunch and through dinner, and did not break



up until two o'clock the next morning. Under discussion was a compromise proposal put forward by Venezuela. The basic Venezuelan idea was to go to a

floor price of twenty-six dollars, with limits on differentials ranging from two dollars to \$3.50, and with a top price of \$29.50. Iraq, Kuwait, Qatar, and the Emirates were all ready to move up to the twenty-six-dollar floor. Yamani resisted. As a face-saver for the Saudi Minister, Calderón called President Herrera and asked him to telephone the Saudi monarch, King Khalid, and urge a price increase upon him. Herrera never made the call. Yamani did talk to Riyadh, and did agree to advance the floor price to twenty-six dollars. But he set as a condition that there be explicit definitions of freight and quality differentials. The Nigerians and the Algerians talked of flexibility, but the Libyans never moved toward explicit numbers for premium and freight differentials. In the end, the Nigerians and the Algerians stuck with the Libyans. At 2 A.M., Calderón announced that they had "no agreement."

The next morning, after ten, the ministers met in plenary session, to approve a final communiqué. That document was issued just after noon. The communiqué announced that the next regular meeting of OPEC would take place on June 9th, in Algiers. It said that there would be a twentieth-anniversary meeting in Baghdad in September. It summarized decisions made regarding the OPEC special fund and the OPEC news agency. It said that with respect to "market trends and oil prices" the fifty-fifth meeting "did not take any decision."

Immediately afterward, Yamani went public in a press conference. He looked back ruefully: "At this meeting, to have gone to a single price we would have had to arrive at an exact value for differentials, and this was the major difficulty." He expressed hope that another effort to unify prices would be

made "before June." He predicted that after March "there will be a glut in the market," which would cause "other countries" to "come down" to the Saudi price. He asserted that Saudi Arabia would maintain production at 9.5 million barrels a day. When he was asked whether that might not be undone by cutbacks in other countries, he said, "No one can offset our production." With respect to Saudi prices, however, he was notably cautious. He said that Saudi Arabia would maintain the twenty-four-dollar floor "as long as possible" and "at least through January."

The Iranian Oil Minister swore, "in the name of God Almighty," that "there won't be an oil glut early next year." He denied that Saudi Arabian production would flood markets. He said, "It is very easy for some other countries to stop oil."

Calderón, speaking for what had become the middle group, leaned to the view that a glut would develop in the second quarter. He hoped that another effort to unify prices would be undertaken, and even spoke of a place (Geneva) and a date (February 18th). However, as to the immediate future, he said, "Every country will be free to set its own prices."

Nobody needed to be told that. Libya and Algeria are charging more than thirty dollars for their best crude. Nigeria and Iran are at the thirty-dollar level. Increases have also been posted by Iraq (from \$21.96 to \$25.96), Kuwait (from \$21.43 to \$25.50), the Emirates (from \$21.56 to \$27.56), Qatar (from \$21.42 to \$28.62), and Indonesia (from \$23.50 to \$27.50). Venezuela, the great partisan of order in the markets, has gone up from twenty-four dollars to twenty-six. Whether Saudi Arabia can continue to hold the fort alone at twenty-four seems doubtful. The best guess is that the Saudis will increase the price sometime in early February.

About the future of OPEC as a whole, the ministers tended to be bullish. Yamani, in his final press conference, called it "a strong and solid organization." There was general acknowledgment that the organization had shown an inability to fix price ceilings. But a high Venezuelan official said, "OPEC was created to build a floor. We can still build a floor. We are not good at building roofs. But the OPEC countries live in warm climates. We don't need a roof. The industrialized countries live in cold climates. They're the ones that are going to have to build the roof."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

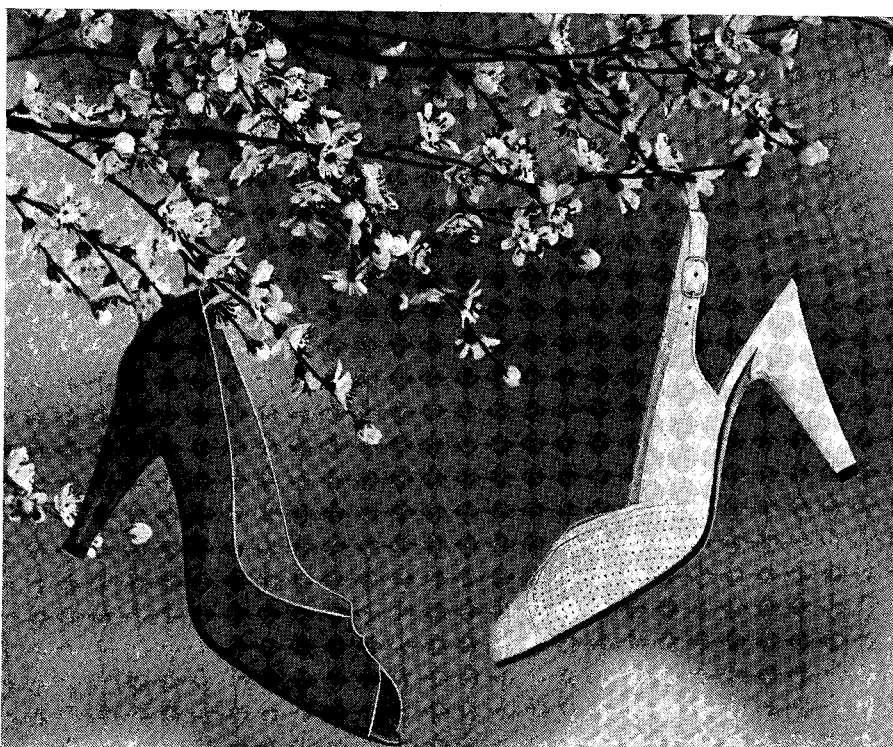
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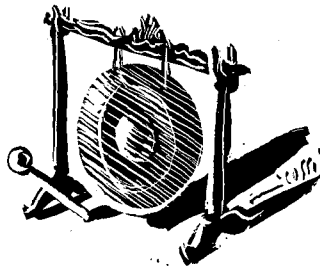
DANCING

Shuffling Cards of Identity

THE talk turns to current entertainment, and you say "Have you seen Bette Midler's show?" or "Have you seen 'The Black Stallion'?" It's wonderful," and people smile understandingly and start edging away. Praise Dance Theatre of Harlem and you get the same reaction. There are some things people would rather not enjoy. They don't exactly disbelieve your good news, but unfashionable good news is a burden. Bette Midler may be wonderful, but she isn't "in"—wonderful, the way she was a few years ago, and she seems to have slipped

out of the place prepared for her by the popular-culture experts. The same thing has happened on another level to Dance Theatre of Harlem. As in Midler's case, there was an initial experimental, somewhat precious phase, and then a period of expansion and consolidation, toward which people may feel less protective. Or maybe they feel they've taken one reading and would rather not have to go back for another. D.T.H. was once pigeonholed as the black company that did classical ballet. It still is, of course, although it doesn't do ballet exclusively and never did. But since its cachet has worn off, there doesn't seem to be a special reason to go and see the company. True, it hasn't found many good original ballets to do, but it has that failing in common with just about every other repertory company, and in works good, bad, and in-between it can boast a standard of performance that is among the highest in American ballet. Yet "ballet people" aren't among the core supporters of D.T.H. in anything like the numbers they should be. The current engagement at the City Center is being gratifyingly well attended, but the audience seems to be largely new to ballet. *Really* new. It yelps at the cygnets' pas de quatre in "Swan Lake;" it ogles every leap the way matinée audiences used to years ago. Perhaps the biggest element missing from this audience is the nouveau ballet public. For that public, ballet doesn't meet a deep need, it's just something to appropriate and feel easy with. I think the reason that D.T.H. hasn't been appropriated is the feeling that it really doesn't belong to anybody. Even responsive and aware people I know seem to consider D.T.H.

faintly boring; maybe it's because they don't sense the company's appeal going past them out to some special-interest group like ballet fans or black people, and consequently they don't get the thrill of enjoying something that's really meant for others. And this is the way we enjoy things these days; we participate in other people's pleasures.



There's no kick in going to see a G-rated horse movie, no matter how good it is. Whereas there's plenty in going to see a lurid true-confession movie like "All That Jazz" and roasting it afterward. "All That Jazz" is a

Bob Fosse true confession; the time has come when a superchoreographer can be the hero of a major motion picture. We peer in on Fosse's specialized world; we revel in all that arcana. The next step is to make a movie about a homosexual superchoreographer. The separate particles are already out there in other shows and movies; you can feel them gravitating toward each other. (Make the guy Jewish and you've got the next Mel Brooks classic.)

So much popular entertainment since the sixties has derived its popularity from being aimed in a certain way at minority audiences (Midler once camped for a gay audience) that a broad base is almost automatically suspect. Ballet is narrow, but for some years now it has eluded categorization as a minority art. As it gains in general acceptance, though, internal categories appear—like "classical" versus "modern" or "neoclassical" or "Romantic" or "traditional." It's as if the great new public had to keep narrowing and specializing its taste in what it was once pleased to accept as just plain ballet. Subdivision is one way of holding on to the exclusivity of an art form, but amateurish distinctions can interest no one for long. In ballet there is a presumption—a fallacy, I believe—that the historical provenance of a work influences or ought to influence the way we experience it. Is this a neoclassical dagger that I see before me? All ballets, whether from the nineteenth or the twentieth century, are danced in the present tense and in the present mood, and *all* dance styles, no matter what their proponents may call them, are some variation on contemporary. This fact alone may be enough to explain

why the style of dancing called ballet has caught on; more and more people perceive that it is of and for now. Yet, at the same time, it must contend with the inflamed snobbery that calls for categories, labels, pigeonholes, ways of breaking down and particularizing the experience in advance, ways of confusing the uninitiated. The joke in all this is that the experience of ballet is both more and less complicated than its nouveau connoisseurs wish to make it. Dance Theatre of Harlem quite naturally occupies a category of its own; else there would be no reason for it to exist. It descends and departs from the tradition of American ballet in the same way that American ballet forty-five years ago descended and departed from Russo-European ballet. Demonstrably, a Harlem company fills a need for cultural inflection. There is such a thing as black classicism, and it is a phenomenon, not an invention. Paradoxically, the stresses that black dancers lay on classical style end by bleaching it, but it comes out pure rather than white. One arrives at another standard of transparency. If you really watch the company for its dancing, it is not difficult to arrive at this other standard. It may be more difficult to retain your confidence in the process by which you have done so. That is what I meant by the complicated experience of ballet. That black classicists are classicists with a difference is visibly evident, but because the style both isolates and neutralizes their color it's as if they'd shuffled their cards of identity. Either they're not exotic enough for some people or they're too exotic—the difference amounts to inadmissible deviation. Well, classical norms are set by classical dancers, not their critics. The D.T.H. norm is there to be seen. The trouble is, not enough people are going to see it.

The company this season took a calculated risk in putting on Act II of "Swan Lake" and opening it in New York instead of breaking it in on tour. Frederic Franklin staged it; with a few changes in choreography and some adjustments to modern practice (Benno, the Prince's friend, dances a variation but does not assist in the pas de deux), this version stems from the old Ballet Russe "Swan Lake" that Franklin used to dance with Alexandra Danilova. In these first performances, D.T.H. looked much as it did at its inception, a decade ago—as if it were making a conscientious bid for respectability. The principals, Lydia Abarca and Ronald Perry, seemed overawed and overcoached; one could

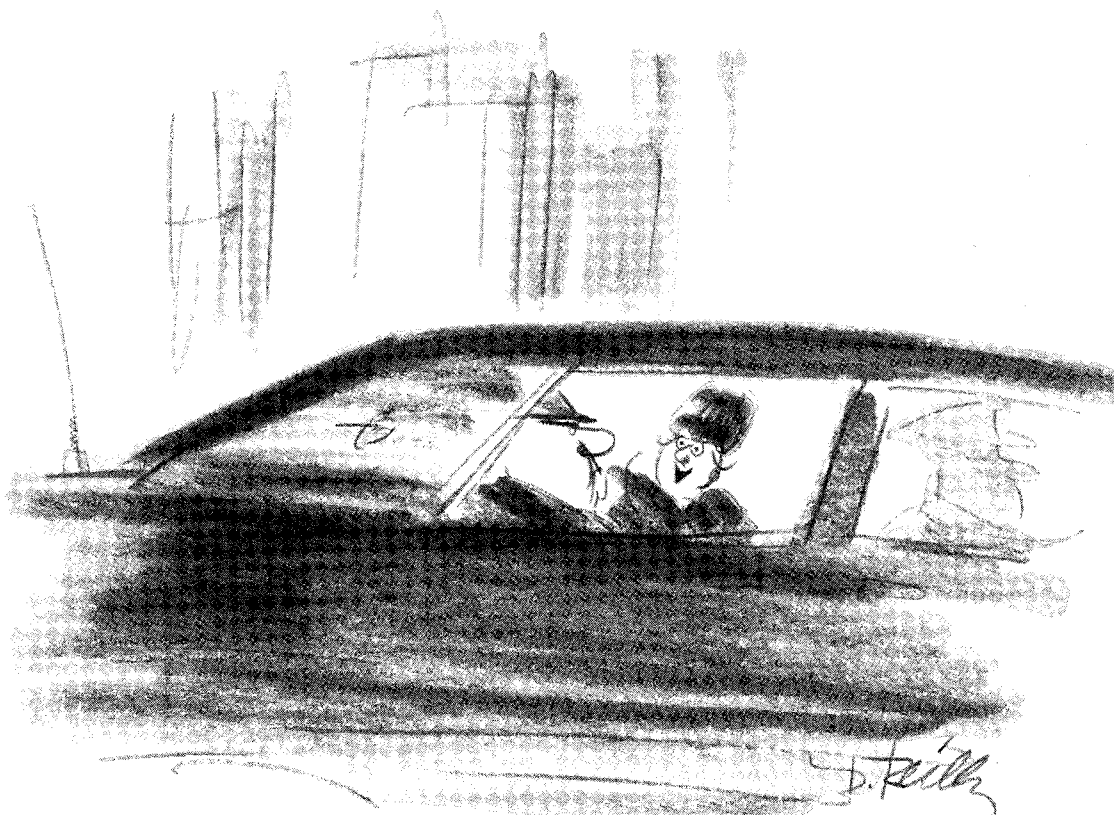
hardly blame them for the unfelt performances they gave. Abarca's soft musculature and infolding line could make her a resourcefully unorthodox Odette, but she was directed into rigidly orthodox positions. In a later performance, Virginia Johnson and Eddie Shellman were conventionally fluent but sound asleep. I wish the company had revived Balanchine's 1951 City Center version. It contained enough of the old choreography to please traditionalists, and it was staged with a musical and theatrical vitality that might still make sense to young dancers. For now, the D.T.H. production justifies itself in the performing of the corps—"Swan Lake" seldom sees ensembles of such refined vigor. Two enormously tall lieutenant swans, Denise Nix and Lorraine Graves, left a vivid impression in waltz choreography that had been raised a few notches in difficulty. The stage picture is satisfying to look at, with its windswept sky and stark branches by Steven Rubin and its sunset lighting by Kevin Tyler. This is a sepia-and-pastel "Swan Lake": the swans are dressed by Carl Michell in varying shades of pale blue, with Odette in the palest blue. Only the hunters' Aussie hats and the Sorcerer's masquerade-ball outfit are disruptive. While it isn't the best possible "Swan Lake," it is one worth keeping and getting right, which will mean getting it to happen inside the dancers. The technical challenge is most clear-cut in the adagio, with its extended cantilena; but there is also a symbolic victory that the company wants to attain. White American dancers have managed to make themselves credible in this "Russian" classic; black dancers should have no trouble once the exam jitters are past.

Danilova was on hand this season to stage "Paquita," a set of Spanish-style dances from the ballet by Petipa to music of Leon Minkus and Ernest Deldevez. The dancers, more at ease with the idiom, responded happily. The ballet's high point is an adagio in which fourteen girls provide a constantly changing frame for the lead couple; it looks like "La Bayadère" superimposed on "Don Quixote." But those girls

also perform without support some of the same figures the ballerina is given to perform with her cavalier—a unique and unforgettable drama. Elena Carter was both robust and delicate as the ballerina; Joseph Wyatt lent stylish assistance in the pas de deux and led a dashing pas de trois. The solo variations, all for women, are elegantly particularized as to accent and shape, but for these dancers they are easy conquests. And for a supposedly unfamiliar ballet they have a familiar look—not only shades of the Shades and of "Don Quixote" appear but also the Lilac Fairy and Aurora. "Paquita" is grand-style Petipa in a gala mood, but this revival finds him a trifle less imaginative than possibly he once was. For a third premiere, there was Glen Tetley's "Greening," a ballet done originally for the Stuttgart company in 1975, and typical of the Tetley style, which exercises dancers hectically in short-winded and, so far as I can see, utterly incoherent movement combinations. Whenever the chunky phrase-units become too graspingly tight, Tetley rushes in a lot of lifts, which have the effect of prolonging the impetus of a movement. It's just a deception, of course, like opening a bricked-up window on an airless room, but Tetley's ballets hardly ever fail to go over with an audience, and "Greening," which seemed to follow a twisty narrative

about the death and renewal of love or friendship or camaraderie in company class, must be counted a hit. If nothing else, it gave the habitually reserved Virginia Johnson some glamorous passages to dance with her hair loose.

The first two weeks of the engagement also brought fervent and scrupulous performances of Balanchine's "Serenade" and "The Four Temperaments," and some glowing "Coraire"s with Carter and Perry. The interesting thing about this pas de deux, which D.T.H. has always understood, is that both roles are feminine. But the woman is a civilized lady and the man is half savage. From the audience's point of view, there is no question which is sexier. Perry took Nijinsky's Golden Slave as his model; crouching with his eyes rolling in lust, undulating his torso, he was no less innocent than when flaring into a grande pirouette or a sit-spin leap. The company's outstanding classical stylist, Perry is also its most versatile performer; he appears in everything, sometimes so self-effacingly that he is unrecognizable. Like the rest of the company, he is ripe for the appreciation and encouragement of an intelligent ballet audience. But that audience also has its needs. I'm afraid that as long as D.T.H. is unable to provide either the star choreographers or star



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dancers who could establish a clearer sense of its identity, it isn't going to have, in this country at least, the response it deserves. Abroad, it regularly electrifies the sophisticates. The dancers in the company are its richest resource; nightly they carry the cause of black classicism, and they do it virtually unaided. It may be a comment on our own sophistication that their fine dancing is not enough—that it can be brushed off as something to be expected, like sanitation in a restaurant.

ARTHUR MITCHELL and Karel Shook, the directors of D.T.H., seem to have used as a guide to policy-making W. B. Yeats' phrase "the fascination of what's difficult." The perfect ballet for them right now, setting the seal on their already admirably chosen Balanchine repertory, might be "Apollo," which has as its theme the human aptitude for art and its growth from awkward instinct to mature expression. The fascination not only of what's difficult but of what's beautiful—and often the two are the same—motivates Apollo's destiny; the choreography does not lack for unpretty but rapturously beautiful images of arduousness and strain. Peter Martins has returned to the role in the New York City Ballet production, which since last year has been a truncated one. In his second performance of the season, Martins restored the solo that begins the second, major scene of the ballet—and so only the prologue, in which Apollo is born, is missing. Martins has the disadvantage of looking like the Apollo Belvedere—not the Apollo Balanchine has in mind—and he has to restrain his characteristic noble style in order to appear credibly immature. It was impressive to see him moving with a looser, less guarded grandeur, and even some primal rough energy, in the solos. Yet in his dances with Terpsichore and the other Muses Martins still makes a paternalistic Apollo. The opposite impression—of raw youth—was created by Jean-Pierre Frohlich. Perfect as Puck or Pan, Frohlich is simply too lightweight to sustain and develop an image of power, and no one else in the cast—neither Patricia McBride as Terpsichore nor Stephanie Saland and Elyse Borne as Calliope and Polyhymnia—was much good. Martins' Terpsichore was Heather Watts, substituting for Suzanne Farrell and using those misguided Farrellish mannerisms that have occasionally spoiled her dancing in the past. Kyra Nichols and then Merrill Ashley made strong débuts as Poly-

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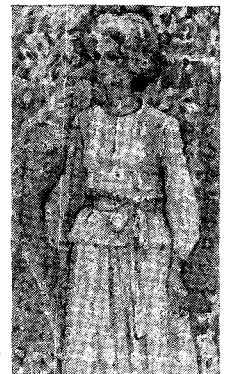
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hymnia. Karin von Aroldingen completed the "tall" cast, dancing without spontaneity or flow. The conducting, by Hugo Fiorato, for the Frohlich cast was unwontedly slow. Robert Irving for the Martins performances set a quicker pace, but the music sounded glazed, and all the good moments in the dancing couldn't keep the ballet from seeming bloodless. Despite Baryshnikov's rousing performances last year, there is a pall over "Apollo"—a consequence, perhaps, of the reverence the dancers feel for the choreography and the solemnity with which they approach every step. When the Muses reach up from the floor to link arms with Apollo, they respond to the rising chords in the music as if they were receiving Holy Communion. What should be a set of simple gestures directly and untendentiously timed to the music becomes a ceremony of exaggerated, scooped-out ports de bras. When Balanchine means to make an exalted image, as in the fantail of arabesques that opens in what is now the ballet's final moment, he makes one. This is choreography that needs no elaboration by its dancers.

Martins' development as a choreographer has been remarkable in the past year. The company has his "Sonate di Scarlatti," ten dances of vivacity and force, mostly allegro, set to a suite of piano pieces and using themes of courtship and rivalry. Martins creates affectionate, unsentimental dances for women; Lourdes Lopez and Lisa Hess are standouts in the Scarlatti ballet, and for a Public Library benefit concert at Alice Tully Hall he made a fine show out of Stravinsky's "Eight Easy Pieces" for Susan Gluck, Roma Sosenko, and Stacy Caddell. Martins' work is clean, polished, and witty; his construction is sound; his references (to Balanchine in "Eight Easy Pieces") are distinct from his influences (Balanchine, Robbins, and Bournonville in the Scarlatti). I fear the men's dances in the Scarlatti are too hard for the dancers Martins has chosen to do them, and although they perform well, Bart Cook and Miss Watts don't seem to have the hang of the choreography in the ballet's one slow number. It might be salutary to see Martins himself in the principal male role, with Farrell.

—ARLENE CROCE

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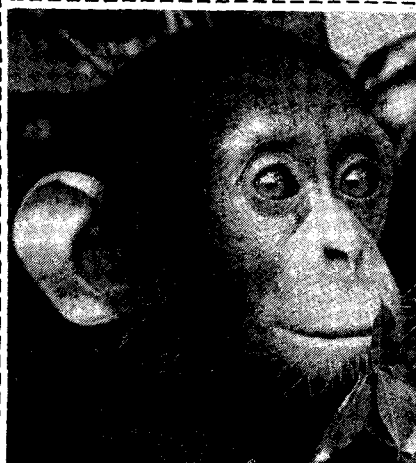
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DURING much of last year, when New Yorkers mentioned that 1980's being an election year would make a big difference to the city, not all of them had in mind just the happy prospect that the Democratic state with the second-largest number of electoral votes could count on unusual displays of federal generosity in a year when a Democratic President was trying to get renominated and reelected. Without mentioning this circumstance in his State of the State Message earlier this month, Governor Hugh Carey announced that he did not "seek to build a Utopia on the Hudson by reaching into some cornucopia on the Potomac." Thereupon, reaching, he requested changes in federal policies that would bring this city and state a billion or so dollars additional in annual largesse, and added that Washington's response would "have an effect on the reaction and attitude of New Yorkers to the federal government and its leaders in this year of national debate." A *Daily News* editorial, congratulating the Governor on an earlier demonstration of what it called "hardball politics" and "doing a number on Jimmy Carter," had noted that "there are times when a man has to rise above principle." The quadrennial event that some New Yorkers were thinking about last year, however, was not the campaign for the White House but the June, 1980, vote for the presidency of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, whose effect on the city was expected to be less benign.

The name of this largest of the nation's public-employee unions is not one that trips easily off most tongues; even its initials are a mouthful. Despite its lack of a name that would be saluted on Madison Avenue flagpoles, the A.F.S.C.M.E. has grown from a hundred thousand members in 1955 to over a million today. It was the A.F.S.C.M.E. that decided, a few years ago, to strike back at political candidates whose campaigns portrayed the interests of public-employee unions as inimical to those of good government and featured television commercials showing the candidates vowing to cut such unions and their alleged excesses down to size. One of the more conspicuous examples of political victory based in large part on such vows was

that of Edward Koch, who in his 1977 race for Mayor of New York promised that if he was elected the unions would be the ones to do the knuckling under for a change. Early in 1978, the A.F.S.C.M.E. began distributing a television commercial of its own, in which a voice sings, "After the parades, after the promises, someone's got to work to keep the states and cities running," and slowly spells out the union's initials while its members are seen sweeping streets, helping patients in hospital emergency rooms, and otherwise demonstrating, at least to the A.F.S.C.M.E.'s satisfaction, that it is the blustering politicians who need to be cut down to size.

The current president of the union is Jerry Wurf, who was first elected in 1964, having previously been the executive director of District Council 37, the union's New York City subsidiary, which now has a hundred thousand members of its own and is the city's largest municipal union. Wurf has been unanimously reelected to the A.F.S.C.M.E.'s top national office at four-year intervals ever since. Last spring, however, Victor Gotbaum, whom Wurf had arranged to have succeed him at District Council 37 in 1965, began putting out the word that he would almost certainly run for the A.F.S.C.M.E. presidency this year. The two men are both native New Yorkers, and are close in age (Wurf was born in 1919, Gotbaum in 1921); they are also both short-tempered and sharp-tongued, and have been on poor terms for years. Wurf's continuation in office, Gotbaum said early last summer, would be "a tragedy for this union"—a judgment that Wurf naturally took amiss. His response was that Gotbaum had been "coöpted" by leaders of New York's financial and managerial establishment to the point where he was "obligated to forces that oppose the interests" of District Council 37. Wurf charged that during the city's financial crisis that began in 1975 Gotbaum had developed "a personal intimacy" with real-estate men, like Richard Ravitch, who is now head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority; with Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker, who is chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, which sells the bonds that keep the city in operating funds; and with William Ellinghaus, the president of the American Telephone & Tele-

graph Company, who was MAC's first chairman. "Victor wants to prance with the president of the phone company while the members worry whether the union has a decent president," Wurf said. "He's been coöpted by the Southampton syndrome."

Few things are more damaging to the head of a union whose members work in laundries and sewers—as do some of those in District Council 37—than to be accused of hanging around with the swells. Gotbaum struck back as best he could. "The reason I accept invitations from my friends in Southampton," he said—friends who he agreed included Rohatyn—"is because I can't afford a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house like Wurf's in Wellfleet, on Cape Cod." His comment was one more reminder of how far labor leaders have come since the days of the Wobblies and Joe Hill. On Gotbaum's wall are the words to the famous ballad that begins, "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night/ Alive as you and me. . . ." Gotbaum went on to say, "I can't accuse Jerry of visiting anyone, because he has no friends."

What Wurf was publicly jeering at and encouraging the District Council 37 membership to repudiate was Gotbaum's involvement in the near-legendary alliance of city leaders from very different worlds—most, indeed, had never laid eyes on each other before the financial troubles—who worked together beginning in 1975 to fend off a New York bankruptcy and in most cases continued their joint efforts until Congress passed a federal-loan-guarantee program for New York in 1978. Rohatyn once said of this alliance, "The various constituencies of the city have been sitting around the table together—the banks, the private sector, the unions, city and state officials. We may be creating the first commune in the United States on such a large scale." Just the use of the word "commune" in connection with, for example, David Rockefeller, who was for a time an active participant, was an indication of the unprecedented nature of the alliance. There was no question that among the active union leaders on the team Gotbaum deserved the major credit for helping devise solutions for the labor aspect of the money crisis and then persuading not only his own members but also the heads of most of the other municipal unions to go along with such painful measures as a partial wage freeze and the reduction of the city's work force by sixty thousand. "Eleemosynary" was not, of course, the word for the union members' mo-



tivation; "self-preservation" was more like it, since they were convinced that in the event of bankruptcy their contracts and pension rights would be at the mercy of some federal bankruptcy judge, who would be insulated from the threat of retaliation at the polls—the source of so much union power.

As a result of his performance during the crisis, Gotbaum frequently heard himself described as a labor statesman. Last March, however, at a dinner in his honor presided over by Ellinghaus, Gotbaum rejected this lofty designation. The same people who now hailed him as a statesman, he complained, went right on denouncing the workers he represented, who had made the true sacrifices to help the city, as "bums who really don't want to work." Gotbaum cried to the elegantly dressed crowd in the Hilton ballroom, "Attention must be paid!" The message was clearly directed not only at his own membership but at other members of the A.F.S.C.M.E. whose support he would need in his attempt to unseat Wurf. Wurf soon began questioning whether Gotbaum had properly represented his members' financial interests in the period from 1975 on, and said that the investment of union pension funds in MAC bonds—probably the most important of the fiscal maneuvers that had helped pull the city through—had made him feel "betrayed." No one can predict who would join a new commune if the city should get into serious fiscal difficulties again—something that some experts are insisting is a strong possibility—but if this should happen it seems unlikely, in view of Gotbaum's experience, that there will be a rush of other labor leaders to enroll.

AS things have turned out, Gotbaum will not run against Wurf for the A.F.S.C.M.E. presidency this year. Wurf's response to the challenge was not limited to name-calling; he also consulted with the leaders of some of the A.F.S.C.M.E. subsidiaries whom Gotbaum was counting on to support him in his anti-Wurf campaign. Late in October, the president of

one of these organizations, the two-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-member Civil Service Employees Association, made up of state and county workers from all over New York State, endorsed Wurf. Gotbaum suggested to reporters that Wurf might have made a deal to give the union some abatement of its national dues. (That other presidential campaign, the one for the White House, has seen a parade of local political figures who earlier in the year had been expected to line up with Senator Edward Kennedy coming out one after another for President Carter. Donald Manes, the President's downstate chairman, said a few weeks ago, "Class always tells. Incumbency doesn't hurt, either.") The comments of other labor leaders on the upset endorsement ranged from "The ballgame's over" to "This is probably the end of Victor." Having dropped his challenge, Gotbaum is now vigorously at work on several fronts trying to protect what territory he has. Wurf is not known to be a forgiving sort, and Gotbaum describes himself as being "at war" with "a mad dog," who may try to break up District Council 37 in retaliation for the trouble its leader tried to cause him. It is all a big change from the way things were about a year and a half ago, when Fred Ferretti noted in the *Times* that Gotbaum (who may

occasionally recall how he urged his onetime friend John Lindsay not to neglect his City Hall job to run for the Presidency) had the advantage, unlike most of the city's other municipal union officials, of being absolutely secure in his union leadership. "These days, nothing can hurt Victor Gotbaum," Ferretti wrote.

Both before and after Gotbaum's forced retreat, Wurf made a point against him with A.F.S.C.M.E. members that could have a significant effect on the negotiations for new municipal contracts soon to get under way here. In the last negotiations, in 1978, Gotbaum was head of the municipal labor coalition that included not only his own hundred thousand constituents but about the same number of other city employees. Wurf is charging that by agreeing to a four-per-cent annual raise that year Gotbaum made a poor deal for city workers. The explanation that some union leaders gave at the time for the modest settlement was the imminence of the congressional hearings on the federal-loan-guarantee program. It was essential for the city to be able to demonstrate to members of Congress from other parts of the country that the unions here were striving to be reasonable; nor would the serious threat of a strike if they didn't get more money that year have been helpful in winning the guarantees.

Since then, at every opportunity, Mayor Koch has pointed out, correctly, that the 1978 contract gave the local unions far less than workers were winning elsewhere around the country. He has not seemed to understand that when he hails it as "a terrific settlement" for the city the message he is sending union members here is that the Koch administration put one over on their leaders last time. Thus, he makes it almost inevitable that the union negotiators, whose control over their membership is in many cases precarious, will not dare agree to a settlement this year that would give the Mayor a chance to crow over them later. Or, as Edward Ostrowski, the president of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, has said of the new contracts, "I'm asking for the sky"—



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Not mentioning his own new off-balance position, Gotbaum has commented on the implications for this year's contract negotiations of the instability of the leadership of so many of the city's unions and the fact that most of their top officers are relatively new to their posts. His remarks followed Ostrowski's announcement, early in November, that for the 1980 negotiations he and his seven thousand members would join up with the three other uniformed services—policemen, firemen, and correction officers. In 1978, the sanitationmen's union was part of Gotbaum's coalition. That year, the three other uniformed units bargained separately, and although they were given only the same four-per-cent increases, they also won such extras as an increase in the required manning of fire trucks, meaning more overtime, and, in the case of the police, six more days off each year, meaning not only more overtime but many fewer policemen on the streets—a result the Mayor doesn't mention when he boasts about the four-per-cent settlement.

At the testimonial dinner given for Gotbaum last March, he declared bitterly that while the members of his union—whose average annual income is about half that of the average policeman—were acting responsibly toward the city's fiscal problems, off-duty policemen, demonstrating against proposed provisions in their contracts, were roaming the streets blowing their whistles and blocking traffic, and were rewarded with more generous contract terms. Ostrowski, the new member of the uniformed-services coalition, announced, "We'll demand more and we'll get more" than the other unions. "What one union gains, we all gain," said Gotbaum. His union's negotiating committee voted to demand a twenty-per-cent increase for each year of the two-year contract.

THE presence of Ostrowski at the bargaining table was a reminder of how the cast of characters in the local labor movement has changed since the beginning of the city's fiscal problems in 1975. The sanitationmen's union was founded in 1938 by John DeLury, who presided over it with a steely hand for the next forty years. A few years before DeLury's 1978 retirement, sanitation workers went off the job briefly in protest against some affront by City Hall. Their diminutive Irish leader announced that

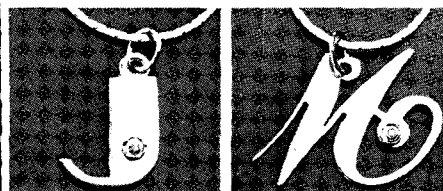


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it was a wildcat strike and that he could not control his men. Hardly anyone in the room, including DeLury, kept a straight face. Ostrowski, who was appointed head of the union by its executive board after DeLury retired, was elected on his own early last month. Running against three opponents, he received a winning margin of only ninety-seven votes—not the kind of mandate to encourage him to take a stand that, while it might be helpful to the city, will irritate his membership. Back in 1975, the head of the Uniformed Firefighters Association was Michael Maye, a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion. Gotbaum was not the only union leader who emerged from the great fiscal-crisis days with a certain tolerance for the swells. Maye was once heard saying in tones of admiration, even indulgence, of Rohatyn, "That Felix is a real clever piece of work. The fox that bit him is probably dead by now." Maye was defeated for reelection in 1977 by Richard Vizzini, and Vizzini and another candidate were narrowly beaten last summer by Nicholas Mancuso.

The head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association in 1975 was Kenneth McFeeley, whose response that year to the news that the fiscal crisis would mean police layoffs was the "Fear City" campaign. A cautionary pamphlet of that title, decorated with a death's-head, warned people to stay away from New York or face almost certain fatal consequences. Although the pamphlet was passed out on only a few street corners before some of the P.B.A. membership persuaded McFeeley that it was a bum idea, press reproductions of the lurid leaflet appeared all over the world, and nervous inquiries about its account of conditions reached the city's Convention and Visitors Bureau for years afterward. Partly because of this misadventure, McFeeley resigned in 1976. The present head of the P.B.A. is Sam DeMilia, whose participation in the contract negotiations will be accompanied by the distractions of a reelection campaign, with the voting scheduled for June. In the last P.B.A. election, DeMilia won only because his two opponents—Philip Caruso and McFeeley, trying to make a comeback—split the opposing vote. This year, the two men are running against DeMilia on a single ticket, with McFeeley as the vice-presidential candidate. At the 1979 P.B.A. convention, held in upstate New York last September, the delegates were greeted by a sign posted near the entrance that

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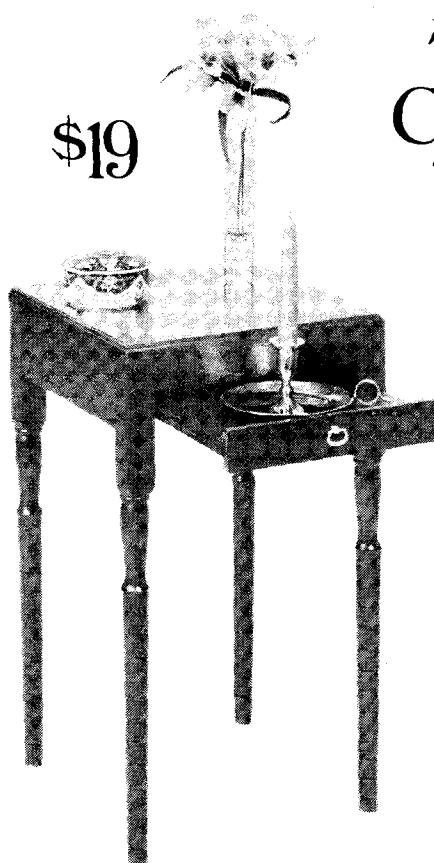
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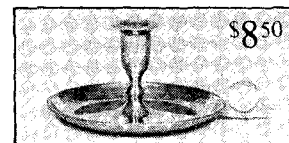
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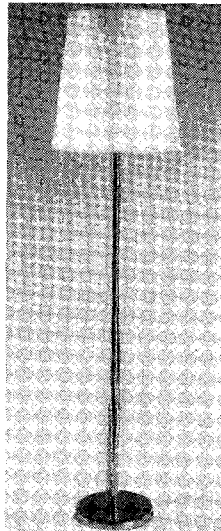
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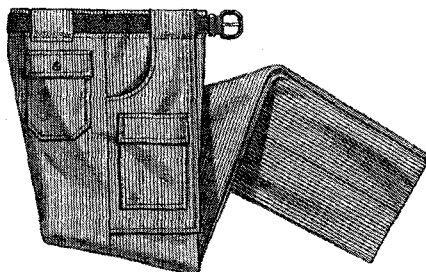
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read "Caruso and McFeeley Welcome You to the New P.B.A." In what may have been another demonstration that incumbency doesn't hurt, the sign disappeared almost at once. DeMilia said it must have been swept away by the wind or the rain.

Most of the city's labor contracts run out on June 30th. However, that of the Transport Workers Union expires on March 31st, and it has traditionally set the pattern for the others. The Transit Authority is part of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, a state agency, but the city puts up more than twice as much money as the state does toward the Transit Authority's annual operating budget, and so it has a big stake in how much the labor settle-

ment will add to its annual costs. The head of Local 100 of the T.W.U., which will negotiate a new contract with the city, is John Lawe, another relative newcomer among the city's top union leaders. Lawe was appointed president by the executive board of the T.W.U. to fill a vacancy in 1977, was elected on his own later that year, and was reelected last month. In his case, fifty-seven per cent of the vote went to three opponents, all younger and more militant, who will be keeping a sharp watch on him for any sign of unseemly labor statesmanship. "If John is elected, there will probably be a strike," one union leader predicted before the last election, "and if he loses there will certainly be a strike." (In this ethnically sensitive city, a youthful labor insurgent once asked a reporter not to describe him as "a young Turk," because, he said, "it might be considered an ethnic slur.") Lawe's predecessors in transit labor negotiations were Mike Quill and Matthew Guinan. A native of County Roscommon, Lawe speaks with a noticeable brogue and is a reminder of the days when New York's municipal union leaders, like its politicians, were mostly Irish. The Transit Authority negotiators may not find the T.W.U. leader's style particularly beguiling, however. He has announced that his union will no longer "subsidize" the city and has said he won't settle for a penny less than a thirty-per-cent increase over two years. Asked what would happen if the city didn't have the money, he replied that that was not his problem.

Although the major union representatives in the 1980 contract talks are

mostly not Irish anymore, they are all white, despite the fact that the labor force is increasingly black and Hispanic. Minority workers make up about forty-five per cent of the District 37 and T.W.U. Local 100 membership, and two of Lawe's opponents were black. In the Police, Fire, and Sanitation Departments, for one reason or another, the percentage of minorities is far lower. Earlier this month, Federal District Judge Robert Carter ordered the Police Department, where minorities

make up eleven and a half per cent of the officers, to hire one black or Hispanic applicant for every white applicant until the minority representation reached thirty per cent, which is believed to match that in the local labor force.

The officials of the other uniformed services can no doubt see similar edicts in their futures. Thus, those union leaders who like things the way they have been and feel angry and threatened by the new developments may approach the bargaining table this year in a mood that is especially resistant to compromise.

Another element that will complicate the coming negotiations is the predicament of the several leaders who were elected by close votes and then found that their recent opponents were heavily represented on their union executive boards. Although Ostrowski won the presidency of the sanitationmen's union, five of the seven members of his board are supporters of his nearest rival. Along with all their other reasons for sensing that they are on shaky ground as they begin the contract talks, such leaders know that any agreement they do reach with the city may be overturned within hours by their union colleagues. "There's an undercurrent we never had before, unhappiness, a feeling of insecurity," said Nicholas Mancuso, of the firefighters' union, not long ago. And, according to District 37's Gotbaum, there is now a feeling of "terrible insecurity" among city employees. In both cases, of course, they were talking not of themselves but of their union members.

NUMEROUS agencies delegated to oversee the city's financial priorities under the federal-loan-guarantee program have pointed out that even a labor settlement within the seven-per-cent federal guidelines will cost the city a billion two hundred million dollars over the next two years



and push above two billion dollars the estimated deficit for the fiscal year 1982—a year when, in return for the loan guarantees, the city had promised that it would achieve a balanced budget and would be able to return independently to the public bond market. Mayor Koch has said that the city does not have the money for the seven-percent raises that would be within the federal guidelines. Unfortunately, his credibility in such matters is not high, since two years ago he announced that the city had no money at all for wage increases (“I don’t care if they bring in Godzilla!” he assured a congressional committee) and later discovered that about three-quarters of a billion dollars was available after all. Last fall, the Mayor was denouncing as “the gloom-and-doom crowd” those who suggested that the city could be in serious fiscal difficulties again by 1982. Now he himself is being accused of painting the darkest possible picture of the city’s condition. Barry Feinstein, president of Teamsters Local 237, has charged that City Hall officials made a conscious decision “to begin seeding the atmosphere with gloom and doom that will be conducive to a cheaper settlement.” Feinstein represents, among other employees, the people who raise and lower the city’s twenty-nine drawbridges. A few years ago, in protest against legislative inaction on their pension agreement, members of Local 237 chose the morning rush hour to demonstrate conclusively to commuters that Manhattan is an island. So far, the most frequent use of the word “strike” has been by the Mayor in warnings that he will not be intimidated by threats of strikes that have not been made. Meanwhile, other New Yorkers have no choice but to brace themselves for stormy days on the labor front, hoping that after all the hardball, the shouting, the promises, and the rising above principle someone will be at work to keep the city running.

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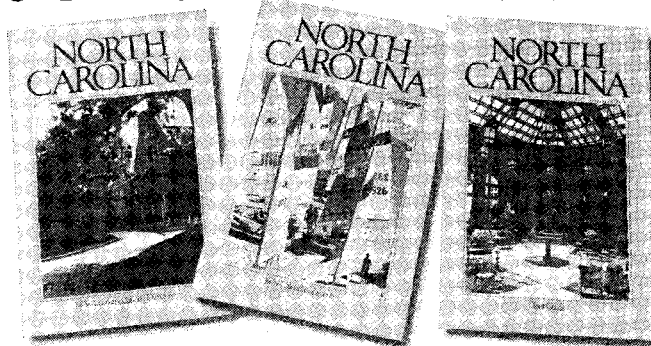


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Opera of a Kind

EACH day, the Metropolitan Opera announces "a date with genius." When it's a date with Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, or Verdi, I'll buy the line. So far this season, I have encountered little genius in the performances. There was *some* in this month's revival of "Fidelio." In the hands, or the voices, of Hildegard Behrens and Jon Vickers, the opera began to mean something. But "Fidelio" as a whole foundered on the prosaic conducting of Erich Leinsdorf. The Met seems to find it hard to attract good conductors for the nights when James Levine, its music director, is not himself in charge. In otherwise comparable houses, Claudio Abbado, Bernard Haitink, Carlos Kleiber, Riccardo Muti, and Georg Solti are among the big names on the bills. Abbado has not been to the Met for eleven seasons (not since he became good), Solti for sixteen. Zubin Mehta has been away for nine seasons; Leonard Bernstein for seven; Lorin Maazel, the American who is to become director of the Vienna State Opera, for seventeen. Haitink, Kleiber, and Muti have never appeared with the company. Nor has Carlo Maria Giulini. Some of those

conductors, I confess, I don't miss. Others—notably Abbado and Haitink—I do. I've never heard Kleiber in the theatre, and want to. When I ask the management about a particular conductor, I'm told sometimes that he was invited but couldn't make it, sometimes that the rehearsal time he considered essential was more than the Met could afford. (But other companies manage to meet conductors' requirements—perhaps by doing fewer operas at a time, so as to do them better.) In sum, the long list of absentees from the rostrum inevitably suggests a house content to parade the world's famous singers across its boards without bothering too much how they're "accompanied." Well, that provides opera of a kind—and it can be a very enjoyable kind. It doesn't happen to be Mr. Levine's kind, any more than it was Mahler's. Levine's own performances, like them or hate them, burn with conviction that opera means more than a glorious sing.

MR. LEINSDORF had given thought to "Fidelio." He had made two unusual textual decisions—one of them potentially interesting, the other hor-

rid. To the familiar music of the "Gold" aria, Rocco sang the unfamiliar words of the 1805 libretto, which are a close translation, by Joseph Sonnleithner, of the verses in J. N. Bouilly's "Léonore," that stirring libretto penned during the Reign of Terror. In 1806, for Beethoven's first revision of his opera, Stephan von Breuning replaced Rocco's pointed remarks about wealth and corruption with sentiments more innocuous, but that year the "Gold" aria was omitted altogether. Beethoven restored it in 1814, to words partly Sonnleithner's but mainly Breuning's. (He also snipped out a few measures, and cancelled the trumpets and drums that underline Rocco's refrain.) In this bowdlerized form, the second verse runs:

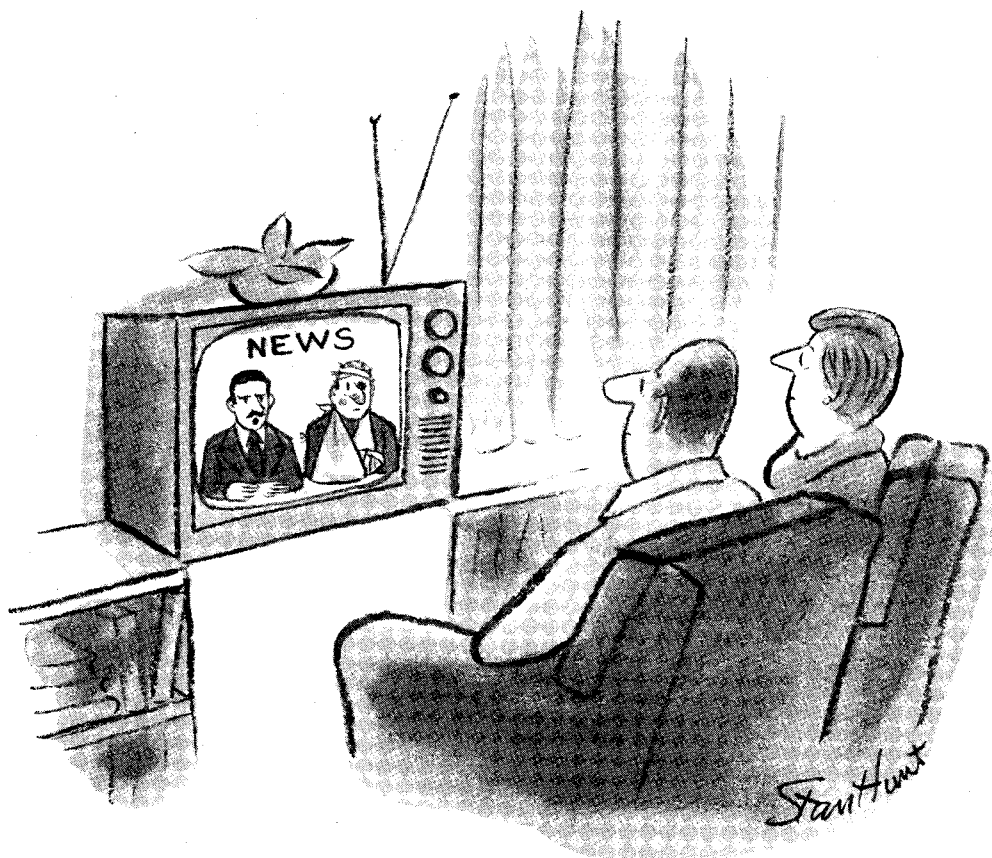
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The sum remains small;
He who finds only love on the
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Rises from the table hungry.
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And bless and guide your efforts;
Your sweetheart in your arms,
and gold in your purse,
So may you live many years.

But in 1805 Rocco said:

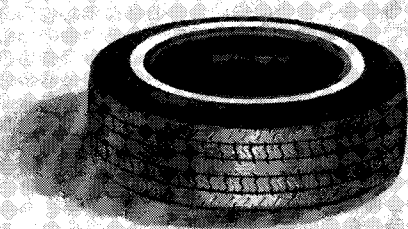
Provided gold smiles in your purse,
Every earthly happiness is yours:
Pride and arrogance and vengeance
Will soon be satisfied.
And that's why Fortune smiles
on the rich;
They do exactly as they please;
Craftily with gold conceal the
dealings
Of which they should be ashamed.

That portrays a different Rocco from the easygoing, mercenary jailer who sings the 1814 verses. It turns the sense of the aria inside out, and throws a new light on the later scene where Pizarro bribes Rocco at least to connive at and assist in, since he draws the line at committing, a murder. Paul Plishka, the Met Rocco, made nothing of it, however, and gave the usual plain, easygoing performance. Rather than an obtrusive, elaborately overinflected interpretation; but it hardly seems worth changing to the 1805 text if the character is to remain unaltered.

Mr. Leinsdorf included the "Leonore" No. 3 overture as scene-change music in the second act—a deplorable but common practice. But if "Leonore" No. 3 is to be played, then let it be played in its own right, to stand as a great and glorious symphonic summary of the drama. In these pages, I have protested at the trick of lapping its first bar with the last bar of the Leonore-Florestan duet; that dimin-



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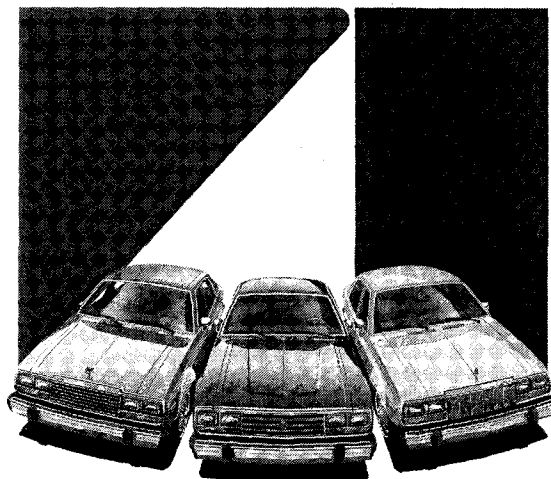
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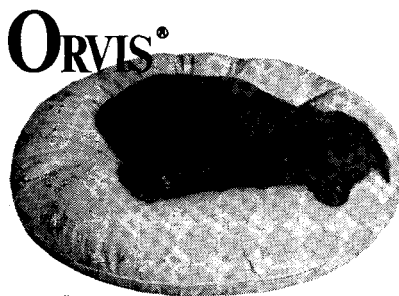


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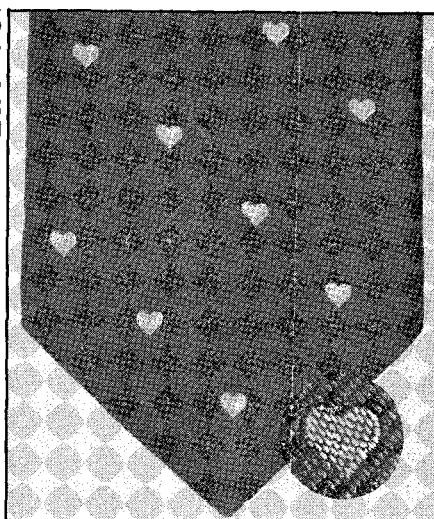
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ishes it, thrusts the role of *Verwandlungsmusik* upon it. (John Mauceri did that at the Met, in 1976; Leonard Bernstein did it in Washington last year, with the Vienna company.) Mr. Leinsdorf started the overture correctly, but—this was his horrid decision—he spliced at the other end. From Beethoven's score he cut the thirty-three excited measures that open the finale—that masterpiece of tonic and dominant harmony, with touches of subdominant, set out with the control of rhythm and texture which makes Beethoven the most stirring of all composers. To the last chord of the overture the chorus added the "Heil!" of measure 34, and went on from there. Richard Strauss is said to have been the first perpetrator of this slick trick.

A few smaller textual points. First: It has become customary, particularly when "Leonore" No. 3 is played, to rewrite the trumpet calls—signals of deliverance which cut across the dungeon quartet—to accord with the form they take in the overture. (Bruno Walter, for example, does so in the 1941 Met performance, enshrined on record by the Metropolitan Opera Guild.) Mr. Leinsdorf left them as Beethoven wrote them. The difference is most easily described as, after the first long note, a "dum-diddle-dum-dum" pattern in the quartet but a "diddle-dum-dum-dum" pattern in the overture. Second: Miss Behrens changed the last word of the first line of her aria from "Stern" to "Strahl"—which doesn't rhyme with "fern," two lines later. A memory slip or a vowel preference? Third, and more important: The spoken dialogue was grievously abridged. In particular, the conversation that prepares and "places" the Act I quartet—filling a double-column page in the Eulenburg score—was reduced to just nineteen words. "Fidelio," like "The Magic Flute" and like "Carmen," is a drama enacted sometimes in spoken dialogue, sometimes in music. The music matters more, but to proceed as if the music were *all* that mattered is another way of reducing a great opera to a sing.

Miss Behrens spoke the words that were left her keenly, tellingly, without exaggeration. Mr. Vickers made a meal of his. Her singing combined vividness, passion, intensity with a perfect control of phrase; the voice shone and rang; the acting was noble. His singing was vivid, passionate, and intense, but he overdid the expressiveness. His first word was a shout; his first paragraph closed "steht [pause] bei [pause] dir." His voice cut through the



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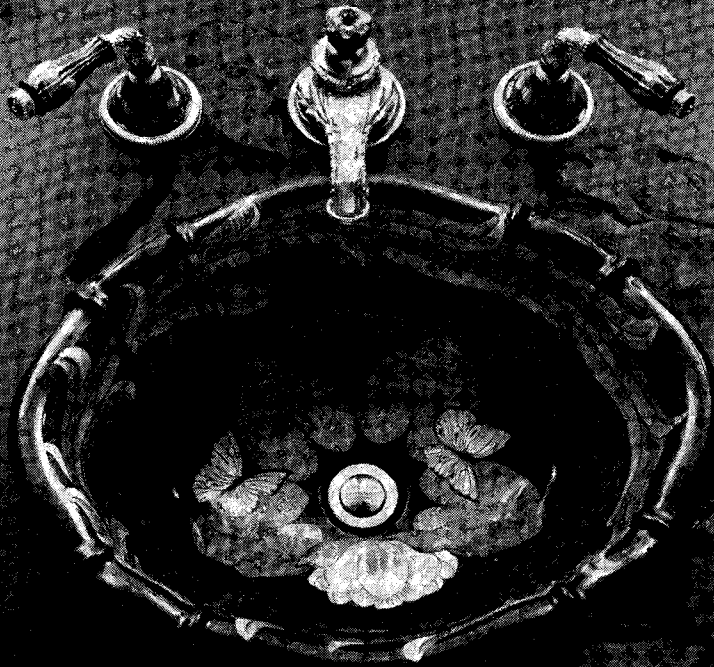
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finale with a powerful, hideous snarl. The force, the conviction he brings to the role are thrilling; the execution was exaggerated to the point of self-indulgence, impressive but terrible. Franz Ferdinand Nentwig made his Met debut, as Pizarro. His voice seemed a shade light for the house; he pushed its resonance, and sometimes pushed notes out of tune. Catherine Malfitano was a delightful Marzelline—no blond German minx but a full-blooded, full-voiced Latin, and one with a voice that sailed out to match Leonore's in the double ascent to B-flat in the quintet of the second finale. Jon Garrison was a good Jaquino. Mr. Plishka sang well. Julien Robbins, deputizing for James Morris, was too slight a Don Fernando. The bass of the Ninth Symphony is needed; Mr. Robbins was an ill-at-ease school prefect.

The stage direction is now credited to David Alden; beneath it are the bones of Otto Schenk's clear, if occasionally stagy, original. Some inept business in the crowd scenes looked childish. There was little evidence of hard thought about the opera or about how these particular singers might work together to inspire one another and inspire the audience. The lighting would shame a provincial circus. But what I minded most was the lack of depth, weight, expression, meaning in Mr. Leinsdorf's conducting.

FOUR days earlier, the Met revived "Lohengrin," and in the title role Siegfried Jerusalem, Bayreuth's Parsifal last year (and Florestano in the London recording of Paer's "Leonora"), made his local debut. He has a beautiful voice, full-toned, lyrical, and pure; just occasionally it was disturbed by a slow vibrato. His words were clearly and truly formed. But he had no stage presence and, it seemed, not much idea what the opera is about. Where René Kollo in the long white coat of the Met production had suggested, at the least, a high-minded young doctor, able to take charge in an emergency, Mr. Jerusalem played a junior nurse, embarrassed and diffident when called on to make a statement. He lacked command, as an actor and as a musician. Teresa Zylis-Gara sang her first Elsa here. The Dream was tenderly vocalized. The Song to the Breezes fell to the ground; the unfortunate cuckoo-clock setting—Met Elsas are confined on a tiny window ledge, just big enough to hold them—seemed to cramp the musical interpretation, to inhibit Miss Zylis-Gara from sending

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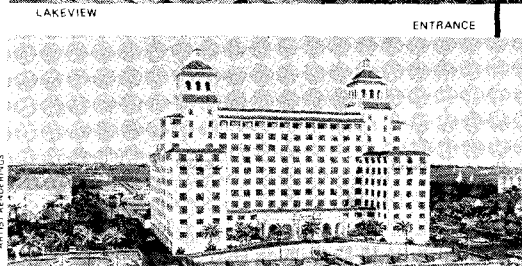
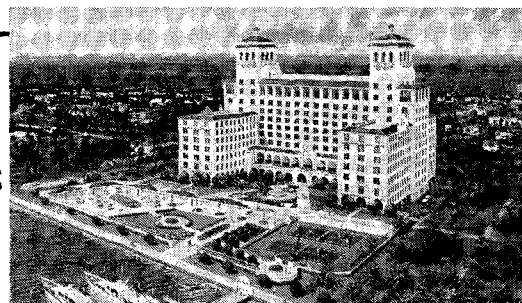
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long phrases soaring out into the night. She gave an attentive performance, but her voice does not have the limpid, uncomplicated sound Elsa needs. Moreover, she was playing in a void: to a cipher of a Lohengrin; to an Ortrud and Telramund, Mignon Dunn and Donald McIntyre, giving their standard performances, unresponsive to the nuances of this particular Elsa; to an Emperor without stature, Bonaldo Giaiotti.

Mr. Levine conducted the premiere of this production, in 1976. For the revival, he ceded the baton to Giuseppe Patanè, whose reading was conventionally "lyrical"—the orchestra sounded good—but rhythmically inert. The music slid forward, often beautifully. Under Mr. Levine, it had moved, no less beautifully, toward a goal. The production is credited to August Everding, the stage direction to Phebe Berkowitz. Miss Berkowitz, it seems, has retained the moves but not the motivation, such as it was, of Mr. Everding's 1976 staging. There are silly things: flag-waving at the first finale; drunken boys hustled out of the women's quarters, as if from a women's college, in the first scene of Act II. Ming Cho Lee's scenery is drab, unhelpful to the drama, confused in Act II, and acoustically unfortunate. The night scenes were lit by spotlights more or less following the principals.

As a whole, this "Lohengrin" meant nothing. One went away thinking what a deal of recitative there is between the numbers. A decent cast had been assembled, and nothing had been made of it. Late that night, puzzled and distressed, I took from the shelf the E.M.I. album "Sänger auf dem grünen Hügel" and listened to a long sequence of "Lohengrin" excerpts, most of them recorded in the first decade of this century. The artists are no longer famous; only two of them, Edyth Walker and Charles Dalmorès, are mentioned in J. B. Steane's "The Grand Tradition," and they are not the two best. But from Katharina Senger-Bettaque's Elsa and from Lilly Hafgren-Waag's I heard clear, steady shining sound and soft, pure, floating high notes. From Fritz Vogelstrom's Lohengrin and from Wilhelm Grüning's I heard phrases tenderly molded and words caressed. Grüning's turn in "Höchstes Vertrau'n," on the word "sanft," is wonderfully gentle and unhurried. Vogelstrom's tone warms into radiance as he sings "Du süsse, reine Braut!"; the way he utters "Monsalvat" conjures up an im-

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age of that place; at his "Graal" a flood of steady radiance pours out. Rudolf Berger's Telramund, Carl Nebe's Emperor, and Hermann Horner's, don't sing mere recitative; they make music of Wagner's declamatory phrases. It was like "hearing in color" what at the Met had been an inadequate, monochrome representation of a beautiful score. The moral to be drawn is not simply the old lament—people today don't sing as well as they used to—but something more specific. There are today a few remarkably eloquent Wagner interpreters. But in general the understanding of how to express Wagner's music is imperfect, and the lessons contained in recordings made by artists who were closer to him and his style remain unlearned. Conducting, orchestral playing, acting, staging, décor, lighting are all very important. We do right to pay attention to them, and when they are good they can do much to compensate for merely competent singing. But what matters most of all—what should be the chief carrier of what Wagner has to say—is detailed, eloquent musical interpretation of the vocal lines.

BEL CANTO OPERA has moved uptown, to the auditorium of the Robert Wagner Junior High School, on East Seventy-sixth Street. It's a good home for the company: a cleanly designed 1955 building; an auditorium, holding about four hundred and fifty, apt for small-scale opera; a cafeteria where free coffee and cookies were served in the intermission. The first production there was of Adolphe Adam's "Le Postillon de Longjumeau" (1836), an ingenious opéra comique with a tuneful, elegant, and prettily wrought score. There was a tenor, Robert Van Valkenburg, with an easy high D for the celebrated postillion song; a resourceful soprano, Patrice Burgstahler; a little orchestra of sixteen (ten strings, five winds, glockenspiel), conducted by John McCauley; simple, clever scenery by Robert McBroom, which with different trimmings could house just about any work the company chooses to do. Acts II and III were thrown into one, with some cutting. The performance, directed by Nelson Sheeley, was not polished but was good enough to show why "Le Postillon" held the world's stages for so long. The City Opera could have a hit with it. Bel Canto's next production is of "Iphigénie en Aulide," in March, but unless some rich Gluck-lover comes forward it will



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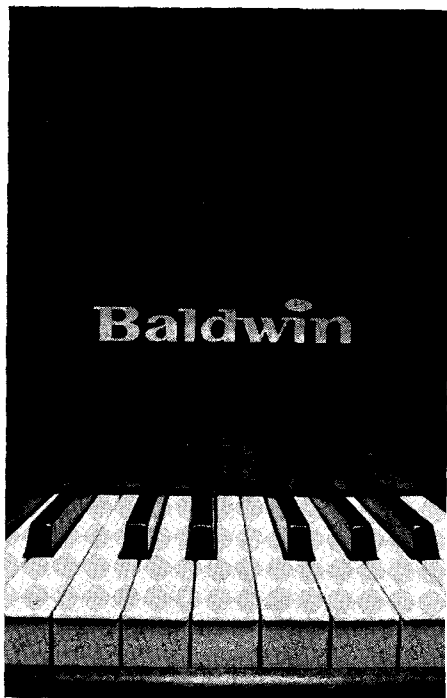
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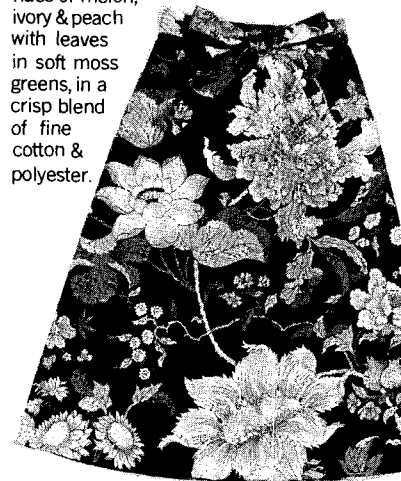
FURTHER EVENTS *Birthday*

MICHAEL TIPPETT's Fourth String Quartet had its first London performance on January 2nd, the composer's seventy-fifth birthday. The quartet was completed in 1978, and was given its première last year at the Bath Festival by the Lindsay Quartet, which subsequently played it at Dartington Hall, Devon, and at the Edinburgh Festival. At the London première, the Quartet gave a powerful, authoritative account of the piece. A week after Tippett's birthday, the English Chamber Orchestra gave a concert in which the composer conducted his Concerto for Double String Orchestra, and Norman del Mar directed the first public performance of "Words for Music Perhaps," Tippett's "framework" for a recitation of poetry by W. B. Yeats, which had been commissioned by the BBC in 1959. These were two highlights of a large range of events planned throughout this year to celebrate the anniversary. The London orchestras are contributing: the Royal Philharmonic, with the Concerto for Orchestra; the London Philharmonic, with the Third Symphony; and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, with the Second Symphony. (Not one of these performances is to be directed by an Englishman: Antal Dorati, Bernard Haitink, and Gennady Rozhdestvensky are the conductors.) The London Sinfonietta is touring an all-Tippett program around England, and in the fall will mount an ambitious and overdue concert revival of the opera "King Priam," under David Atherton. Colin Davis will conduct Tippett's new Concerto for String Trio and Orchestra at the Promenade Concerts in London during the summer. In this country, the Oakland Symphony is giving performances of the Fourth Symphony in February, under Calvin Simmons; and Sarah Caldwell, Tippett's most active proselytizer here, has promised some of his music at the Wolf Trap Festival.

In all this celebration, there is a sense of genuine enthusiasm, not merely of dutiful observance. Tippett, wonderfully productive at seventy-five, is now England's outstanding senior composer. William Walton is older, but he is sadly inactive; he has written little of note since the Second Symphony, of 1960 (some would say since

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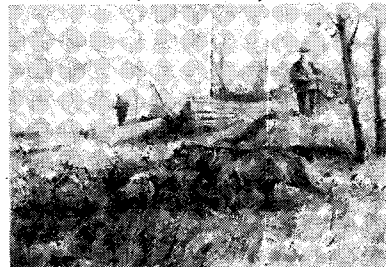
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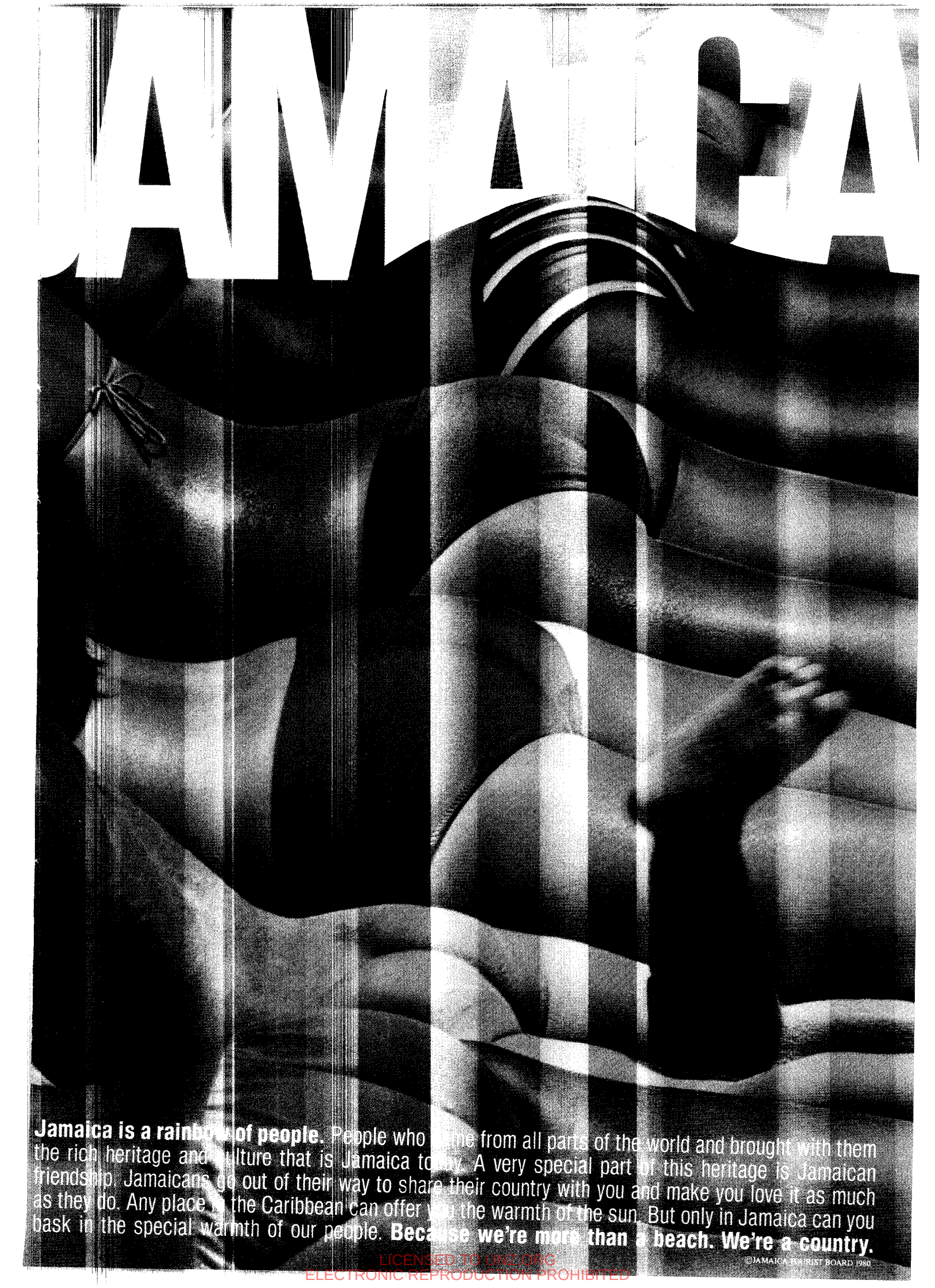
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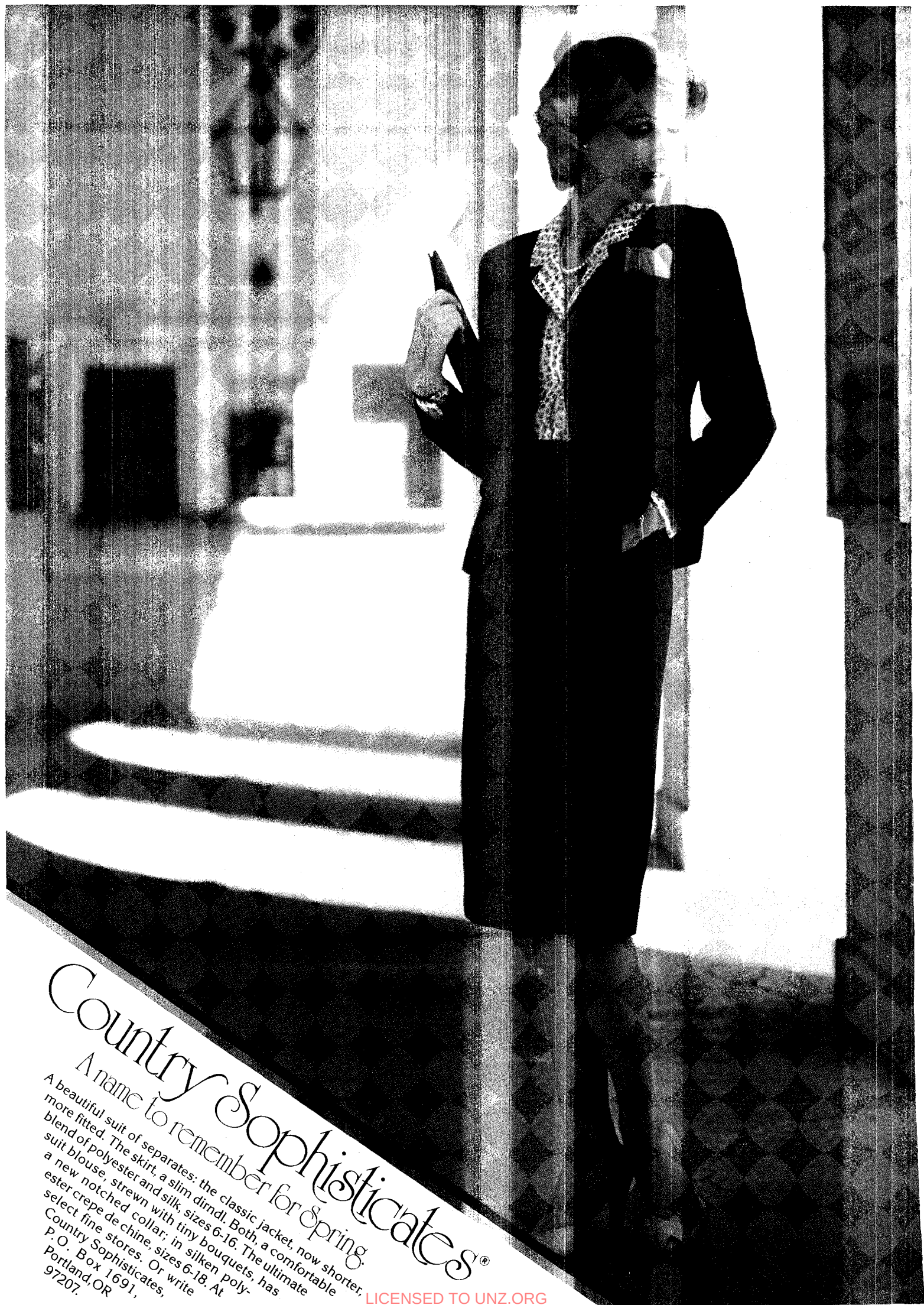
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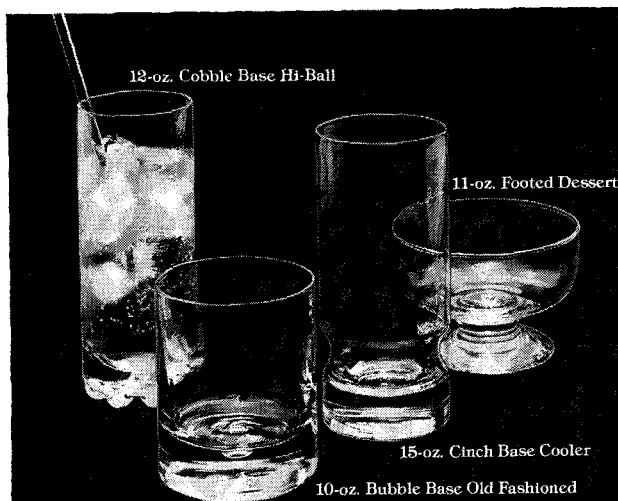
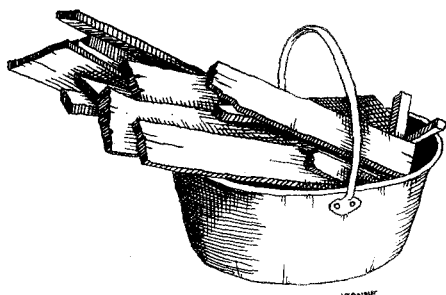
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the String Quartet of 1947). Edmund Rubbra and Lennox Berkeley have celebrated their seventy-fifth birthdays, too, but their understated and under-rated music has never made an impact abroad. Tippett's music has succeeded in communicating its humane qualities very widely. His oratorio "A Child of Our Time" is often revived (it was given in Syracuse, with the composer conducting, just before Christmas), and his Fourth Symphony was a Chicago Symphony Orchestra commission.

The new quartet has some links with that symphony: it is in one long movement, which compresses conventional formal schemes into what the composer described (in the case of the symphony) as a "birth-to-death piece." In a program note for the premiere, Meirion Bowen applied the same phrase to the quartet. There are similarities in the growth to life, lyrical flowering, and quiet expiration of the two works. But the quartet sounds to me a more abstract, wide-ranging piece, full of fierce, strenuous passion yet filled, too, with intricately woven musical argument that needs no parallels with "life" to explain it. The Fourth Symphony, I felt when I first heard it, was a finely planned work that lost its momentum toward the end. It took refuge in obvious, literal recapitulation of material heard earlier, and its developing expressiveness was negated by the symmetrical device. In the quartet, the problem is different but the result is the same. The music progresses with a strong sense of direction to the central slow section—achingly beautiful, with its pairs of duets, and solo snatches of melody against quiet chords. Then the finale takes over, and the music becomes increasingly obsessed with references to Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge." Such references form an important part of many of Tippett's pieces; one example that is wholly successful, I think, is the treatment of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Tippett's Third. In the quartet, the obviousness of the quotations (jagged rhythms, leaping intervals that contrast strongly with what has gone



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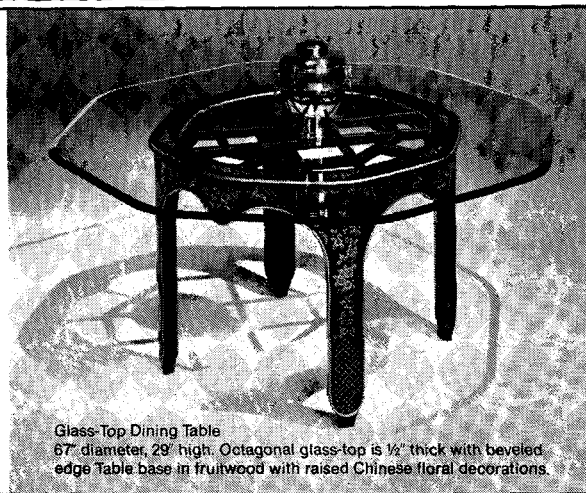
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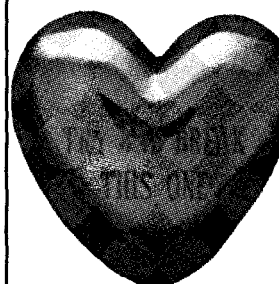
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before) forces itself on the listener; the idea holds up the development of the music and delays Tippet's conclusion, as if he did not dare to state it in his own musical terms. When the end comes, the short coda (as in the symphony) sounds insubstantial. Perhaps I have misunderstood the purpose of the quotation; nevertheless, Tippet seems again to have let a rich musical utterance become sidetracked at the last moment.

There were no such problems in "Words for Music Perhaps." The work shed light on Tippet's attitude to verbal texts. Instead of "setting" Yeats' poetry, he simply provides a context for it: an introduction, and interludes between the poems, scored for six instruments. The poetry is pointed up, our minds are refreshed between each item; no more is intended. The scheme, which is perfect for radio, worked surprisingly well in the concert hall. Michael Hordern projected Yeats' verse with an intimacy and seriousness that found an echo in Tippet's muted flashes of percussion, trumpet, and bass clarinet. The composer said that he thought this piece marked his first steps away from setting other people's words and toward writing his own: "Nowadays I am disinclined to 'destroy' the verbal music of any real poetry by instrumental or vocal music and prefer to 'manufacture' a scenario of words myself." Presumably, Tippet will himself provide the text for the large-scale composition that is intended as his next work, a treatment of "paradise lost and regained." —NICHOLAS KENYON

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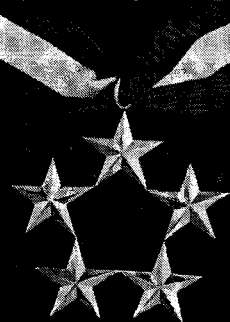
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BOOKS

An Irishman in England

THE relative obscurity here of the Irish novelist and short-story writer William Trevor is hard to account for. Trevor, who lives in England, ought to be exportable. He is prolific, inventive, unfailingly accessible, and possesses that rarest of gifts—the ability to convey the entire circumference of a life in a few sentences without diminishing his characters. Trevor's recently published collection of stories "Lovers of Their Time" (Viking; \$10.95), like his earlier "Angels at the Ritz" and "The Day We Got Drunk on Cake," is diverse, intelligent, and full of surprises. His stories exude an almost preternatural coziness. Whatever else may be afoot, the teakettle steams on the stove, the sofa cushions are plump; old hats and other homely fetishes are there to provide comfort, usually false, when things go badly. All but a handful of the stories are about ordinary working-class and middle-class people who become entrapped in situations that threaten their way of life, but Trevor, one of the few unswervingly non-autobiographical writers on either side of the Atlantic, manages to conjure scores of characters who are utterly unlike. What they have in common is their gentility, which, much to their surprise, serves as an inadequate shield against misfortune.

The main character in the first story here, "Broken Homes"—a Mrs. Malby—is representative. Mrs. Malby is a bent but unbroken eighty-seven-year-old widow. Both her sons were killed in the Second World War, and she lives alone above a greengrocer's shop once run by her husband.

The greengrocer's shop was unpretentious, in an unpretentious street in Fulham called Agnes Street. The people who owned it now, Jewish people called King, kept an eye on Mrs. Malby. They watched for her coming and going and if they missed her one day they'd ring her doorbell to see that she was all right. She had a niece in Ealing who looked in twice a year, and another niece in Isling-

ton, who was crippled with arthritis. Once a week Mrs. Grove and Mrs. Halbert came round with Meals on Wheels. A social worker, Miss Tingle, called; and the Reverend Bush called. Men came to read the meters.

Mrs. Malby is content but watchful within the channels charted by these life buoys. Like most of Trevor's characters, she doesn't ask for much but counts heavily on the little rituals of her day. Love of ritual is the one British trait that, as Calderón said of self-love, probably dies ten minutes after the body, and it is evident that Trevor admires it.

In her elderliness, living where she'd lived since her marriage in 1920, Mrs. Malby was happy. The tragedy in her life—the death of her sons—was no longer a nightmare, and the time that had passed since her husband's death had allowed her to come to terms with being on her own. . . . All Mrs. Malby dreaded now was becoming senile and being forced to enter the Sunset Home in Richmond, of which the Reverend Bush and Miss Tingle warmly spoke. The thought of a communal existence, surrounded by other elderly people, with sing-songs and card games, was anathema to her. All her life

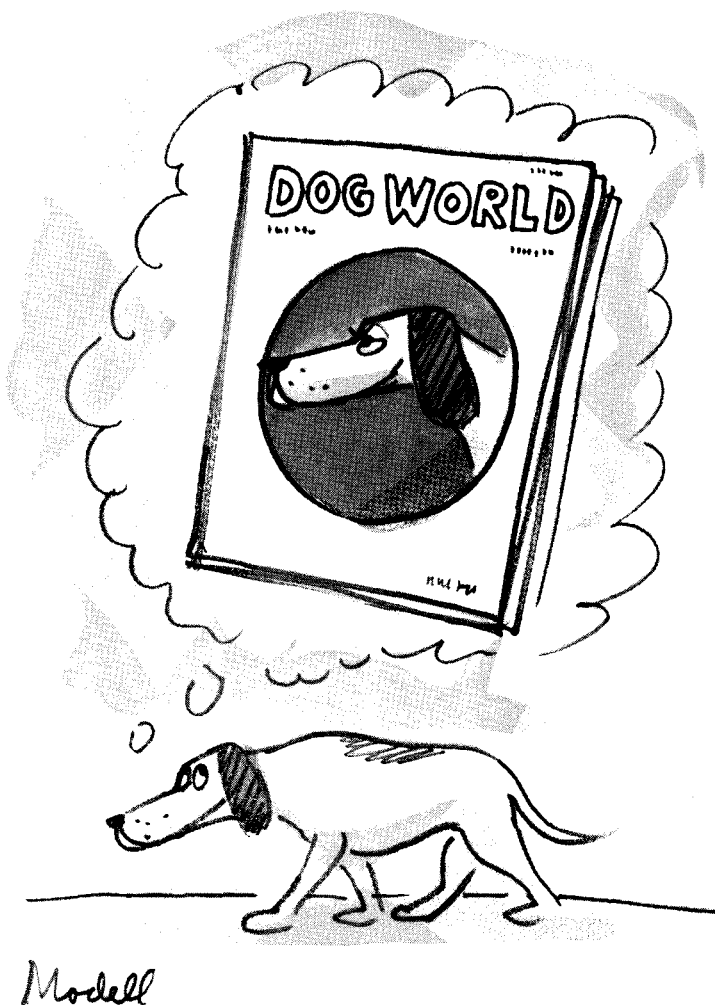
she had hated anything that smacked of communal jolliness, refusing even to go on coach trips. She loved the house above the greengrocer's shop. She loved walking down the stairs and out on to the street, nodding at the Kings as she went by the shop, buying birdseed and eggs and fire-lighters, and fresh bread from Len Skipps, a man of sixty-two whom she'd remembered being born.

The plot of this sad, plausible story has to do with the effect on Mrs. Malby of four rough-edged teen-agers who are sent around by a teacher from a local school to paint her kitchen. She doesn't want her kitchen painted. The teacher (a glib social-welfare apparatus) has mysteriously plucked Mrs. Malby's name from a list, appeared at her door, and taken advantage of her confusion to give his students some busywork. Unable to convince him that she's happy as she is, she lets him have his way, and the teen-agers, armed with brushes and paint, show up a few days later. Several hours of clawed merrymaking follow, during which time they change her kitchen from shell pink to a garish yellow, spatter paint on

the rugs, make love in her bed, and hardly notice her when she protests. Trevor never lets Mrs. Malby seem pathetic. She is not a quaint old codger but a fairly robust party whose age makes her irresistible to meddlers.

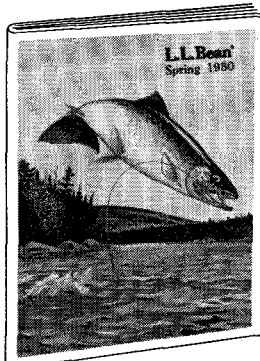
Trevor's stories often demonstrate how easily the delicate seam of private life can be unravelled by insensitive outsiders. In "A Dream of Butterflies," a psychiatrist bullies a vaguely liberal couple into helping him establish in their picturesque town a retreat for mentally ill women; by helping him the couple will alienate most of their lifelong neighbors and friends, all of whom have opposed the retreat at a town meeting. It is characteristic of Trevor that he leads his readers down the least obvious emotional path.

I do not think that his novels, although they



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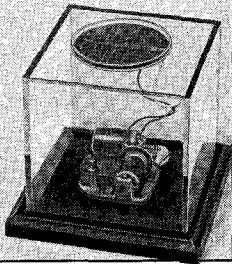
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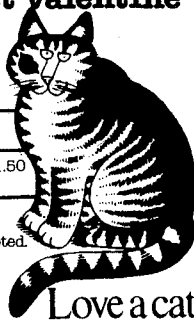
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are well written, are on a par with the stories, chiefly because they are overpopulated. (I am thinking particularly of "Elizabeth Alone," a book about a group of women recuperating in the same hospital room, which was published here in 1974, and of his last novel, "The Children of Dynmouth," a semi-popular semi-gothic published in 1977.) In the stories, he is able to maneuver complex, populous plots with the dexterity of a great symphony conductor. In the novels, the comings and goings of tangential characters frequently overburden a thin plot. In both forms, however, he is a master at changing what seems to be the inevitable course of a narrative. "Matilda's England," a trilogy of stories which starts out as a nostalgic paean to the joys of pre-First World War England (Aga ranges, rural tennis courts, donkey carts), ends as a bitter study of the narrator's obsession with the irrecoverable past. What makes Trevor remarkable is that all his rather nineteenth-centuryish qualities as a writer are matched by the keenest appreciation of the crosscurrents of modern life. His stories are about people who could have lived only in our time: a clique of beefy, middle-aged public-school friends who are taunted at a reunion by a homosexual schoolmate they once mocked; an elderly woman whose parents were killed by the I.R.A. when she was a young girl; a pious Irish bachelor who is dragged along on a disheartening whirlwind tour of the Holy Land by his brother, a boozy Americanized priest.

Trevor seems to be equally at home writing about the Irish and about the English. His Irishness is detectable, however, in the slightly acidulous, mournful tone of the Irish stories and probably accounts for the fact that his Irish men and women are a bit grimmer than his English characters; inevitably, the Irish are affected by politics or its cultural overflow. In one story, "Another Christmas," a husband and wife who have been living in England for twenty years quarrel about a remark slightly sympathetic to the cause of the I.R.A. which the man has made in the presence of their elderly British landlord. The story is a quiet one that piercingly conveys—chiefly in the tetchy, accusing dialogue of the couple—the strains of life in exile and the peculiar status of Irishmen in England. In another, "The Raising of Elvira Tremlett," a sensitive young boy trapped in the meanness of Irish small-town life escapes in dreams about a

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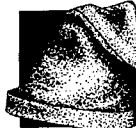


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young English girl who died in his town and whose tombstone he has come across in the Protestant church. The image that haunts but eventually liberates him is of a being who is everything that his family is not: dainty, soft-spoken, well-to-do, worldly—the English coquette of every backwater-county boy's fancy.

Like Chekhov, whose unsentimental humaneness he shares, Trevor is mainly a chronicler of the way people shape their lives. Luck plays an important role in these dramas, and character is destiny. There are fools around but no villains. In the title story, a summer-winter romance, when the hapless protagonist tells his wife that he has fallen in love with a young shopgirl, the wife turns down the sound of the television program she has been watching but continues to watch it. We might dislike her for the gesture, but since we know that for eighteen years her sexual avidity has been met with alarm at best, and more often with disgust, we don't. Trevor has a knack for thinking up absurdly uncomfortable modes of existence which people stick to, but there is hardly a human quirk that he cannot make us empathize with. This generosity and his extraordinary finesse put him in the ranks of our best storytellers. —LIS HARRIS

NEAR ABERDEEN

History broods over that part
of the world like the easterly haar.
—R. L. Stevenson.

On a blue scarp, far out, musing
over water, standing where the
salt winds
whet their blades on granite edges,
hogweeds rasping, marram grass
and thistle,

I was north of Aberdeen,
alone and calling to a friend
as if the wind could carry to
her heart
my words like spores, as if,
by merely shouting in the air
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affection could be raised, its sword
and fire, the blue flame
rising in the mist, the lifting haar.

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ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

SOME days ago, St. Clair McKelway, who had been a member of *The New Yorker's* staff for the last forty-seven years, died in New York, at the age of seventy-four. For three of those years, ending just when the Second World War began, in September, 1939, he was the magazine's managing editor. In that post, he introduced a certain amount of order into what had theretofore been somewhat ramshackle editorial proceedings, and contributed much, not only in editorial method but also in editorial philosophy, that became a permanent part of the magazine. Among other things, he established the principle that no two writers are alike or should be expected to be alike, and that every writer's individuality should be nurtured and catered to. (This principle was later broadened to take in our artists.) McKelway also helped establish the principle that writers should be edited with practically reverential concern for their words and for their feelings. Moreover, he had a keen eye for talent and helped work out the structural means for developing a staff of writers and giving them the maximum freedom to be—or become—themselves. But McKelway was primarily a writer—one of the magazine's quintessential writers. And as a writer with a supremely light touch he made use of his years as an editor to encourage the light touch in others. In both roles—as writer and as editor—he was one of the handful of people who, together with Harold Ross, *The New Yorker's* founding editor, set the magazine on its course.

Over the years, McKelway wrote scores of articles, humor pieces, memoirs, and short stories for *The New Yorker*. In addition, he wrote light verse—notably, a series of “Boogie-Woogie Ballads.” He wrote Profiles, Reporter at Large pieces, Annals of Crime pieces, Talk of the Town, Notes and Comment, book reviews, movie reviews. There was scarcely a section of the magazine that he wasn't likely to turn up in. His Profiles of Walter Winchell, Bill Robinson, and Father Divine (this one written in collaboration with A. J. Liebling) became famous. A series of reminiscences about his Presbyterian forebears, who included numerous clergymen, lent some new charm to the idea of Presbyterianism. Two of his short stories, “First Marriage” and “The Fireflies,” are among the loveliest the magazine has published. He had an unfinished

piece in the typewriter when he died: a memoir of a year he spent as a young journalist in Bangkok. McKelway's literary style was, like any authentic style, totally individual. It rested on humor, clarity, simplicity, the most delicate inflections, and short declarative sentences that tipped over in a tiny access of fun; on various combinations of strict fact, playfulness, geniality, and understatement; and, finally, on a cast of thought peculiar to him.

In 1957, McKelway, who was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, wrote:

One day in the winter of 1924, I arose from my bed in the top floor front room of my home on the edge of Rock Creek Park in Washington, D.C. Although I looked carefully at my face in the bathroom mirror, I could discover nothing to indicate that I needed a shave. It was a little before noon. I put on a grayish flannel union suit, a pair of maroon wool socks, blue garters, a white shirt, and a semi-stiff, long-pointed collar (“will not wilt, shrink, crack, or wrinkle”). Then I looked over my suits. There were two of them. I could wear either the brown double-breasted herringbone or the single-breasted blue Cheviot. I chose the herringbone and, to go with it, a red-and-gold striped necktie. I went downstairs. Nobody was at home but our Scotch-Irish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle, who had been a member of the family since before I was born. She had breakfast ready for me. I had half a grapefruit, shirred eggs and country sausage, and hot Sally Lunn muffins. After I had finished the eggs and sausages and two muffins, I split open a third muffin, buttered it, and poured thick, brown-sugar syrup over it, and ate that. With the meal I drank a glass of milk and two cups of coffee. . . . I then lit a cork-tipped Melachrino cigarette, stretched, went to the hall, and put on my brown herringbone topcoat. . . . The topcoat was brand new; I had bought it the week before at Woodward & Lothrop's for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. I put on a snap-brim gray felt hat, took down my malacca walking stick, and started for the office. I was a reporter on the *Washington Herald* and my salary had recently been raised from thirty-five dollars a week to thirty-seven fifty. I was nineteen.

McKelway was fifty-two when he wrote that, but the young reporter in the new herringbone topcoat, with the snap-brim gray felt hat and the malacca walking stick, was never far away. The nineteen-year-old romantic's picture of a journalist stayed with him to the end. McKelway saw journalists and, by extension, all writers as belonging to some sort of aristocracy. Although he was subject to erratic financial ups and downs, he chose to make little distinction between the two.

Whether he was up or down, he moved in an aura of splendor and affluence. He didn't walk; he sauntered. He seemed constantly on his way to his club. Once, when he was living in England and was known to have hit rock bottom, he invited his wife—he was married and divorced five times, and his former wives remained his friends—to join him. In defiance of all the rules of accounting, he met her at the airport in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, drove her to a suite at Claridge's, and from there set out on a lavish and untroubled holiday. No one could explain how he was able to finance all this, and he left the financing unexplained. As usual, he remained a fiscal mystery to his friends, and possibly to himself.

One cannot say whether McKelway lived the life he wrote about or wrote the life he lived. Certainly a thread of fantasy ran through everything he did. “I have pretty much come to the conclusion that I have a great many heads,” he once wrote. “I've counted and identified twelve separate and distinct heads, or identities, that I know I possess.” If that is so—and there is no reason to doubt it—eleven of his heads were acutely romantic, one of them was practical and sensible, nine of them were imaginative, three of them were dangerously imaginative, three or four of them were industrious, and none of them were earthbound. He once, as he reported, encouraged the entire dozen of them to take part in a kind of free-for-all argument. McKelway saw events, people, facts—what is ordinarily regarded as reality—through his own particular prism. He must have known that the reality other people accepted was coarse, cruel, and painful, so he avoided it and devised an alternative reality—one that was bearable to him and was a source of endless pleasure to his colleagues and his readers. He was no moralist. The behavior of nearly all people, including rascals and criminals, and plainly including him, came through to him as inherently funny. From time to time, he entered what was technically a manic phase but what he experienced as anything from “feeling good” to boundless euphoria. When he was in such a phase, small writing projects were pyramided into gigantic projects. His thoughts, and his telephone calls, would fly from his office on West Forty-third Street to the White House, from there to other world capitals, and from there to outer space; then, after a while, he would

subside and, again intact in his office, sit back and enjoy an interval of quiet, lucid composition. In retrospect, he looked upon some of these episodes as adventures, and was able to describe them with humor and in detail. On two occasions, when the adventures had been especially elaborate and melodramatic, he wrote accounts of them for *The New Yorker*, which became both classics of comic reporting and nonclinical case studies of abnormal psychology. In the first piece, he told how, while he was stationed on Guam as a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army Air Forces during the Second World War, his imagination ablaze, he began to write an official radiogram to the Pentagon accusing Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, of high treason. As McKelway later reported, "I got more and more worked up as I wrote, and toward the end the things I said seemed to me muddleheaded if not hysterical." He nevertheless dispatched his radiogram, and soon afterward he was shipped back to the United States by the Army, which forgave him, as did the Navy. In the second piece, he described how, while he was travelling in Scotland, the home of his ancestors, he imagined that he was involved in a counterplot intended to thwart a Soviet plot to kidnap Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower. At first, he reported later, "I felt so relaxed and contented I thought I might just settle down right there and write something lengthy and significant. Something along the lines of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.'" He continued, "I only believed with one of my heads that there was really anything strange going on. With all my other heads, I was just having a nice time." But again his imaginings grew more and more intricate, and before long he was racing across Scotland like the hero of "The 39 Steps." He managed, once more, to survive the adventure unharmed and to return to it, with amusement, as a writer.

In the nineteen-fifties, McKelway and another writer used to meet for lunch periodically for the sole purpose of marvelling at each other's genius. They were only half serious, but the truth is that neither man was altogether wrong. McKelway was a born writer and an inspired writer, and he saw the world in his own way and wrote clearly and beautifully about what he saw. He lived his life in a dream, but it was, on the whole, a benevolent dream. We can be grateful that, through his work, he was able to share it with the rest of us.

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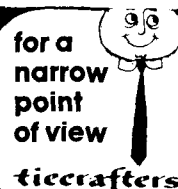


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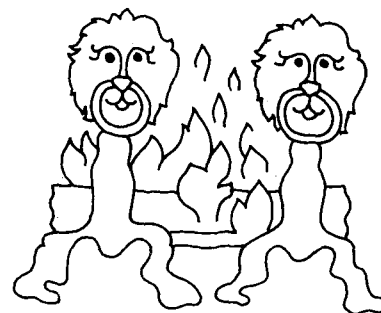
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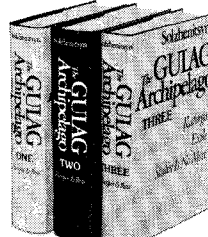
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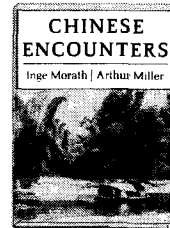


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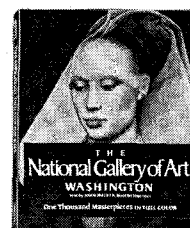
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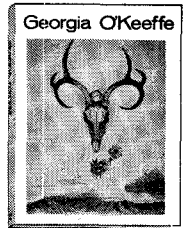
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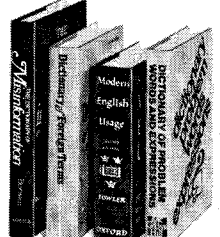
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